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NOTES FROM A DIARY

1873-1881

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Francis Skinner

Boston
1898.

NOTES FROM A DIARY

Notes from a Diary

1873-1881

BY THE RIGHT HON.

SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF

G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1898

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January

6. The Mallets and John Morley with us at York House. In the afternoon Sir Louis and Morley accompanied me to Kew, and were taken over the gardens by Hooker, who dined with us last night. Morley had never been there before and was extremely struck with all he saw, saying, amongst other things, that the great Temperate House made him feel proud of belonging to the nation that had raised it. Hooker was travelling last autumn in America, with Asa Gray and others. He maintains that the big trees of California are extremely ugly.

When we came home, Morley spoke to my wife of Goethe, and called her attention to his poem *Das Göttliche*—

"Edel sey der Mensch
Hülfreich und gut,"

which I read aloud.

Mallet, to whom Mr. Cobden's daughters have entrusted many of their father's papers, with a view to publication, read to us two very curious letters, dated in 1846, from Cobden to the famous Whig wire-puller, Joe Parkes. In one of them he gave a character of Parkes himself, and in another a character of Charles Villiers. Both were highly favourable—the latter eminently so—in fact a brilliant panegyric.

14. Henry Smith and his sister, with the Gregs and Mrs. Barrington, passed yesterday with us.

As Miss Smith was starting this morning, and busy about her luggage, she told me that soon after Jenny Lind's marriage she had seen her at Interlachen similarly engaged, and much put about, when an enthusiastic German exclaimed with a voice of disenchantment—"Sie hat ihre schöne Weiblichkeit eingebüsst!"

16. Dined with Lord Hartington, to hear the Queen's Speech read. A group of men were talking close to me about the Perth election. "Parker, I suppose, will drop his candidature for the burgh, and stand for

the county now," said one of them. "What is that," I asked; "have they made Stirling-Maxwell a peer at last?" "He is dead," said Baxter. "The news has just come; he died at Venice."

What a strange fate for a man of his splendid and indeed unique position! He had not even a servant with him. It reminded me of a story I once heard him tell. We were talking about the dreariness of dining at a club on Christmas Day. "I once dined," he said, "at the Travellers' on Christmas Day. There were three of us and we dined at separate tables. Who do you think were the two others? The Marquess of Titchfield, and the Marquess of Tavistock."

This Marquess of Tavistock was the same who became afterwards Duke of Bedford, and whose death made way for Hastings Russell.

Poor Stirling's death makes a vacancy in our little Breakfast Club, which, however, he hardly ever attended, and his election to which was a sad mistake, of which I had my full share. I think he always felt himself in a false position. All his instincts and convictions in great matters were Liberal, but his connections were Conservative, and he never seemed

to me to feel at his ease with us. His death leaves a vacancy in the ranks of his party which is not likely soon to be filled.

18. Went to see Arthur Russell's new house. It is built on the site of his mother's, which is mentioned so often in this Diary, but is much enlarged and improved. The staircase is extremely pretty, in the style of Louis XIII., but the taste of the last century, from Queen Anne to Louis XV., has presided over most of the arrangements. On the whole it is a great success.

20. Lyon Playfair and others with us. He repeated a curious story which had been told him by the person concerned. Dr. Ball, the head of the Zoological Gardens in Dublin, was a great favourite with a baboon who lived there, and always made a point of scratching the creature's head as he passed. One day the Lord Lieutenant came to see the Gardens, and their curator was so much occupied attending upon the great man that he forgot to speak to his friend. When he next went to the cage the baboon would take no notice of him, and refused to do so for a long time. At last it fell ill of consumption, and the day before it died it crawled to the

bars of its cage and held out its paw in token of reconciliation.

21. Dined with the Blennerhassetts to meet Count Arnim. I never saw such a change. In 1867 he was a singularly handsome, youngish man, with what the French call "une tête de Christ"—now he looks like an elderly Jew. It is an odd testimony to the apparent correctness of the ordinary representations of the founder of Christianity, which are so unlike any young Jewish face one has ever seen.

22. Breakfasted with Lord Northbrook, to talk over the Indian questions of the day. He showed me his Murillos—one, the Virgin standing on the crescent moon, of great beauty, with the wonderful sky behind her, which we saw so often, just after sunset, from the Silla del Moro.

24. Dined with Northbrook to meet Colonel Colley, Lytton's Military Secretary, who is home for a week or two. Our host made us laugh by telling us a story of a great Hindoo who came to see him, and putting his hands together, in their meek manner, said: "I heard what your Excellency did yesterday—it was so kind of your Excellency."

"What?" said Northbrook, much puzzled. "Oh!" said the other, "you went to visit our God!" He had been the day before to see a temple in the neighbourhood.

25. Dined with Lord Carlingford. After dinner, Acton asked me, across the Lord Chief-Justice,[1] some question about the senior wrangler of the year, which led to talk about mathematics. Sir Alexander expressed himself most strongly against the Cambridge mathematical course, thinking the three years given to it a complete waste of time, except in the case of persons who were going to devote themselves to some scientific pursuit which requires mathematics. A certain amount of Euclid he thought was a good training for the mind, and often, even now, read some pages of it for pleasure.

A good story of Lord Beaconsfield is going about. Lady ——, lately talking to him, forgot his elevation, and spoke to him as Mr. Disraeli, afterwards correcting herself and calling him by his new name. "Ah! Lady ——," said he, "of what avail to me are all these honours while Sir John lives!"

[1] Sir Alexander Cockburn.

26. The Breakfast Club meets at May's. The Speaker, the American and Dutch Ministers, and the German Ambassador were there as guests. I sat next the first named, who told me that he had seen a good deal of Bismarck this autumn, at Gastein; had found him very genial, and speaking very friendlily of England. The American Minister, Mr. Welch, who has just arrived, is a singularly handsome, elderly man, with an excellent expression.

February

4. Dined with the Literary Society. Dean Church mentioned to me some Latin verses in *Strada's Prolusiones*, published in 1617, which he has since sent to me, containing, as will be observed, a most curious prophecy or adumbration of the telegraph. They are alluded to in a paper in Addison's *Spectator*, to which the Dean also called my attention:—

"Magnesi genus est lapidis mirabile, cui si
Corpora ferri plura stylosve admoveris inde
Non modo vim motumque trahent quo semper ad ursam,
Quae lucet vicina polo, se vertere tentent,
Verum etiam mira inter se ratione modoque

Quotquot eam lapidem tetigere styli simul omnes
Conspirare situm motumque videbis in unum.
Ut, si forte ex his aliquis Roma moveatur,
Alter ad hunc motum, quamvis sit dissita longe,
Arcano sese naturae foedere vertat.
Ergo age si quid scire voles, qui distat amicum
Ad quem nulla accedere possit epistola ; sume
Planum orbem patulumque, notas elementaque ; prima
Ordine, quo discunt pueri, describe per oras
Extremas orbis : medioque repone jacentem
Qui tetigit magneta stylum ; ut versatilis inde
Litterulam quamcunque velis, contingere possit.
Hujus ad exemplum simili fabricaveris orbem
Margine descriptum, munitumque indice ferri,
Ferri quod motum magnete accepit ab illo,
Hunc orbem discessurus sibi portet amicus ;
Conveniatque prius, quo tempore queisve diebus
Exploret, stylus an trepidet, quidve indice signet.
His ita compositis, si clam cupis alloqui amicum,
Quem procul a tete terrai distinet ora ;
Orbi adjunge manum, ferrum versatile tracta
His disposta vides elementa in margine toto,
Queis opus est ad verba notis ; huc dirige ferrum,
Litterulasque, modo hanc, modo et illam cuspide tanget
Dum ferrum per eas iterumque iterumque rotando,
Componas singillatim sensa omnia mentis.
Mira fides ! longe qui distat cernit amicus,
Nullius impulsu trepidare volubile ferrum,

Nunc huc, nunc illuc discurrere : conscius haeret,
Observatque styli ductum sequiturque legendo
Hinc atque hinc elementa ; quibus ? in verba coactis,
Quid sit opus, sentit ferroque interprete discit.
Quinetiam, cum stare stylum videt ipse vicissim,
Si quae respondenda putat, simili ratione
Litterulis varie tractis, rescribit amico.
O utinam haec ratio scribendi prodeat usu !
Cautior et citior properaret epistola, nullas
Latronum verita insidias, fluviosque morantes.
Ipse suis princeps manibus sibi conficeret rem :
Nos soboles scribarum emersi ex aequore nigro
Consecraremus calamum magnetis ad oras."

6. Dined with Rawlinson, to meet Mr. H. M. Stanley, just returned from Africa. He gave a curious account of his six weeks' journey through a great forest, where everything was dark, except when they came at intervals to small clearings made by the natives, when they could look up to the sky as it were from the bottom of a well. All around were cannibals, most desirous to eat them. "It was very depressing," he said. I should think so.

9. The Breakfast Club met at Arthur Russell's. Henry Cowper told me that he had lately met Lord Beaconsfield at Woburn. The conversation turning

upon one of Captain Burnaby's recent books, the Premier spoke of it as the account of a spirited, hardy kind of performance, but treated its literary merits with scant respect, alluding, amongst other things, to some trashy remarks, which would appear to be contained in it, about English servants abroad. "Ah!" said Cowper, "he did not manage that so well as you did in *Tancred!*" "I see," was the reply, "that you have lately been reading that work. I myself am in the habit of recurring to it, and I confess that the more I do so the more struck I am with its truth. I recur to it not for amusement, but for instruction!"

10. Major Sandeman, whom I met the other night at Rawlinson's, comes down to dine and sleep. He strikes me as a solid, sensible kind of Scotchman. If we must remain at Quetta for the present, our affairs, in so ticklish a neighbourhood, could hardly, I think, be in better hands.

12. To see Mr. Ready, at the British Museum. I paid also a long visit to Poole, who told me, amongst other things, that the Berlin Government had spent £40,000 in improving their collection of coins in the last three years. I recalled

to his recollection a curious circumstance which George Bunsen once mentioned to me, and which I think I have not previously noted. Bunsen went once to see Poole, taking with him Rauch, the great Berlin sculptor, and asking Poole to show them only coins interesting from their beauty, not from their archaeological or other importance. He showed some of his most beautiful Greek coins. After a time Bunsen observed that Rauch was in tears. He did not know what was the matter, but finishing the interview as soon as he could, he carried off his friend, and when they were fairly away asked him what could possibly have occurred. Rauch said: "All my life I have been striving to reach the Greek ideal, but I have had to make it out as well as I could from such half-preserved relics as time has spared. To-day I have seen, for the first time, the perfection of beauty, exactly as it came from the hands of those who created it." "But," said Bunsen, "we have a coin collection in Berlin, not indeed equal to this, but still containing exquisite things" (this was long before the recent addition I have mentioned above). "Doubtless," said Rauch, "but somehow or other I never chanced to go there."

15. Dined with the Duke of Bedford, meeting, amongst others, Rawlinson, who told me that Lord Beaconsfield had said to him the other day: "I have the Sovereign at my back, the two Houses of Parliament, and the nation—if I were ten years younger, I could settle everything!"

We asked Mr. H. M. Stanley, who was there, about the pigmies. He had heard much of, but seen only one of them, an ill-looking fellow, rather deformed. He says they are in general not ill-made, though with large heads. They are extremely ferocious.

Prince Ion Ghica came down to see me, with friendly messages from Prince Charles, and explained the position of the question about the bit of Bessarabia which was taken from Russia in 1856, and which she now wishes to reclaim, giving the Dobrudscha in exchange. The Dobrudscha, he said, is not a bad country, but its inhabitants do not suit us. We should give up a country inhabited by Roumans, for the Rouman race extends eastwards as far as the Bug, and acquire instead a country inhabited by Tartars from the Crimea, Zaporogue Cossacks from the Dnieper, and Circassians; while, to add to the

difficulties of the situation, we should have a selection from all the ruffianism of the Euxine and the Levant, the Dobrudscha[1] having long been a sort of refuge to which those who were not wanted elsewhere have been apt to find their way.

In the afternoon some of us crossed the ferry, and going through the avenues of Ham House walked on as far as Pembroke Lodge, where we found Lady Russell. The old man is down for the first time since the bad illness which he has had lately, but not well enough to see people. As we walked, Childers told me that he had gone into Peschiera immediately after the Austrians evacuated it, actually before the Italians had planted their sentinels, so that it was not until the end of his walk round the fortifications that any one challenged him. Thence he went on to Venice, and saw the Bersaglieri march, or rather run, into the Place of St. Mark's. The excitement as the first two were seen emerging from the narrow street, along which they came, was, he said, something

[1] When I visited Bucharest in 1887, on my way to Syria, I found quite a different tone prevailing about the Dobrudscha, which had turned out much better than was expected.

extraordinary. As we repassed Ham House, the full moon rose magnificently, and in crossing the river we could almost fancy that we were in Venice ourselves.

18. Another perfect day. Lady Reay, who was with us, had a fancy for going on the water, which we did, finding the sun quite warm and pleasant. One might easily have had a colder day in June. The snowdrops, in which the shrubbery at York House is very rich, are in great beauty, and even the crocuses are coming into full bloom.

23. The Breakfast Club met at Pollock's, a very small party. The conversation turning upon geography, our host said: "The best geographical saying was Dufferin's, who, when the Master of Trinity and others were discussing the question whether the Homeric geography could be trusted, remarked: 'Homer *must* have been a good geographer, he was born in so many places!'"

24. A party at York House consisting exclusively of men. Aberdare, Charles Bowen, Mountague Bernard, George Brodrick, and Arthur Elliot, a son of Lord Minto's, with whom we travelled from Pesth to Therapia, in 1872. The weather

was fine, and every one in high spirits. We talked much politics, and even more literature. Speaking of a certain great statesman, Charles Bowen said: "Opinion with him is a zymotic disease." He called my attention also to Drayton's exquisite lines:—

> "Near to the silver Trent
> Sirena dwelleth,"

which were quite new to me, and told many good stories, *inter alia*, one of a play he had seen performed at Oxford, in which the brother of the heroine, who is about to be married, asked her about a former lover. "Do you ever think of poor William, where is William?" Whereupon she replied: "Oh! do not speak to me of William, I 'ate him!" Some one of the party told us, apropos of this, that the Duke of ——, when being shown over the collection of birds in some museum, had asked the name of one of them. "That's a howl," said his guide. "A what?" said the Duke. "A howl," repeated the other, with even more distinctness, whereupon a bystander, seeing the difficulty, said: "Your Royal Ighness, 'e says hits a howl."

Another story of Bowen's was of Talleyrand, to

whom an enthusiast said one day: "I am persuaded that I have a mission from heaven, but I want you, with your vast experience, to tell me how I can best bring it before mankind." "It is the simplest thing in the world," answered the other; "you have only to get crucified, and rise again the third day."

George Brodrick read aloud to us those wonderful lines by Lyall, which appeared, last autumn, in the *Cornhill*—"Hindu, Prince, and Sceptic," and made me read aloud "Theology in Extremis," and the "Old Pindaree." I spoke of Castelar, and Aberdare referred to some very striking words from Camden's remains, which he had sent me the other day, and which I quote:—

"The Italian is pleasant, but without sinews, as a still, fleeting water. The French delicate, but ever nice as a woman, scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance. The Spanish majestical, running too much on the O, and terrible, like the devil in a play. The Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel."

Attached to the letter, in which he sends this, is the following postscript:—

"You will find in the same paper a curious mention of

Shakespeare, as the English equivalent to whom do you think?—Catullus."

Camden evidently only thought of Shakespeare's poems.

March

1. Dined with the Hookers, at Kew, meeting, amongst others, Dr. Allen Thomson, who presided over the British Association at Plymouth, and is known for his researches in embryology. They used a most beautiful dinner service, covered with water lilies, which was made by Wedgwood for the original Darwin, in memory of his "Loves of the Plants."

2. Dined at Kensington Palace with the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne—a large but very gay and agreeable party. Lord Houghton, who was sitting next but one on my left, mentioned a curious circumstance, connected with the death of poor Stirling-Maxwell. When he arrived at Venice, on his last journey, the hotel-keeper, seeing him arrive alone, gave him an indifferent room, No. 16. When he became ill, he was transferred to a better one, No. 8;

and, when he became very ill, to the best the man had at his disposal, No. 4. After he died, the servants took the numbers 16, 8, 4, added 50, the number which stands, as it appears, for death in the lottery language, and playing on them won 30,000 francs. "Poor fellow," said Houghton, "he would so have enjoyed the story himself." And so he would; it was exactly in his manner.

Mr. Gladstone, who sat next but one on the other side, and was talking to my wife about Troy, said to me across Miss Holland, whom I had taken down, "The taste for ruins is the most modern of all tastes."

4. Up from High Elms, with Henry Smith. As we were crossing London Bridge, the conversation turned on the importance of encouraging the study, at Oxford, of some of the less read Classical writers by special prizes. So we came round to the Anthologia, and he quoted the epitaph on Zosime, one of the most touching which antiquity has bequeathed to us.

7. Clara's governess, who is a devout Roman Catholic, brought me this morning a letter, accompanied by a volume of his poems, from—of all

people in the world—Arnold Ruge, the Editor of the once famous *Hallischen Jahrbücher*, which were not precisely of a Catholic or devout character! He had to leave Germany a generation ago, and now lives, a very old man, in Brighton.

Dined at the Athenæum with Hayward, and others. Bunbury, who was of the party, quoted two very pretty lines from an epitaph in Florence:—

"Quod mihi detractum est vestros accedat in annos,
Vive tuo mater tempore, vive meo."

Hayward gave a very amusing description of having gone to see S. T. Coleridge, at Highgate, in company with a Jew, whose name he had forgotten. Coleridge, following his own thoughts as his manner was, discoursed at great length upon the misdoings of "the stiffnecked, and evil people, accursed of the Lord," while the unhappy Hebrew stood bowing. After dinner, Gennadius, who also dined with us, showed me on the map the delimitation of Bulgaria, as proposed by Russia. It includes Bitolia, Seres, and other places, which Gennadius declares to be quite unmistakably Greek, and will be bitterly resented by his compatriots.

10. Lady Temple came to stay with us yesterday. Lord and Lady Cardwell, Ralli, and others are here for the Sunday.

We talked of a speech of Robert Stephenson's which misled me for years, as it did many other people, about the Suez Canal, and on account of which I still feel a grudge against the memory of that eminent engineer. Cardwell remembered it, as well as the great effect which it had produced on the House, and then mentioned that at a dinner after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, when Huskisson was killed in his (Cardwell's) presence, Peel had said "that railways would be excellent for use with horses, but that locomotives would be far too dangerous." Further, he told us that when he was at the Board of Trade he had thought it right to send a circular to the other offices about the principles upon which Telegraphic concessions should be given, calling attention, amongst other things, to the inconvenience that would arise if the right of communicating with Malta were monopolised by a Telegraphic Company, which should use it as a stage on the road to India. In the afternoon, Sir Charles Wood met him at the House, and asked

him if he had taken leave of his senses? "Why?" asked Cardwell. "Why? because you sent us that circular—which contemplated the Telegraph being extended to India."

In the evening, finding that neither Massey nor Cardwell knew "St. Stephens," I read some passages of it aloud.

Cardwell was chiefly interested by the lines on Peel, and, when the ladies had gone, repeated some stories which the great statesman had told to him and others, at Drayton, of a decidedly festive character. He afterwards told us that of all the men eminent in political life he had known, Peel was far the hottest, alike in temper and in his affections. So here again one may say:—

"Even now how few
Guess right the man, so many thought they knew."

As we walked home from church, Ralli said "strange things sometimes happen to a family which has like mine been scattered by a revolution. The peace of San Stefano was signed the other day in a house belonging to my uncle. My cousin in the Russian Guards is Capitaine de place, at Rodosto;

another cousin is serving with the Greek insurgents in Thessaly, and I have been voting supplies for the English Government, to enable it to go to war with Russia, if need be." His mother, who came to see us yesterday afternoon, remembers a Turkish soldier tearing the earrings out of her ears, in the midst of the Massacre of Scio.

17. At Oxford, whither we came yesterday, to stay with the Master of Balliol. A bow window in his house commands a view of the windows of the two sets of rooms in which I lived—one of the very few unaltered parts of this now magnificent college.

The old Hall has been turned into a library, which is open to the undergraduates, while one door communicates with the Master's house, so that it can be used on occasion for his guests. Looking about amongst the shelves, I came upon Miss Yonge's *Life of Bishop Patteson*, who was my contemporary, though two years senior to me in standing, and whom I met, after I left Oxford, in Rome. The book has been mainly composed, according to the fashion of these times, by stringing together letters. The following passage is a correct enough description of one side of the life which I remember, but Patteson knew little,

and his biographer nothing, of the other side—of the Liberal camp, in which I chiefly lived. It is fair to say, however, that the political events of 1848, furnishing a new subject of interest, did a good deal to diminish the too great preponderance of ecclesiastical and religious interests, which had stamped its peculiar character on the place from 1833 onward, and made my Oxford a good deal different from his.

"The Oxford of Patteson's day was as yet untouched by the hand of reformation. The Colleges were following or evading the statutes of their founders, according to the use that had sprung up; but there had been a great quickening into activity of intellect, and the religious influences were almost at their strongest. It was true that the master mind had been lost to the Church of England; but the men whom he and his companions had helped to form were the leaders among the tutors, and the youths who were growing up under them were forming plans of life, which many have nobly carried out, of unselfish duty and devotion in their several stations.

"Balliol had, under the mastership of Dr. Jenkyns, attained pre-eminence for success in the schools, and for the high standard required of its members, who

formed the most delightful society, the very focus of the most stimulating life of the University, within those unpretending walls, not yet revivified and enlarged."

Last night I went with Henry Smith to the Observatory, to look through the great telescope, but the state of the atmosphere was unfavourable and I saw nothing noteworthy. I went in the hope of seeing Saturn, of whom a friend sent me, some months ago, a very interesting description, my astronomical knowledge being, I am sorry to say, so slender that I was not aware that he is at present too near the sun to be visible, and that I must wait till the autumn.

Amongst others whom I saw at Oxford were the Müllers, both of them in better health and spirits. He showed me some admirable Terra-cottas, which Schliemann had brought from Tanagra, little figures which had been sold, no doubt, for a mere trifle, but full of Greek genius. Müller talked much and sadly of the terrible mismanagement of our Foreign affairs, and of the effect which it is producing in Germany and elsewhere. As we walked in the Parks, we met Goldwin Smith, who has been living here with his

wife, but means to return to Canada in June. He spoke with enthusiasm of the improvements that had taken place in Oxford in the last generation. "When I went up to Magdalen," he said, "the revenues of the college amounted to thirty thousand a year.[1] There were two tutors—William Palmer, who spent his time chiefly in Russia, endeavouring to reconcile the Anglican with the Eastern Churches, and old Hansell, who was also tutor of Merton, so that the whole educational result which was got out of those vast revenues was half of that worthy man's time divided amongst eight demies and one or two perfectly idle gentlemen commoners."

I met at luncheon, at Henry Smith's, Mr. Moseley, who had been one of the party in the *Challenger*, and who helped the other day to dissect a hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens. He says that the brain of an adult hippopotamus has never been seen before. It weighed only about a pound and a half, and was not much larger than his clenched fist.

In the afternoon, I went to sit with Mrs. Humphry Ward, a daughter of Mr. T. Arnold, Mat Arnold's younger brother, who is making a special study of early

[1] Probably much understated.

Spanish literature—quite a new line in Oxford and another sign of the times. She is writing the Spanish articles for Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*.

21. Dined with Lady Reay, meeting, amongst others, Mdle. I. de Peyronnet, who told me that some French ladies, of extreme Liberal principles, having lately tried to establish a salon in imitation of those of the seventeenth century, their friend, the younger Dumas, had called them "Les Précieuses Radicales."

23. As we walked away this morning from the Breakfast Club, Aberdare told the story (vouched for to him by Sir George Lewis, who was present) of Joseph Hume saying in the House: "the hon. gentleman alleges such and such, but I tell the hon. allegator." That is even better than the remark of Sir George Balfour, who is connected, by the way, with Joseph Hume, which I myself heard: "the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the Indian army."

24. At High Elms, Lyon Playfair, amongst others, being of the party. Apropos of the Algerian conjurors, who apply hot metal to their bodies without suffering, he explained to us that, if only the metal is sufficiently hot, this can be done with perfect security;

and told an amusing story of how, when the Prince of Wales was studying under him in Edinburgh, he had, after taking the precaution to make him wash his hands in ammonia, to get rid of any grease that might be on them, said: "Now, sir, if you have faith in science, you will plunge your right hand into that cauldron of boiling lead, and ladle it out into the cold water which is standing by." "Are you serious?" asked the pupil. "Perfectly," was the reply. "If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince. "I do tell you," rejoined Playfair, and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning liquid with perfect impunity.

27. Breakfasted with Forster, to meet White of Belgrade, with whom I had to-day, as also on Thursday last, at Lord Granville's, much talk over the situation, which he understands thoroughly. Our host mentioned two stories which he had heard at Pesth, the first of Archbishop Hainald, to whom the Emperor is represented to have said before the arrangement with Hungary: "There is but a step between what you have been saying and treason." To which the other replied, "Yes, Sire, and when I cross the bridge at Pesth, there is only a step between me and the

Danube; but that step I do not take." "Well! well!" said the Emperor, touching his scabbard, "it is the sword that must decide." "Ah, Sire," was the rejoinder, "a sword only reaches six feet." The other belongs to a later period—after Königgrätz. Déak was at a country house, when he was roused by a message, in the middle of the night, desiring him to go immediately to Vienna. Ushered into the presence, he found the Emperor standing in the recess of a window, looking out of it. He turned suddenly round and said: "Well, what is to be done now?" Déak replied: "Give back the Constitution to Hungary, and make peace." "If I give back the Constitution," replied the Emperor, "will Hungary give me soldiers to continue the contest?" "No," answered Déak, "it is too late." The Emperor beat for some moments on the window, and then, turning round, said: "Well! so let it be."

31. At Hazlebech, in Northamptonshire, the house of Mr. Pell, M.P. for South Leicestershire, who has asked me down to spend the Sunday with his wife's cats — superb animals, of which there are about twenty, "Cecilia," "Samson," "Cæsar," "the White Lady," etc., all with very marked characters and

idiosyncrasies; the last-mentioned being from Bussora, another from Smyrna, and so on. Mrs. Pell, who makes quite a business of looking after these beautiful creatures, tells me that the difficulty of importing them is very great, and the difficulty of rearing the kittens hardly less considerable. Our cat regnant came from her.

Vaughan Hawkins, who was at Cambridge when I was at Oxford, and had as much reputation for ability as any young man of that time, was also of the party and so was my wife's cousin, Richard Ainsworth. In the afternoon we walked over Naseby Field. Mr. Pell, an able man, who has a good deal of antiquarian taste, explained the battle very clearly. The position of the Parliamentary forces was skilfully chosen, alike for advance and retreat—that of the king was much otherwise. Mr. Pell had had the advantage of going over the ground lately with an American commander, I think General Wilder, who had been very strong upon this point. It was interesting to observe that the ground had now, when left to itself, the same tendency to grow furze bushes which had bothered Cromwell in his advance, and not less so to see the scene of Rupert's famous charge:—

"And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! For the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!
The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall."

I was at Naseby in the autumn of 1854, and was agreeably surprised to find the wretched village which I remembered replaced by one full of admirable and rather pretty cottages.

Yesterday afternoon, we went to look at the church, which retains its old wooden seats of the thirteenth century, made with the axe—not the saw. When it was lately partially restored, they buried the old font, and, in doing so, found that the church-wardens, hundreds of years before, had buried the pre-existing Saxon font in the very hole they had opened.

Our host has given great attention to the Poor Law, and is a mortal enemy of outdoor relief—

against which he wages war, not only in this parish, where he has abolished pauperism, but in the East of London, where he has property. Amongst other things, he said: "I have come to the conclusion that one can hardly ever do wrong in giving money for amusements, and hardly ever do right in giving money for the necessaries of life." He has an enthusiastic admiration for Arthur Young, and points with pleasure to Hazlebech Hall, the seat of the Dowager Lady Milton, which was visited by the great traveller. He told me further, that in one village, where he has property in the fen country, there are no less than seven families who were there in the days of Edward III.

April

1. We left Hazlebech, which stands about 700 feet above the sea, in snow, and descended to Brixworth Station, passing Cottesbrooke, which was lately inhabited by the Empress of Austria, who passed some time there this winter, for the purpose of hunting.

Dined with the Literary Society—a large gathering —Rawlinson, Lubbock, Lord Selborne, Massey and many others. I sat between Lord Lyons, who dined

with us for the first time, and Sir James Paget. Lord Houghton, who was opposite, mentioned that, in the summer of 1858 he had dined with the Admiral at Cherbourg, meeting Pellissier. The conversation turning upon the Marshal's bâton, Lord Houghton asked what it exactly was? To this Pellissier replied: "C'est un morceau de bois, couvert de velours, et brodé avec des aigles, des abeilles, ou des fleurs-de-lis, selon les circonstances."

Henry Smith, proposed by Mr. Walpole, and seconded by me, was elected a member.

5. Overtook Hayward, in St. James's Street, and walked with him as far as Savile Row. Apropos of the assassination of the unhappy Lord Leitrim, he told me that some one driving across Mr. ——'s property was horrified by the stories of landlord oppression which he was told by his carman. When they reached Lord Leitrim's estate, the stories became worse, and he said at last: "You Irish have the reputation of being given to agrarian murder; how is it that these men can live in the country?" "Oh! sir," replied the fellow; "you know, what's everybody's business is nobody's business!" He mentioned, too, the case of an English gentleman, who was

staying with an Irish friend. As they drove home in the dusk a bullet flew past them, just as they passed the lodge gates—"Good God! what is that?" said the stranger. "Oh!" answered the Irishman, "it's only the lodge-keeper." "Lodge-keeper?" said his friend; "that gun was loaded with ball." "Of course," was the rejoinder. "Had we not better send for the police immediately, and have the ruffian arrested?" said his friend. "Heaven forbid," was the reply; "he is the worst shot I ever had!"

Dined with the A. C. Sellars. He mentioned a name which some one has invented for Lowe—"The Whitehead Torpedo."

6. The Breakfast Club met at Acton's. Arthur Russell told a capital story of Browning, who was lately introduced to the Chinese Ambassador—the introducer, who acted also as interpreter, observing that they were both poets. In the course of conversation, Browning asked how much poetry his Excellency had written? "Four volumes," he answered. "And what style of poetry does your Excellency cultivate?" "Chiefly the enigmatical," replied the other.[1]

[1] A. Russell told me when he read this in 1890, that Browning had added: "We felt doubly brothers after that."

On the 13th of April we left London—the same party as last autumn—en route for Algiers.

Between Macon and Lyons my wife caught a violent cold, which detained us for nearly a week at Marseilles, and put Algiers out of the question. Luckily, we found a most excellent assistant in M. Burle, the gardener of the Botanical Garden, with whom we ranged over all the neighbourhood. It was not till the 22nd that we were able to start for Hyeres, and there we remained till the morning of the 4th May at our old quarters in the Hôtel des Iles d'Or. On one of our expeditions I picked up a praying Mantis, who lived for some time at High Elms after our return—although he never attained the celebrity of the little Pyrenean wasp, whose history will be found in a previous page of this Diary.[1]

On the 4th we left Hyères and went to Arles.

On the 5th we saw the Cloisters of Saint Trophime, which I had omitted on a previous occasion, the great ruined Abbey of Montmajeur, and Les Baux, the most extraordinary European town which I have ever beheld—in fact, a Deccan hill-fort stuck down on the edge of the Rhone valley; only

[1] See *Notes from a Diary* (London, 1897), vol. ii. p. 234.

that, unlike the great strongholds of Maharashtra, it is of white limestone, not of dark trap and basalt. We bought the history of the place from a quiet, pleasant little nun, who was engaged in bringing up, and bringing up extremely well, the younger part of the community, for I never saw a better-behaved population. I was amused, in reading it, to see that the Seigneurs of Les Baux had had very much the same connection with Naples, during the Middle Ages, that the Actons had in later times.

On the 6th we carried into execution a long-cherished project of seeing the remains of the Roman theatre at Orange. The weather was horrible, but, in spite of it, the ruins, clothed with many plants, and, amongst others, the *Erysimum virgatum*, which was new to me, were enchantingly beautiful. As one looks from the proscenium, high over the highest range of seats, a statue of the Virgin catches the eye, set, if I remember right, on the site of the old Castle of the Oranges. So the times change!

We slept in Macon, and spent the 7th, amidst a perfect deluge, in visiting Lamartine's Château of Saint Point, and the remains of the old Abbey of Cluny, where lived, in the twelfth century, that Bernard

de Morlaix to whom we owe "Jerusalem the Golden." This expedition Dean Stanley had strongly advised me to make, and we found his name in the book at Saint Point, with poor Lady Augusta's. The character of the country is pretty well described in the *Tailleur de Pierres de Saint Point*; but heavy rain is a sad disenchanter. Botanically, our time was extremely well spent, both at Hyères and Marseilles.

The 9th we passed in Paris, where we spent some hours in the exhibition, and where I saw Barthélemy St. Hilaire, Madame Mohl, Jules Simon, and Augustus Craven. Mrs. Craven, to my regret, was absent on a visit to Madame Castellane. Their house was let, and he was living at 34 Cours la Reine, under the roof of the widow of Fernand. After dinner Gambetta came and sat long with us, making himself, as usual, extremely agreeable. He is the only person I have yet talked with who knows the new Pope personally, and his account of him by no means encourages me to hope for much being done in a Liberal direction. He thinks that he will be at least as stiff in essentials as Pio Nono, although much more yielding in matter of form. After Gambetta had gone, I went out for half an hour to Jules Simon's, whose evening it was,

and was there introduced to Charles Blanc, of aesthetic reputation, the brother of Louis.

On the 10th we returned to London. All through this journey I have been occupied with Castelar, of whose works I must have read, in the last four weeks, over five thousand pages, in addition to all I read last autumn and a little which I read during the early spring.

19. George Brodrick and Frank Galton came down to lunch at York House to-day, and I walked with them along the river bank to Richmond. Just as we were opposite Marble Hill, the latter repeated to me the well-known anecdote of Queen Caroline dying and George II. sobbing: "J'aurai des maîtresses"—to which she replied: "Cela n'empêche pas." "It is odd," I said, "that you should have chosen this particular place to tell me that story, for the house we are passing was built by Lady Suffolk!"

—— and his wife, who are living in the neighbourhood, also came over. In the conservatory were some calceolarias, and the latter, who is a Canadian, said: "I like calceolarias; but they are so very buggy!" This led to some talk with the Hookers, who came in presently, about American expressions,

and he mentioned that in the far West, last year, he was called a "Tree Sharp;" while an entomologist was called a "Bug Sharp;" and a clergyman, a "Gospel Sharp."

19. Russell of Aden, an Aberdeenshire neighbour, who has just been appointed First Secretary at our Legation in Copenhagen, came down to York House. The conversation turned after dinner upon the interview between Napoleon III. and Mademoiselle Moreau, in the fourth volume of *Um Scepter und Kronen*, and which Russell says Mademoiselle Moreau herself assured him was perfectly correct. He then went on to speak of the famous Mademoiselle Lenormand, who was, I think, Mademoiselle Moreau's aunt, and who was consulted by Robespierre, Napoleon I., and so many more. He then repeated the following very curious story, which was, it appears, told by my father to the late Mrs. Russell of Aden, but which I never heard.

My father went with a friend to consult Mademoiselle Lenormand. After she had told him what she had got to say, she tried to do the same for his friend, but presently became utterly confused, said to him that her art had failed her, and begged him to leave the house,

refusing to take any fee. He entreated her to try again: she was over-persuaded, but the same result followed. Again she tried, saying "that this had never happened to her before;" but, finding herself quite incapable, she lost all patience, and begged him to go instantly. He did so, and, as he passed out of her door, was knocked down and killed by a heavy waggon or diligence—Russell did not remember which.

Pietri was the only person who accompanied the late Emperor to Mademoiselle Moreau's house; so the chances are that the story told in that book reached the author of *Um Scepter und Kronen* directly or indirectly through him.

25. Met to-day, at Lady Reay's, Countess Bernstorff, the widow of Count Bernstorff, who was so long Prussian Ambassador here. "I observe," she said, "only two changes in London since I went, except," as she courteously added, "the change of Government—the first is that there are far fewer powdered servants, and the second, that people drink much less wine." I believe both observations to be quite just—the second markedly so. A few years ago doctors urged the drinking of a great deal of wine, almost as a

moral duty. Now the tendency is quite the other way, and one hears of some conspicuous people—Lord Granville, for instance—who have become teetotalers.

30. To see Lady Derby, with Arthur Russell. I have avoided going there all through recent events; but now that he is out of office, the case is changed, and I had to-day a long conversation with her.

31. It has been a week of tragedies. At lunch, at Lady Reay's on the afternoon of the 25th, I heard that the Duchess of Argyll had died suddenly the night before, while dining with the Frederick Cavendishes. On the 27th Rollo Russell came over to York House, and was sufficiently hopeful about his father to accept an invitation for Monday, but the old man sank a little before eleven, while Arthur Russell's party to the Crown Prince and Princess was going on. To-day Russell Gurney died very unexpectedly. A great German ironclad went down off Dover, with 300 men on board, and the House of Commons was adjourned soon after the commencement of a debate on the Irish University question, Wykeham Martin having fallen down dead in the Library.

June

2. As Trevelyan and I walked on the slope of the Park, over Petersham, our conversation returned to a subject we had been talking of yesterday afternoon —the kind of things which have immense success in the House of Commons. "Lord Russell," said Trevelyan, "told me that the most successful hit he ever heard in that Assembly was made by Disraeli. Mr. Sidney Herbert, who was very careful in his dress, had said that the Agricultural party had come whining to Parliament. Alluding to this, Disraeli presently afterwards described the agricultural interest as a girl, who, having been betrayed, presented herself at the door of her seducer, and a 'well-dressed menial slammed the door in her face.'" "That is odd," I said, "for the most successful hit I ever heard, in the House of Commons, was made by Sidney Herbert himself, and was just as poor a joke as the other." It was before I was in Parliament, and I was looking on from the Gallery, when, apropos I forget of what, but hinting, of course, at Disraeli, Sidney Herbert said that "it was difficult to make converts to a religion the first step in which was a surgical

operation." The House screamed with laughter for about three minutes. Trevelyan went on to mention several extraordinarily successful things he had himself heard; but they were even milder and more impalpable than the above, depending entirely on the circumstances of the moment, and evaporating when written down.

Morley and Trevelyan had never seen Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee. Both were extremely amused by it, and the latter laughed till the tears almost ran down his cheeks. It was when we were talking of this that Mallet mentioned a delightful piece of Bengali English, in an article against Sir George Campbell.[1] "House of Commons," said the writer, "tore him to pieces, and exposed his *Cui bono* in all its naked hideousness!"

Immediately after we got home a telegram was brought to us. It came from Count Seckendorff, and was to say that the Crown Princess wished to postpone her visit, as she wanted to go down to Portsmouth to-morrow, on account of the disaster to the *Grosser-Kurfürst*. We then, our friends assisting us, took

[1] A man of very high ability, who should never have entered an arena for which he was quite unsuited.—1897.

steps to warn all our guests not to come, and to countermand other preparations. The ladies had not yet left us after dinner, when a messenger arrived from Hatfield, bringing me a letter from the Crown Princess, in which she explained all the circumstances and fixed her visit for the 10th.

3. The *Times* came in, as usual, and was laid down beside me. We were talking gaily and eagerly so that no one opened it until after we had risen. Then, for the first time, we learned the shocking news of the attempt on the life of the Emperor of Germany. I must have received the Crown Princess's letter about the very moment that they were starting from London for Berlin, so that the writing of it must have been about the last act before the intelligence arrived. On Tuesday last, at Arthur Russell's, speaking of the former attempt, H.I.H. said to me: "Was not that attempt on my father-in-law a shocking thing?" In reply, I rather minimised the danger arising from such attempts, and said "that the only recent case I remembered, of an attempt to assassinate an eminent man being successful, occurred in the case of Prim." She added: "And the Archbishop of Paris."

Dined with the Literary Society, to introduce Henry Smith, just elected. There were present —Walpole, Lubbock, the Bishop of Peterborough, Lord Houghton, Richmond, George Trevelyan, and Newton. Richmond mentioned that the little Lord Encombe was now sitting to him, as his great-great-grandfather, Lord Eldon, had done many years ago —the one being about eight and the other having been about eighty. He spoke with the most enthusiastic admiration of the staircase of Dorchester House. The conversation turned on the prices paid for pictures, and he mentioned that although Gainsborough's now fetch such enormous sums, Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, where the great master lived, was found, at his death, full of his unsold pictures. A carrier, called, I think, Wiltshire, had been very civil to him, insisting on bringing up his pictures to town free of charge. He gave the man, as some acknowledgement of his courtesy, a picture of his cart with a bevy of beautiful girls in it, and a portrait of the clerk of his parish. This moderate remuneration was worth eventually to the family about £20,000. Richmond further told us—on, I think, Northcote's authority—that the greater

part of Sir Joshua's large fortune was made by painting half-lengths at ten guineas apiece. The Bishop of Peterborough, who was my next neighbour, talked much of the forthcoming report of the Lords' Committee on Intemperance. Happily it results, conclusively, from the evidence that drunkenness is not increasing but decreasing. I forget whether it was before this Committee, or elsewhere, that one of the most teetotal of medical men made the curious statement that the most dangerous thing you can possibly drink in a strange place is a glass of water.

We talked of nursery rhymes; Lord Houghton said that "Jack and Jill" were, as he believed, Empson and Dudley, but that there was no doubt whatever as to "Little Jack Horner" having been an historical person, who, being in the service of the Abbey of Glastonbury, stole its title-deeds and carried them up to Henry VIII., by whom he was richly rewarded.

8. Went over to see Mr. Twining, an old gentleman who lives near us. Crossing the Alps as a boy he injured his eyes by the glare of the snow, and not very long afterwards, falling on the ice at Milan,

became a cripple for life. He has devoted himself, nevertheless, to the economic bearings of science, has written a good deal, organised a scheme of lectures for the people, and had at one time accumulated a very remarkable museum, illustrating his favourite subject, much of which was, however, destroyed by fire.

Mr. Minto came down to luncheon, and brought with him Mr. Patterson, who published in 1869 an excellent book on the Magyars. He is thinking of going again to Hungary, and wished to know from me what were the points on which I most desired information. I advised him to explain to the English public the peculiar position of the Magyars with reference to the Eastern question or questions, and to tell us how far it is, or is not, true that the Slav populations, which are connected with the Hungarian Crown, have still any reason to complain. He mentioned incidentally that the *lime* was the sacred tree of the Slavs, and that Leipsic took its name from it.

20. George Boyle of Kidderminster came down last night to dine and sleep. He called my attention to the following lines by Bland of the Anthology,

quoted in Ticknor's *Memoirs* as having been much in the thoughts of Sir Edmund Head. They occur in a note to him from poor Twisleton :—

"While others set, thy sun shall fall ;
Night without eve shall close on thee :
And He who made, with sudden call,
Shall bid, and thou shalt cease to be.

So whispers nature, whispers sorrow :
And I would greet the things they say,
But for the thought of those whose morrow
Hangs trembling on my little day."

The first of these two, whose name occurs in earlier pages of this Diary, died suddenly from disease of the heart, while the other, like him a man of the greatest merit and accomplishment, fell by his own hand. It was Twisleton who told me that he and Head had failed so completely to find out the authorship of the verse cited in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*—

"Then old age and experience hand in hand
Lead him to death and make him understand—
After a search, so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong."—

that they advertised, offering a small reward, which

was gained on the very day that the advertisement appeared, by a German governess.

Dined with Sir James Stephen, taking down Lady Gore Brown, whose husband was at one time Governor of New Zealand. I asked her when she was last at Auckland, and she said in 1871. I then put some questions about a family there, and found, very unexpectedly, that she knew all about them. She asked me, in return, as to the cause of my interest, which I explained, surprising her, by what I had to tell, not a little. "Well," said she, "this does more and more convince me of the smallness of the world. Fancy two such things as what you have just told me, and what I am now going to tell you, coming to one's knowledge in the same day. I lunched this afternoon at King's College, and sat next to the Professor of Anatomy. Knowing that I had been in Tasmania, he talked about the Tasmanian race, and he expressed a great desire to have some skeletons of the aborigines. I said, 'That wish cannot be difficult to gratify, because when I was there, there were only nine, and as they are now all dead, it would hurt nobody's feelings to get one of their skeletons. There was, for instance, an old woman,

named Betsy Davis, whom I knew well.' 'Oh!' said the Professor, interrupting, 'we've got her; we've sent her to the Paris Exhibition.'"

21. I went, with an introduction from La Mère Marie Epiphanie, to call on Alphonse Ratisbonne, the hero of the strange story which is commemorated by the service in S. Andrea delle Fratte, which is mentioned in an earlier page of this Diary, and who is now, of course, a very old man, but I unluckily missed him, and he goes to Paris to-morrow.

22. The Breakfast Club met at York House. Arthur Russell mentioned a reply of Bismarck's to some one who asked him the name of his great dog, "We call him *Sultan*," he said, "except when the Turkish Ambassador calls here, and then we call him *Soult*."

Some one mentioned that, at the Royal Society gathering, the other night, the phonograph had repeated "hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," better than anything else, and that Sir Thomas Wade had said, "that is natural enough, as the invention is still in its infancy."

In the afternoon we took Henry Cowper to Ham House, and were shown over it. It is certainly one

of the most interesting places in England. The room in which the Cabal sat is that which enfilades the great avenue, and remains just as they left it, except in so far as colours have been altered or dimmed by age. The faces on the tapestry have turned black or nearly so. The house is full from end to end with pictures. Amongst them is one of the younger Vane. I quoted, as we looked at it, the lines:—

"Behind—chill, calm, and lonely as a star;
Ruthless as Angels when avenging are,
Sits Vane, and dreams Utopian isles to be
While the storm swells, and sea but spreads on sea,
Still in a mirage he discerns a shore,
And acts with Hampden from belief in More."

24. Madame de Peyronnet and Madeleine came down to lunch. The latter told me that as she was crossing the Channel the other day, she heard an Englishwoman trying to impress a Frenchman with the virtues and popularity of our Royal Family, "Oui, Monsieur," she said to her astonished listener; "Notre Reine est chaque centimètre une Reine!" That reminded my wife of the exclamation which she once heard, and from a very eminent man, too, who

was starting on a pleasure party in Switzerland, "Où est le corbeau de vivres?" He meant *panier*, and had the word *corbeille* in his head.

With Arthur Russell to the Old Physic Garden at Chelsea. It contains many interesting things, a large *Styrax officinalis*, a fine maiden-hair tree,[1] etc.

July

1. Dined with the Literary Society, sitting next J. R. Green, who made his first appearance. The talk turning upon Senior's *Conversations*, on which I have lately been writing a paper, Reeve told us that Tocqueville had said to him—I must be very fond of Senior, "Que de choses il me fait dire!!" Green mentioned that early in the *Culturkampf* Dean Stanley had said to Bismarck "At least what you are doing is not new; the contest goes back to the days of Hildebrand." "Hildebrand," said the other,—"to the days of Agamemnon and Calchas."

[1] *Salisburia adiantifolia*—the *Jingo* tree of the Chinese!! The scientific and popular names led to many jokes at this period, when we were all so much occupied with the Eastern Question.

3. I went up to town and breakfasted with Goschen. Arthur Russell, Henry Smith, Trevelyan, Giffard Palgrave, and Henry Bright, of Liverpool, were there—a singularly gay and pleasant party. The last mentioned that in reading Disraeli's *Venetia* he had thought that he recognised some of the language put into the mouth of Lord Cadurcis, and had discovered it afterwards in some autograph letters of Byron's in his own collection, which must accordingly have been at one time accessible to Disraeli. He said that "Sanitas Sanitatum" is not at all new, but is to be found in *Menagiana*.[1] The phrase was first used, it appears, by Ménage in conversation with Balzac.

7. Leaving the Lubbocks, Lady Wade, and others at York House, I went up to London this afternoon, and was taken by Mrs. Barrington to Watts, who wanted me to look at a portrait he is doing of Jowett. Then we went on to Leighton and to the Benediction at the Carmelites, after which I took the chair at the Dilettanti, giving the toasts: "Esto praeclara—Esto perpetua," "Grecian Taste and Roman Spirit," etc., all except "Viva la Virtù," which Pollock, the Secretary, who had mislaid his card, forgot. A new

[1] This was my introduction to that delightful book.

member was admitted, with the usual venerable ceremonies, and the engravings for the book we are publishing on Priene, etc., so far as they are finished, were exhibited.

9. Dined at Strawberry Hill, where were Beust, Bylandt, Bulow, and many others. Every one was full of the Asia Minor and Cyprus surprise which burst upon the town last night. Two portraits, not very good, though I believe by the same hand which has painted Lowe so well in this year's Academy, the one of May, the other of Hayward, have just been added to the Gallery, of which the lovely picture of the last Lady Northampton but one, forms the chief ornament, as characteristic of the nineteenth, as the three Lady Waldegraves, by Sir Joshua, and the Lady Hamilton spinning, by Romney, are of the eighteenth century.

10. A six o'clock division on the Real Estate Intestacy Bill at last released me, and I ran down to York House to find the Bishop of Peterborough and others already waiting for me. The Bishop was, as usual, full of excellent stories. *Inter alia*, he told us that a lady in Gloucestershire was reading the Old Testament to an old woman who lived at the Lodge.

The passage she chanced on was that which speaks of the seven hundred wives of Solomon. Presently the old woman said: "Had Solomon really seven hundred wives?" "Oh yes, Mary!" was the reply; "it is so stated in the Bible." "Lor, mum," rejoined the other, "what privileges them early Christians had." He repeated also a curious anecdote, which Archbishop Whately had told him, of something like second sight. He was going one day to attend service in a strange church in the country, when the thought occurred to him: "What should I do if the clergyman fell suddenly ill and sent to ask me to preach?" "Oh!" was his answer to himself, "I would send up and get the sermon which is lying in such and such a drawer." "But what would happen if the man I sent could not find it? The thing, however, is too improbable; I will dismiss it from my mind." The thought, nevertheless, kept coming back and back, till he actually took out his memorandum book and sketched a sermon. He went into the church; the clergyman was taken ill and sent to ask him to preach. He despatched a messenger for the sermon which he had ready. The man could not find it, and he actually preached the very sermon which he had sketched.

"He was more lucky," I said, "than Bishop Blomfield. Do you know what happened to him?" "No," said the Bishop. "Well," I replied, "before Dr. Blomfield arrived at the Episcopal Bench, he found one day, as he was mounting the steps of his pulpit, that he had forgotten his sermon. There was nothing to be done but to preach extempore, so he thought he would take, by way of an easy subject, the Existence of God. As he proceeded, he thought he was doing rather well and would repeat the experiment. On the way home he overtook a very respectable farmer, and asked him how he liked the sermon. "Well," said the man, "it were a very good sermon, Mr. Blomfield, but I don't agree with you." "Not agree with me," said the other; "what can you mean?" "Well, Mr. Blomfield," was the reply, "I think there *be* a God." William Fremantle who was present said: "That is a quite true story. It happened in a neighbourhood I know well, near Chalgrove Field." He mentioned also that the Bishop had in those early days taken pupils. Blomfield, a great classic, took it into his head to teach them mathematics, which bored them not a little. They were struggling through a proposition in Euclid,

when one of the Sheridans, who was amongst them, said to his tutor, "Pray, sir, may I ask whether Euclid was a good man?" "What do you mean?" said the other. "I mean," replied Sheridan, "was he a good, honourable, truthful person?" "Oh yes!" said Blomfield, "I never heard anything to the contrary." "Then, sir," rejoined the other, "don't you think we might take his word for this proposition?"[1]

He told us also that there lived on until his time a farmer called "John Hampden Blick," who was so named because Blomfield obstinately refused to christen him "Napoleon Bonaparte," and offered the name of the great local Liberal as a compromise.

Kinglake, amongst others, came down to spend the day and dine. He told me that the Duke of Newcastle had mentioned to him that in his early and obscurer days Louis Napoleon had said to him—the Duke—that he foresaw it would be his fate to become Emperor of France and to invade England. In after times, he tried very unsuccessfully to explain[2] away the second half of his presentiment.

[1] This in quite recent years appeared in *Punch* with an illustrative drawing.—1897.

[2] We all know from the Diary of the Emperor Frederick that he tried to form an alliance against England even when he was a prisoner in 1871.

26. Talked, after breakfast at the Athenæum, with the Bishop of Peterborough. He told me an old Oxford epitaph on the late Archbishop of Dublin, which I had never heard, composed of the titles of four of his books :—

"Whately's doubts !
Whately's difficulties !
Whately's errors !
Whately's Future Punishment !"

This afternoon I went to see Lady Derby and had a long conversation with her on recent events. She told me that her husband, if attacked in the House of Commons, was quite ready to come forward and tell the whole story, which, at present, was only known in part.

27. Rode Wild Hyacinth across Richmond Park, to see the Gregs, returning to meet Lord Napier of Magdala and others, who came down to stay over the Sunday. Amongst them was Mat Arnold, who gave Clara the little volume of selections from his poems, from which she read to him, extremely well, the stanzas on Carnac. In the afternoon I took Arnold to Kew Gardens, which he, like Morley last January, had never seen before.

31. Drove with my wife, in an hour and twenty-five minutes, to Foxwarren, where I have not been since poor Charles Buxton died. The *Erica Cinerea* and *tetralix* were both out along the roadside as we drove from Walton, and the place was looking lovely. Sir Francis Doyle, who was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and is Commissioner of Customs, repeated a good thing applied by A. C. Lyall's father to the strong-minded Mrs. ——: "What can you expect of a woman who gets up at four in the morning to *mis*-inform herself?"

August

1. To the marriage of Sir Lewis Pelly with Lady Alcock's daughter, Miss Lowder, which took place in Westminster Abbey—Dean Stanley officiating; a choral service with some hundred people present. One married friend of ours liked it so much that she said it made her wish to be married again!

7. Charles Parker came down to dine and sleep. He told me an Oxford story, which I had not heard before, of an undergraduate who having been asked, "What are the privileges of baptism?" replied, "The privileges of baptism were at first very

considerable, but they were greatly diminished at the Reformation."

11. The Reays are here, just returned from Ophemert and on their way to Scotland. He quoted a singularly infelicitous phrase of Dupont White's: "La Physionomie voilée des Anglais," and we laughed over the elaborate blunder of a French newspaper which announced that Mdle. I. de Peyronnet was going to marry George Browne, Pair d'Angleterre!

12. By Adam's request I ran down to-day to Bath to make a speech for Hayter. Maskelyne was in the train and had with him twenty of his best Gems—amongst others Taras on the Dolphin, which was the pride of the Praun collection. I drove straight from the meeting, which was in the open air, to the station, and got home to sleep, seeing a fine eclipse of the moon on the way.

15. I went this afternoon, *via* Epsom and Leatherhead, to Holmwood Station, whence a very pretty drive took me to Tanhurst, a house occupied in former days by Sir Samuel Romilly, where Arthur Russell has established himself for the autumn. The house lies on the edge of Leith Hill, looking over the Weald of Sussex.

16. It was a morning of heavy rain, but at last it cleared for a time, and allowed us to take a long walk amongst the fir woods, seeing a charming waterfall—the Tillingbourne. Arthur Russell made me laugh by a story of a discussion at the Lewes's. Some one maintained that everybody had written a tragedy. "Yes," said Lewes, "every one, even Herbert Spencer." "Ah!" interposed Huxley, "I know what the catastrophe would be—an induction killed by a fact." In the afternoon we drove over to T. H. Farrer's very pretty place, Abinger Hall. The conversation turning, as usual, upon the Eastern Question, it was mentioned that some one had expressed surprise to Lord Houghton at the strong line the Duke of Sutherland had taken in support of the Turks. "Oh!" was the reply, "dukes must have their Ducalities." At Tanhurst I fell in with and ran through the privately printed *Lettres d'un habitant des Landes*—Frédéric Bastiat. There is not much in them, but they are wonderfully graceful, and make one intimate with a charming character. I see he died in Rome just a week or two before I entered it for the first time, and he made precisely the journey which I did a month or two later,

travelling even by the same steamer from Marseilles, the *Castor*. He is buried in "San Luigi dei Francesi," another association with that famous church, which I had not in my mind when I tried so ineffectually to go to the midnight mass there on the Christmas Eve of 1875, finding that the service had been suspended during the sort of half interdict which then prevailed in Rome. His last drive seems to have been one familiar to me, out of the Porta del Popolo and in by the Porta Angelica.

18. This afternoon Lady Huntingtower and one of her daughters came over to York House. I returned with them across the Ferry, and walked all round the stately neglected Gardens of Ham, with their pretty little green allées carpeted here and there in May, says Lady Huntingtower, with the bluebell of England. The bluebell of Scotland is flowering under the great Scotch firs now, but sparingly.

19. A little girl of seven, seeing Reclus' book *La terre à vol d'Oiseau* upon my table, said, "I know what *à vol d'Oiseau* means, a volume of birds!"

On 31st August I left York House and travelled

by Carlisle to Naworth, where I found Mr. Charles Howard, with his son and daughter-in-law, etc.

September

The old Castle, which was one of the strongholds of the English March, is built round a quadrangle, like a college, and has two towers, the "Dacre" and "Belted Will's," in the latter of which were my rooms; the dressing closet looked down into a wooded glen, through which a brawling stream, the Castle Beck, hurries down over ledges of rock to the Irthing. One window of the bedroom had the same look out, while the other commanded a view of the quaint old garden, which is known to have been in existence in the seventeenth century.

On Sunday afternoon we went to the Parish Church, which forms part of the, for the most part ruined, Priory of Lanercost.

On Monday Mrs. Howard drove me, over break-neck paths, to see a portion of the Roman wall not far from the station of Birdoswald, which we were not quite able to reach, and on Tuesday she took me to Corby, famous for its walks along the Eden, celebrated by David Hume in a sufficiently poor quatrain.

Mr. Philip Howard, the owner, showed me some fine Scotch firs, which were nearly sacrificed by Prince Charles Edward for the purpose of making scaling ladders.

Mr. Charles Howard told, during my stay at Naworth, one or two good House of Commons stories. One was of a man who said, "And now I ask myself this question," whereupon a listener whispered, "And a damned foolish answer you'll get."

Another was of a member who yawned in his own oration, leading some one to observe "The man is not without taste, but he usurps our province."

Lyulph Stanley, who was there, called my attention to a translation of Rabelais of 1691, in which I found the phrase "By Jingo!" which this year has become almost classical. By the way, I don't think I noted in the summer a parody which Goldwin Smith repeated to me of the verse so popular in the Music Halls during the anti-Russian excitement:—

"We do not want to fight,
But, by jingo, if we do—
We've got the men, we've got the guns
And we've got the money too!"

Goldwin's verse ran:—

"We do not want to fight,
But, by jingo, if we do—
We'll stay at home at ease ourselves,
And send the mild Hindoo!"

Mr. Charles Howard has inherited a large portion of the very valuable library of the late Sir David Dundas—the same, who when Arthur Russell spoke to him of the dilatoriness of Bedford, the bookbinder, replied: "Ah! yes, a good careful man; he has got a great many of my books which I never expect to see again."

George Howard showed me some lovely pictures, done by him this spring at S. Francesco in Deserto, and his wife was as usual full of fresh and vigorous talk upon every subject that came up.

Sunday, the 8th September, I spent with Mr. Webster at Edgehill. In the afternoon we crossed the Dee, which was looking perfectly lovely, at the ferry under the house, and went to vespers at Blairs. The Chapel is almost as rude as it could be, but the service was not otherwise than well performed.

We failed, however, in one of our objects, which was to see the pictures, for immediately after vespers we heard that the inmates had gone to tea, and not

having given notice of our coming we did not think it well to disturb them.

Dr. Duff reminded me in Elgin that he had been with O'Connell when he died at Genoa, and mentioned that there was a sort of strange likeness in the personal appearance of two men who wake in one's mind widely dissimilar trains of ideas—Hugh Miller and Vincenzio Gioberti!

From Elgin I passed to Inverness, where, having some time on my hands, I went in the evening to the Scottish Episcopal Cathedral, where I was struck by the, as it seemed to me, unusually sweet tones of the organ, surely an exceptionally fine instrument.

In the afternoon I had walked up to see the vitrified fort on the top of Craig Phadrig, and getting a chill caught a very bad cold for my pains, which was made so much worse by a blustering and tiresome journey down the Caledonian Canal, that when I reached Dorlin, on the shores of Loch Moidart, I had nearly lost my voice. The Dorlin estate was bought by Lord Howard of Glossop from Hope Scott, partly, I suppose, because he was fond of improving land, but chiefly on account of its Catholic population.

The house looks straight down Loch Moidart to

the open Atlantic. On one side of the Loch are gracefully shaped hills, on the other the picturesque island of Shona and the peninsula of Castle Tiorim, which last with a tiny wooded islet hard by, let to Lord Howard for £5 a year, are all that remain to Clanranald of the vast territories once owned by his family. Amongst others staying in the house were three Maxwells and Mrs. Strutt, Lady Howard's sister, whose husband, a younger son of Lord Belper's, was killed in a very tragic way some time ago.

Of course the whole atmosphere was as Catholic as if one had been in Castile. I had meant to have gone on to the Sellars, at Artornish on the Sound of Mull, but my cold, and a furious gale, which, breaking upon the coast on Sunday, the 15th, raged for several days, put that quite out of the question. From Dorlin I returned on my steps through beautiful scenery, but in fearful weather, to Corran Ferry, and sailed thence to Oban. Getting up early on the morning of the 20th, I looked round the place which I had known so well eight-and-twenty years ago. Naturally George Boyle, who was with me on the reading party with which I spent the summer of 1850, was much in my mind, and it was a curious

chance that the first person I should see, when I went to take my seat on the Dalmally Coach, was his nephew, Charles Dalrymple, M.P. for Bute, with whom I passed some hours amidst the charming scenery of Loch Etive and Loch Awe.

At Dalmally I met the Dean of Christchurch, with his wife and two exceedingly pretty daughters, one the young lady for whom *Alice in Wonderland* is said to have been written.

Edinburgh was a desert. As I was wandering through the forlorn streets, I turned up Manor Place and found, to my astonishment, nearly the whole of the grounds of West Coates House, one of the very few places in the town with which I have, from old days, any agreeable association, turned into a really immense cathedral, of whose existence I had not the faintest idea.

The solitude of Edinburgh was most pleasantly exchanged for Laidlawstiel, where I found a small but extremely lively party, amongst others Mr. Arthur Elliot, Mrs. Gilbert Elliot,[1] and Lady Torphichen, widow of the late and aunt of the present peer, who represents, if I mistake not, the old line of the

[1] Later Mrs. Childers.

Douglases, and strange to say also the Knights of St. John, for his ancestor, who was their head in Scotland, received the lands connected with their preceptory from Mary Stuart.

On the afternoon of the 23rd we went over to Traquhair, now the property of Mr. Maxwell Stewart, a near relation of the people whom I had left at Dorlin. Traquhair is as curious in its way as Ham House, and full of treasures. We saw the cradle of James VI., a piece of work done by Mary Stuart, a magnificent printed Bible of 1479, and much else.

Mr. Arthur Maxwell Stewart, who showed us over it, pointed out a clump of Scotch firs which he called "the new bush," but I am not sure whether I did or did not see the old birken shaw (immortalised by Professor Shairp's fine lines, and by the well-known air), as Lady Reay was not quite clear about its locality. We saw the Quhair burn, however, which was by no means "singing down to the vale of Tweed," but tumbling like a mountain torrent, and, what is more, we forded it, an operation which a few inches more of depth would have made a doubtful one.

Lady Torphichen was a Miss Maitland, daughter of Lord Dundrennan, Lord of Session, and had lived

much in the old Whig set in Edinburgh, whose vigorous thought and speech she has inherited. She told me that no young people liked Jeffrey, but, on the other hand, spoke with the warmest admiration and regard of Lord Rutherfurd.[1]

At Laidlawstiel I received a long letter from Mrs. Craven, who is staying with Madame de Montalembert in the department of the Doubs, and in replying to her was able to quote some amusing reminiscences of her youth, which appear in a book which has just been printed by subscription, and of which Lady Reay has taken some copies, being the letters written from St. Petersburg, shortly before and after 1825, by Mrs. afterwards Lady Disbrowe, the mother of the editress.

From Laidlawstiel I returned direct to York House, where I arrived late on the night of the 24th.

October

2. We left home on the evening of the 27th, slept at 15 Lombard Street, and crossed next day to Paris —the same party as last Easter.

[1] George Boyle is certainly an exception. He speaks very affectionately of Jeffrey.—1897.

The Channel was calm, and in no way tried the *Calais-Douvres*, in which we made the passage for the first time. The rush of the water between the bows of that strange vessel is very striking, and the cataract at the stern is really almost sublime.

Paris was very crowded, very expensive, and very empty of our friends. Simon was there, on the point of bringing out his book upon Thiers's administration. I saw him twice. The first time he talked much of the Orleanists, and much of Gambetta, with both of whom, I need not say, he is thoroughly dissatisfied.

He was very eloquent, too, on the small number of persons who really know Paris, of which he justly considers himself a great master, having, by long residence, much connection with affairs, and especially by having been the Minister of Public Instruction at a moment when something required to be done in almost every one of the numerous buildings under the care of that great department, been obliged to come to know the capital as very few do. The second time I saw him he was highly amusing on the rather grim subject of his surgical experiences. "My father," he said, "who was all through the wars of the

Empire, had hardly received more wounds than I. I have broken my arm, and broken my leg, besides which I have a ball in my arm which I received in a duel; and a broken foil once passed through my leg; whilst last year, Guérin, whom I consider our best surgeon, only just saved my life by an operation which, if delayed for five minutes, would have been too late." He told us, also, a great deal about the difficulty which the Republicans have in dealing with the for the most part Bonapartist *Magistrature*, which hangs together in a way that makes it far from easy for the Minister to be adequately severe, even with those who grossly abuse their power.

Castelar, who was on a visit to some one at Ville d'Avray, came to lunch with us on the 30th. He mentioned that he had published a new novel, and was far on with a book on the religious questions of the day, in their bearing upon politics.

There are at present only four Republicans in the Cortes—himself, a banker, and two grandees of Spain, one of them the Duke of Veraguas, the representative, if I mistake not, of Columbus. We talked of Spanish orators. He said that the speeches of Lopes belonged too completely to the moment when they were spoken

to make them good to be read now. Those of Alcala Galiano have a somewhat more enduring character. He promised to send me, when I got back to England, the speeches of Donoso Cortes, on which I have long meditated writing a paper.

On the 29th Miss Lubbock and I went to Vespers and Benediction at Notre Dame de Sion, taking Madame Mohl on our way back. She was engaged in copying out her husband's letters, written to her from Paris during the Commune. Her head was still quite clear about many things, but we came upon some of those strange gaps in memory which one often finds in very old people. I asked her, by the way, in which floor of No. 120 Rue du Bac Châteaubriand had lived. "In the ground floor," she replied; "both he and his wife died there."

As we were sitting at dinner on the 30th, a little ant, of the kind that lives in houses, coming on the table, we talked about it and its brethren. Sir John Lubbock said that very little is yet known about the way in which the external world affects them. He thinks, as at present advised, that they are sensible to all the colours of the spectrum, but does not know whether these have the same effect on them as on us;

nor is it clear that they have not other senses, or inlets for impressions, which *we* have not.

5. It was definitely settled this afternoon that we could not get places in the *Messageries* boat of to-day, so we must put off our voyage to Algiers till next week. Our time, however, except to-day, when we have been rather on tenter-hooks, was not lost, for we have done a great deal of botanising, with our guide of last April, M. Buffe.

6. We reached Draguignan this evening rather late, having been delayed by our engine breaking down between Les Arcs and that place. After patience had had its perfect work, however, for a very long time, another engine came up to our assistance. "Il vient d'arriver, cet animal," growled the guard, and we resumed our journey.

7. Draguignan is not a spot to be recommended to the tourist, but we made from it a very pleasant excursion into the hills, seeing the Dolmen, known, like so many others, as the Grotte des Fées, the huge "écroulement" of la Clape, in which a whole vineyard has gone the way of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram; together with some fine rock and valley scenery. Of plants, too, we found several, more especially the lovely *Catananche*

Caerulea, which must two or three weeks ago have made many patches of waste ground perfectly blue.

From Draguignan we went, amidst a deluge of rain, to Antibes, and not finding the Hotel du Cap open, retreated upon Cannes, taking Vallauris on our way, where we bought a good deal of its characteristic pottery. Cannes has much improved since I was there in 1862, and is now, as we thought, in spite of its size, a very attractive place, at least while empty.

The 9th was a most beautiful day, and we took a very long drive, in the course of which we found a few new plants, and enjoyed the perfume crops, tuberose, geranium, and the large Indian jasmine, which the rain of the previous day had freshened. We were much struck by the picturesque situation of Auribeau, a village near one of the roads to Grasse; but nothing at Cannes pleased us more than the moonlight effect in the gardens of our hotel, the Gray et d'Albion, when, having suddenly opened a window on the ground floor, just as we were going to bed, we found that the sky, which an hour or two before had been as gloomy as Erebus, had become perfectly cloudless, while the rain-laden palm branches of an

avenue which ran down towards the sea, appeared tipped with diamonds.

Yesterday we had a pleasant sail to the Islands, where we visited the prison of the Iron Mask, and the scene of Bazaine's escape, but found few or no new plants.

At Fréjus, where we stopped for some hours this forenoon, we came, however, upon a better hunting-ground. There, too, I received a letter from Mrs. Craven, about Lady Disbrowe's letters from St. Petersburg. She quite remembers the tableau in which Eugénie appeared as Domenichino's St. John, which she so much resembled that Mrs. Craven always kept an engraving of it in her room.

17. We went out of Marseilles in the *Saïd* at five in the afternoon of the 12th, and ran into Algiers harbour about half-past three on the morning of the 14th, having occupied on the journey, as nearly as may be, half the time which we did when we came north in the teeth of the *mistral* last December.

It was not, however, a very agreeable passage, for there was a heavy ground-swell, and the *Saïd*, although we had a good deal of sail set, rolled badly. We allowed nearly all the passengers to go on shore before we

landed, lingering on the deck to watch the gradual flushing of the dawn.

A good deal of rain had fallen in the night, and everything was cool and fresh as we came on shore. We had just time to get to our hotel, when the sun burst over the Eastern mountains and soon reminded us that we were indeed on the continent which he claims as peculiarly his own.

After two nights spent at the Oasis, while the days were given to household cares, during which our ladies performed miracles, we contrived to get into our new quarters.

The grounds lie wholly upon the rocks of the upper Tertiary formation, and consist of a portion of the northern and southern slopes of the range of hills which runs eastward, along the bay of Algiers, together with the whole of the plâteau forming the extreme eastern portion of that range of hills. The house, partly built by the Moors before, partly by the French after, the Conquest, stands on the northern face of the hill, about 162 feet above the level of the sea.

Nearly all the principal rooms are to the north, and situated on the first floor, looking down upon a broad

terrace, which runs along the whole length of the building, say for 150 feet. From the large wooden platform in front of the drawing-room we have four separate views. If we turn to the right, we see the blue mountains of the Grande Kabylie, a portion of what French geographers call the lesser Atlas. If we look a little more to the left, we see the granitic Cape Matifou, which forms the Eastern horn of the bay of Algiers. If we look straight before us, we have the Mediterranean, stretching to the horizon, while if we look quite to the left, we have Algiers, which seems in the morning verily and indeed the "Silver City," as the Arabs called it, while later in the day it looks like a quarry of alabaster, and takes in the evening a soft rosy hue. The night is hardly less beautiful than the day, when the long lines of quivering light from the French portion of the city glimmer across the water, and all the northern constellations are superbly seen in the sky, which since our arrival has been rarely stained by a single cloud. Immediately below the terrace, and stretching to the great road which forms the chief communication between the capital and the interior, and which, although close by, is entirely hidden from our windows by dense foliage,

lies a very beautiful, though of late years neglected, garden.

Below it is the Noria or Persian wheel, which supplies us with water, and terrace after terrace of Mandarin oranges, bananas, and much else. The drier ground to the east of the flower garden and above the Noria is planted chiefly with almonds and the Japanese Medlar, the loquat of India, which is now covered with its sweet-scented blossoms, and ripens its fruit in April. Another feature of the place is a small court-yard, surrounded by a portion of the buildings, planted with shrubs and trees, conspicuous amongst which are the grand red-flowered *Hibiscus phoeniceus*, the true sycomore of Egypt, and a noble Canary-pine. At the door of the court, on either side, stand sentinel two specimens of the Indian *Citharexylon quadrangulare*, and close by are two cypresses, the indispensable accompaniment of a Moorish house.

Behind the buildings the ground rises very abruptly, and is laid out chiefly in vines, figs, and olives, but the limit to which these have been carried is soon reached, and the wild land which is our delight begins. It consists chiefly of a wood of Aleppo pines, and rises to over 400 feet, commanding the most enchanting

and varied views. Under the pine grows a tangled thicket of lentisk, *Phillyrea*, *Erica multiflora*, *Smilax*, the trailing asparagus, *Calycotome spinosa*, dwarf palm, *Cistus Monspeliensis*, prickly oak, and *Lavandula Stoechas*.

There are only two seasons in Algiers, a rainless one from May to September, and a rainy one from September to May. This autumn, however, it has been exceptionally dry, and the vegetation in consequence is far behind. We have only noted as in flower upon our own property, during the last week, some thirty plants, of which the most characteristic of the season, and of the first efforts of nature after the summer siesta, are the exquisitely delicate *Narcissus oxypetalus*, the bright blue *Scilla lingulata*, and another scilla here called *autumnalis*, but certainly very different in habit from the British species of that name. Charming, too, are the *Spiranthes autumnalis*, and the fairy crown of the African cyclamen.

Beyond the public road, of which I spoke a little while ago, and which is traversed equally by tramway cars and by camels, lies the great *Jardin d'essai*, the neighbourhood of which was our chief attraction to this spot. It fills up nearly the whole of the ground

between us and the sea, and is crossed at right angles by noble avenues of *Platanus orientalis*, Date Palm and Bamboo, which last takes me back to Mr. Griffith's garden at Benares.[1]

The *Jardin d'essai* is hardly less remarkable historically than botanically, for it was here that, just 337 years ago yesterday, Charles V. encamped, with Cortes and Alva in his train, on the first night of his brilliant and disastrous attack upon Algiers.

This afternoon, too, I learned, on turning over the pages of a life of Cervantes, that one of the most romantic of the many romantic incidents in the life of the author of *Don Quixote* must have occurred, if it occurred at all, quite close to where I am now writing.

Of events we have had few, but on the other hand a vast deal of reading and many pleasant hours, employed in gradually getting to know the neighbourhood and its resources. On the night of the 19th, Lubbock and I assisted at a fête given by an Arab cottager hard by, in honour of the circumcision of his son. There were, I suppose, between one and two hundred people present, ranged in long double lines on

[1] See *Notes of an Indian Journey*. London, 1876.

the hill side, partly in the open air, partly under a rough shed, built for the occasion, and thatched with lentisk boughs. These fêtes are usually divided into three parts, *nouba*, *diffa*, and *m'bita*,—that is to say, concert, dinner, and ball, which various parts were on this occasion, as I thought, rather mixed together. The music was, of course, of the usual Eastern kind, saying but little to our ears, and the dancing-girl was neither more pretty nor more graceful than most of those I saw in India, indeed distinctly less so.

A full account of the ceremony will be found in Desprez's book *L'hiver à Alger*. Suffice it to say here that the Arab and Moorish faces and costumes, the darkness broken by only a few twinkling lights, the wild cries of the women, who, hidden behind screens of *Arundo mauritanica*, expressed their obligations to the giver of the fête pretty much as a company of young jackals might have done, reminded us that we were well on our way from London to Timbuctoo.

26. This afternoon Lubbock and I went to pay our respects to General Chanzy, the Governor General, whom we found in his palace in the centre of the town, a fine Moorish building.

Colonel Playfair accompanied us, and the conversa-

tion soon turned upon the subject—of which he is at present full—of the wine-producing power of Algeria. Colonel Playfair is extremely sanguine, and thinks that money judiciously invested here in bringing land under vines ought to pay 30 per cent. Chanzy is not *so* sanguine, but, nevertheless, hopes for very brilliant results. Everything of course depends upon the *Phylloxera* not reaching these shores, and the severest precautions are taken to keep at bay that terrible enemy. No live plant, not even a cutting of any sort, is allowed to pass the custom house.

November

3. We returned yesterday from Blidah, whither we went on the 31st. That afternoon, soon after reaching our hotel, we drove to the Gorge of the Chiffa, in the hopes of seeing the famous monkeys which still inhabit this pass of the Atlas in considerable numbers. Fortune, however, was not kind. Miss Lubbock and I heard one close to us, but a noisy carriage rattling by frightened it higher up the mountain. The other two had not even this poor satisfaction. The scenery, however, was throughout the drive agreeable, and the

latter part of it must in the winter be very fine, when the river, now a mere thread of water, becomes a raging torrent.

Another interesting object in the course of our drive, though seen at a great distance, was the so-called "Tombeau de la Chrétienne," really the burying place of Juba II. and of his wife Silene, daughter of the great Cleopatra, by Mark Antony.

On All Saints' Day, while the bells were tolling in the churches, we were slowly ascending the Atlas range. First we rode between long hedges, chiefly of lentisk, mixed in some places with *Laurus nobilis*, then came a bare open space, where nothing grew at this season but tufts of a tall rough grass, *Ampelodesmos tenax*, I suppose. Next we reached the region of the *Daphne Gnidium*, and of our common brake-fern, which latter looked miserable enough after the summer heats.

Further on came the zone of the *Quercus belleta*, and of a shrub which I took to be some kind of Cytisus, probably *candicans*, but which was not in flower. From that to the top of the mountain, which was quite bare of anything but burnt-up grass, we rode through a thick forest of that variety of the cedar of

Lebanon which is known as the *Atlantica*. The trees were not very fine, but to see a forest of wild cedars was a quite new experience. The effect of the light upon their flat boughs, as viewed from above, was extremely striking. After a halt of an hour or so we pushed eastward along the range, with grand views of ridges which had exactly the appearance of the jaws and partly worn-down teeth of some great fossil animal.

On our way we fell in with a very intelligent young Frenchman, who gave us, from this elevated professorial chair, a most instructive little lecture on the Geography of Algeria. Looking south, he told us that we saw something like half-way to El Aghouat, which gave us the most essentially African feeling that we have had on this journey.

Arrived at the Two Cedars, a well-known landmark in those regions, we commenced our descent, which to me, who had a sharp attack of illness, was very fatiguing. We were fortunate in seeing a great many eagles, and in finding one of the two irises of which we saw so much last December, with abundance of the *Merendera filiformis*, whose acquaintance we made yesterday in driving through the Metidja. It is not unlike the *Colchicum* of the Alpine meadows,

but is smaller and covers the very hardest ground with its pale lilac stars.

9. Our days, of which but two remain, pass most pleasantly but without events. Miss Lubbock and my wife make excellent cooks, and manage the house famously, assisted by our very willing Marie Amato, with whom it is just possible to communicate, although the language which she speaks, founded, but only founded, on the patois of Naples, defies classification or description.

10. To-day Miss Lubbock and I went to vespers at Notre Dame d'Afrique, and were present at the very picturesque ceremony which follows, when the officiating priest, going to the edge of the precipice, takes his stand in front of a pall, which is held by four choristers, and chants a requiem for the dead in the sea.

29. My first few days at York House were given partly to business and still more to continuing the reading which I had on hand at Algiers, but I was very soon dragged into the current of the Afghan controversy, and to-day I sent back the proofs of a pamphlet which I am issuing on Afghanistan and Central Asia.

December

5. Parliament opens. Lubbock and I have taken rooms for the Session at Garland's Hotel.

7. Mr. Richter, whose acquaintance I made at Christiania in 1873, and who is now Norwegian Consul-General here, came down to dine and sleep. With us were also La Ferronays and the Shipleys, of whom I saw so much in Rome in the spring of 1875. Within the last few weeks they have joined the Roman Church.

8. Walked with La Ferronays past Ham House and through Richmond Park. He told me that he was as a child at Boury in the summer of 1847, and fancies that he remembers his aunt and Alexandrine sitting together on that memorable afternoon of the 13th of July, but, as he says, "This may well be an illusion of memory."

9. Whitbread opened the Debate on Afghanistan in a speech of great power. The other side seemed quite cowed, and as he sat down, after speaking about two hours and a half, Baxter said to me, "That is the

strongest indictment I ever heard in the House of Commons."

12. I was to have spoken late on the night of the 10th, but eventually moved the adjournment, and spoke this afternoon.

15. A large party with us, amongst others Sir John Adye. La Ferronays came down to dine and sleep, chiefly to meet Sir Charles Dilke, whom he was curious to see as a specimen of an English Radical, and with whom he got on famously.

Last week, when he was talking about the compulsory division of property in France, I said to him: "There is hardly a Radical in England who would go on the platform and defend the views which you have just been stating." Yet he is a strong Legitimist and a devoted follower of Henri V. Words bear such a different meaning in countries separated from each other by only a few leagues of sea! It brings to my mind the very amusing conversation, in Smythe's *Historic Fancies*, between the English Radical M.P. and the French Radical Deputy.

I never observed, till the other day, that the La Ferronays' motto was *In hoc ferro vinces*. It is a

strange accident that this motto should be borne by the family which, more perhaps than any other, has acquired a right to bear the old Constantinian one.

16. Dined at the Athenæum with John Morley, meeting M. Arnold and Frederic Harrison. The party was rather spoilt by a blunder of Huxley's, who, having forgotten his engagement, did not appear till we had done dinner.

The conversation turned much upon George Lewes, whose death the other day took us all by surprise. Morley, I observed, put him very high as a philosopher, Huxley as a physiologist; Arnold thought him strongest as a dramatic critic. Both Morley and Harrison seemed to think that he would appear a more considerable person to posterity than he did to his contemporaries. I have always thought that it was the fashion to underrate him quite absurdly. I have certainly myself come across very few people who did so many different things so well. His appearance was that of a monkey, and not a good monkey; but I invariably found him a particularly agreeable and likeable person, both in his own house and out of it.

Some one told an amusing story about a recent

marriage in the family of a wealthy Irish distiller. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Dublin. After the breakfast, the distiller thanked the Archbishop very effusively for his share of the proceedings and said to him, as he took leave, "The Lord be with you." "And with thy spirit," is reported to have been the rejoinder.

23. There are some inches of snow on the ground; the trees quite white, with most brilliant sunshine. My wife called the attention of Reay, Archibald Milman, and others, who were at breakfast, to the great elm opposite the dining-room windows, which may conceivably have been planted by Clarendon,[1] and on which there was at the moment, and for a quarter of an hour afterwards, the regular Alpenglühn.

24. Met Dean Stanley at the Athenæum, the first time I have seen him since he returned from America. "Glad to see you alive," I said; "I did not feel at all happy about your going." "Nor I," was the reply; "I thought the risk was considerable; but I had a sort of physical craving for a complete change of scene, and nothing could have succeeded

[1] This noble tree went down in a gale, just a week after we sailed for India, in October 1881.

better. Before I had been a day in Boston I felt a distinct improvement in my health." I asked him if he had been very much surprised by anything? "Chiefly," he said, "by my own ignorance. Amongst other things, I had not the least idea how different the States were, how much they were like separate kingdoms."

The name of our friend Charles Norton coming up, he said: "The two people who were most like Englishmen I saw were old Mr. Winthrop, who has been in England a great deal, and one of the bishops, who has been hardly there at all. Nothing, however," he said, "that I saw impressed me more than Niagara." "You did not then approach it," I rejoined, "like Goldwin Smith. I asked him before he went to America the first time, whether he would go to see it. 'No,' he said, 'I would go if it ran uphill.'" "Well," answered Stanley, "do you know it very nearly does; the rebound is so tremendous. What I most regretted was not having seen the autumn leaves to advantage. It was a bad fall this year. Do you know Major André's monument in the Abbey? Don't forget the next time you are there to see what I have put on it. It is a wreath of autumn leaves

from the Hudson, gathered near the place where he was executed. Are you living in town?" he said, as we parted. "No," I answered, "not in town, but I am now hard by, at Twickenham." "Ah! yes," he said, "of course—you succeeded the Orleans Dynasty!"

25. My secretary read to me a paper of Stanley's in *Macmillan* for January 1879, being an address given before the Birmingham and Midland Institute at Birmingham, 16th December 1878. Apropos of my conversation with him yesterday, I find the following passage:—

"In that memorable hour—memorable in the life of every one as the moment when he first sees the Pyramids of Egypt, or the Alps of Switzerland—when I first stood before the cataracts of Niagara, it seemed to me that the scene which I witnessed was not an unapt likeness of the fortunes of America. It was midnight; the moon was full, and I saw, from the vast bridge which spans the river, the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl and chaos, bursting forth in clouds of foam—that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, it seemed an emblem of the devouring, fermenting, perplexed, bewildering activity—the ceaseless, restless, beating whirl-

pool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray, twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable. That silver column, glistening in the moonlight, seemed an image of the future of American history—of the upward, Heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of the present."

26. Looking over old letters of 1868, I came upon the following specimen of some schoolboy's Latin verses in the hand of John Conington. Whatever be its history, it is a great deal too good to be lost, so I insert it here :—

Ad P. Virgilium Maronem.

"Virgili Publi Maro—tu patrasti
Nobiles versus ! hominesque dicunt
Tu quod es cunctis melior poetis
Praeter Homerum.

Tu decem pulcras eclogas patrasti,
Quattuor libros quoque georgicorum
Praeter aeneim nitidam ; scholaque
Discimus illam."

I found also in the same bundle of papers a letter from Lyon Playfair, dated "14th Dec. 1868," in which, after congratulating me on joining the Government,

he goes on to give chapter and verse for a curious anecdote he had told me of two Scotchmen going to the fair at Aix La Chapelle, in the reign of Charlemagne, and bawling out all day from an empty booth, "Siquis sapientiae cupidus est, veniat ad nos, et accipiat eam, nam venalis est apud nos."

"The names of the Scotchmen were Claud Clement and John Melrose ('sic dictus ab oppido Maelrosio'). The Emperor sent for them towards the evening, and asked what were the conditions of their sale, to which they replied 'a place to teach it in, pupils to learn it, and needful food and raiment.'"

Charlemagne engaged them and established a Schola at Aix, associating Clement with the learned Yorkshireman Alcuin, and taking Melrose with him to Italy. When there Melrose founded the Schola, afterwards the University of Pavia (786 to 800).

A few years afterwards, Charlemagne returned to Aix and proceeded in person to examine the Schola. He placed on his right hand all the good pupils, and on his left all the bad ones. When this was done, he perceived that the sons of the burghers were on his right and the sons of the nobles on his left! He scowled fiercely on the latter, and promised the former

his protection. There are two extant treatises, not later than 887, in which this curious story is given, "De religiositate et Ecclesiastica Domini Caroli cura," and "De rebus bellicis Caroli magni," by Nokterus Bulbulus, but, as you and I must take these on trust, I refer you to second hand—*Bulæi Hist. Univ. Paris. I.* 101.

The Reays are passing Christmas with us. She asked after dinner a riddle which I had never heard, and another which I had forgotten—forgotten I say—for I find a copy of it in old Lady Wallace's handwriting, given to me, as far back as 1857, when I was staying along with her at what was then called Corriemuilzie Cottage, and has now changed its name to Mar Lodge. The first was: "If the crows used bad language, what flower would they name?—Damask Rose." And the other:—

"Mon premier est un tyran,
Mon second est un monstre,
Mon tout c'est le diable.—Mariage."[1]

28. Among many letters which I have received,

[1] "Mais si on aime mon premier,
On ne craint pas mon second,
Et mon tout est le paradis terrestre."

with regard to my recent speech, one from Whitbread, and another from Coleridge, gave me most satisfaction, but nothing could exceed the kindness of my friends about it. I have waited, however, one-and-twenty years to get this kind of chance—the chance of being the proper person to embody at once the thought and the passion of a great party on a great subject. How much more labour have I often expended upon speeches which were not one twentieth part so successful!

29. A bright warm morning, contrasting curiously with the horrors of a week ago.

I walked up and down the rose-terrace with Oliphant. The conversation turning upon his American life, I asked him whether he and his friends considered themselves to be members of a Christian sect? "By no means," he said, and then entered into a lengthened series of explanations; which finished, I remarked: "Then do I understand aright that you are not a sect professing certain definite opinions, but a group of some sixty or seventy people gathered round a phenomenal person, and engaged in making moral experiments, just as a philosopher may be engaged in making physical

experiments in his study?" "Precisely so," he replied. "You put Mr. Harris very high indeed?" I said. "Yes," he answered, "I consider that from time to time the Divine Influence incarnates itself, so to speak, in phenomenal persons. Sakyamouni was such, and Christ was such, and such I consider Mr. Harris to be; in fact it is a new avatar."

"What were his *origines?*" I said. "He was originally a clergyman—a Baptist, I think," replied Oliphant, "and was known in New York as 'the boy-preacher.'" "And have you arrived," I asked, "at any definite results by your moral experiments? Have you got anything that you can put on paper?" "Not as yet," he said; "it is all in process of formation." "What are your relations to Spiritualism?" I inquired. "The half-moral, half-physical forces into which we inquire," he answered, "are the very forces which find in Spiritualism, as commonly understood and practised, an irregular, mischievous and even dangerous expression. I do not for a moment doubt the reality of the influences with which Spiritualism occupies itself; but I dissuade people from having anything to do with it. I represent these forces to my mind as a great weight

of water pressing against a dam. The spiritualistic manifestations which we hear about are the rivulets which trickle through the dam. I think it is not improbable that one day they will become too strong and break over the world in the form of strange nervous diseases, insanities, and so forth. Then we may become of some use. We have already attained to considerable skill in the management of diseases." "Have you," I asked, "recorded your own personal experiences since you began to study these matters?" "No," he said. "Is not that a pity?" I inquired. "No," he rejoined, "so many are at work on these moral experiments that the fruits will not be lost. My mother and my wife are both working at the same. I come out, from time to time, into the world to make a little money, and go back again, but I spent the first six months of this year absolutely alone in a shanty in the woods cooking my own food. I allowed neither letters nor newspapers to come to me, because I found they distracted my attention." He then went into some curious details about the effect of this solitude upon his own mind, which I do not write down because he asked me not to mention them.

In the afternoon we walked to Kew, and I made Oliphant give Reay and myself a short outline of his life. As that, however, can be found elsewhere, I only note one curious circumstance. He passed four successive Christmases in Quebec, Trebizond, New Orleans, and Canton respectively. He repeated, too, the story, which he had told me before, of his arrangement with Garibaldi to go, he by land and the Liberator by sea, to begin a revolution in Nice, at the time of the Plébiscite, an arrangement which was frustrated by Garibaldi's friends insisting on his going to Sicily. "He asked me to go with him," said Oliphant, "but I was editing the *London Review* then, and I felt I could not be too long away. I went back to see the fighting on the Volturno. It was the pleasantest campaigning I ever met with. You went out in the morning, saw a very fair battle, and came back to the Opera at night."

The mention of Garibaldi led us on to other people of the same sort, to "Chinese" Gordon and "Stonewall" Jackson in particular, the latter of whom, in a tremendous pitched battle, when his staff were falling on all sides around him, stood

sucking a lemon, and broke silence, not a common thing with him, under any circumstances, with the words, "Pleasant excitement, isn't it?"

30. Oliphant, like all the rest of our friends who have been passing Christmas here, left us this morning; but before he did so he explained at length his project for acquiring a grant of the *sanjak* of Acre, and starting a great European settlement there, by the help of the Jews, the French and English Governments, the Palestine Exploration Society, and that section of the community which approaches the Eastern Question in the spirit of Sir Charles Napier, who is said to have addressed his sailors, when he attacked St. Jean d'Acre, with the religious and inspiriting words: "Forward, you bloody rascals, and fulfil the prophecies!"

31. Something reminded me before I got up this morning of an epitaph, which I write down in case no one else has done so. In one of the first Parliaments in which I sat there was a Mr. Cox, M.P. for Finsbury. This man distinguished himself by a speech to his constituents, in which he was reported to have told them that "it was no light thing to sit in the House of Commons to represent

the people, and to be sneered at by the relatives of Lords and Dukes." Charles Clifford thereupon wrote:—

"Here lie the bones of William Cox,
Who long with public life did tussle,
But died beneath the withering sneer
Of the Duke's nephew—Arthur Russell!"

Mrs. Craven sent me yesterday her new volume of *Reminiscences*. The first which I opened was "Une semaine sainte à Rome," and I came, after reading a few pages, on the following fact, curious to read in York House, where the Princess Marie d'Orleans studied her art under Mrs. Damer. She was originally to have married her cousin Leopold, Count of Syracuse, himself a sculptor of no inconsiderable merit. This union, however, did not take place, and he married, in an evil hour, the Princess Marie de Carignan, with whom he got on about as badly as possible. After the crash of the Neapolitan throne, he took up his abode at Florence.

One day he went over to Pisa, to see, in the Campo Santo, the tomb of his first love, which he was in the habit of doing, whenever he was in that

neighbourhood. He went quite unattended, was seized with a fit of apoplexy in a hotel, mismanaged by the physicians, who had no one to give them a hint as to his constitution, and there ended his ill-starred life.

YANKALI ORGANIZE

1879

January

12. T. C. SANDARS and others are with us. I walked to Richmond with Mrs. Maskelyne. The scene was Arctic—the river-bank being covered with blocks of ice which have been brought down in the recent short thaw. Now it has once more frozen, and the result is the strangest chaos.

13. The Frederic Harrisons with us. She wore a ring with the words from the *Imitation* engraved on it: "Amem te plus quam me, nec me amem nisi propter te." They told me a good deal about the recent division of opinion in their body, which has left Congreve on one side and put the English Positivists who hold with Laffitte in the position of having no spiritual leader in this country. I had

never before talked with a lady who held Positivist views, and was extremely interested.

14. In a note which I have received from Newman occurs the following characteristic passage :—

"I have not forgotten your calls here years ago, which at the time I felt to be so kind in you. Rather, as to an old man, they are not, as they seem to you, a distant past ; but time with me seems to stand still, and one looks through a dozen and more years as if through clear water."

31. Lunched at the Devonshire Club, with Leonard Montefiore, to meet Karl Marx. I embodied my impressions of him in a letter to a friend on the Continent, which I subjoin with some omissions :—

"His talk was that of a well-informed, nay, learned man, much interested in comparative grammar, which had led him into the old Slavonic and other out-of-the-way studies, and was varied by many quaint turns and little bits of dry humour, as when speaking of Hezechiel's *Life of Prince Bismarck*, he always referred to it, by way of contrast to Dr. Busch's book, as the *Old Testament*. It was all very *positif*, slightly cynical, without any appearance of enthusiasm, interesting, and often, as I thought, showing very

correct ideas, when he was conversing of the past or the present, but vague and unsatisfactory when he turned to the future.

"He looks, not unreasonably, for a great and not distant crash in Russia: thinks it will begin by reforms from above, which the old bad edifice will not be able to bear, and which will lead to its tumbling down altogether. As to what would take its place, he had evidently no clear idea, except that for a long time Russia would be unable to exercise any influence in Europe.

"Next, he thinks that the movement will spread to Germany, taking there the form of a revolt against the existing military system. To my question, 'But how can you expect the army to rise against its commanders?' he replied: 'You forget that in Germany, now, the army and the nation are nearly identical. These socialists you hear about are trained soldiers, like anybody else. You must not think of the standing army only. You must think of the Landwehr. And even in the standing army there is much discontent. Never was there an army in which the severity of the discipline led to so many suicides. The step from shooting oneself to shooting

one's officer is not long, and an example of the kind once set is soon followed.'

"'But supposing,' I said, 'the rulers of Europe come to an understanding amongst themselves for a reduction of armaments, which might greatly relieve the burden on the people, what would become of the revolution which you expect that burden one day to bring about?'

"'Ah!' was his answer, 'they can't do that. All sorts of fears and jealousies will make it impossible. The burden will grow worse and worse as science advances, for the improvements in the art of destruction will keep pace with its advance, and every year more and more will have to be devoted to costly engines of war. It is a vicious circle. There is no escape from it.'

"'But,' I said, 'you have never yet had a serious popular rising unless there was really great misery.'

"'You have no idea,' he rejoined, 'how terrible has been the crisis through which Germany has been passing in these last five years.'

"'Well,' I said, 'supposing that your revolution has taken place, and that you have your republican form of government, it is still a long, long way to the

realisation of the special ideas of yourself and your friends.'

"'Doubtless,' he answered, 'but all great movements are slow. It would merely be a step to better things, as your revolution of 1688 was only a stage on the road.'"

February

2. The Sellars, amongst others, are with us. Clara, who has already read to me *Rokeby*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*, appropriately began to read to me this morning *The Lord of the Isles*, the scene of much of which is laid near their home of Artornish, whither I was to have gone from Dorlin, last autumn, if the weather had been propitious.

5. From York House to Lord Northbrook's place, Stratton, near Micheldever, in Hampshire, where we arrived along with the Cardwells, and found old Lady Grey. Her husband, Sir George, so long Home Secretary, was also there, but confined to his room by a bad attack of gout.

6. Sir Barrow Ellis came down, and we had a great deal of conversation about Afghanistan. Northbrook

read to him, Cardwell, and myself, a paper, drawn up in 1875, in which the writer showed that to hold the long line from Jacobabad by the Bolan to Quetta, Candahar, and Herat, a force of nearly 28,000 men of all arms would be required, and that the addition to the Indian military expenditure would be six millions for the first, and four millions for each subsequent year.

Lord Baring and I drove to Winchester, to dine with the Liberal Association there. George Lefevre and I both spoke.

I had, at Stratton, a long conversation with Cardwell about the so-called use of the prerogative, by the Gladstone Government, to settle the Army Purchase difficulty. I subjoin a note of it, which I read to him :—

"Lord Cardwell inherited from his predecessor the duty of effecting a change in the organisation of the army, to which the sanction of the Queen had been obtained before the Gladstone Administration came into office. That change was the abolition of the rank of ensign. With a view to fulfilling the duty which had been cast upon him, he asked the House of Commons for a sum of £90,000, as compensation for the regulation prices paid by the ensigns already in the

service, who would not, without such a grant, have received back the sums which they had quite properly and legally paid.

"He was immediately met by the question: 'But what do you propose to do about the over-regulation prices?'

"To this he could make but one reply: 'I know, and can know, as Secretary of State for War, nothing about the over-regulation prices.'

"It was obvious, however, that the question once asked must be answered sooner or later, and so a Royal Commission was appointed under the presidency of Sir George Grey.

"In consequence of the report of that Commission, a Bill was brought in for the purpose of enabling the Government to buy out all vested interests in the army acquired by the payment, as well of over-regulation as of regulation prices, and of preventing the creation of such vested interests in the future, by repealing that portion of the Act of 1809 which allowed (by way of exception to the general rule which prevailed in the public service) the payment by officers of such prices for their commission as the Crown should, from time to time, prescribe. That Bill having been delayed,

not destroyed, in its passage through the House of Lords, the Cabinet determined to advise the Crown to announce, through the Prime Minister, that it would not henceforth exercise its statutory power to affix certain prices to commissions. This was done, and was the much-talked-of exercise of prerogative. In truth it had nothing to do with prerogative. The Crown waived a privilege which it had exercised, not by its prerogative, but by the express permission of Parliament, and declared that the ordinary rules of the public service should prevail in the army.

"This killed the opposition to the Bill, for without the Bill the existing corps of officers would have lost both their regulation and over-regulation prices."

7. Cardwell, speaking to me of Gladstone, passed on to Chalmers and the vast power of his vehemence. To some one who warned him against iteration he said: "*Iterashion, iterashion!* everything I have ever done has been done by *iterashion!*"

Lord Carnarvon is here with his bride. He said to me this morning, when talking of the epidemic in Russia: "I suppose I am almost the only man now in England who has had the plague; I had it when a child of seven years old at Constantinople."

16. A large pleasant party at York House. In the afternoon Aberdare, Trevelyan, and I went over to Pembroke Lodge.

We found Lady Russell too unwell to see us, but we sat for some time with Lady Agatha and her brother Rollo. In the course of conversation, Trevelyan told a story of a clergyman, who, complaining to his congregation of their coldness, admitted that there was just a spark of life among them, and added: "O Lord, water that spark!" He must, I said, have been a son of the man who prayed in these words for the British fleet: "Mayst Thou be a fire around them, and may there be a rock in the midst of them, and may they be a Zion which can never be moved!"

We walked home enjoying a grand stormy sunset—stormy, but with less of winter than of spring.

Mallet at dinner told us that one of the young ——s having, one day at ——, fresh from his Mat Arnold, tried to explain to some elderly and respectable person the meaning of the word "Philistine," and finding him rather obtuse, had lost patience and said: "Why, you are a Philistine yourself," whereupon the master of the house put down his relative by saying:

"A Philistine is a person who allows himself to be discomfited by the jawbone of an ass, is he not?"

17. Aberdare and I left early to breakfast in London with Arthur Russell, it having been arranged that a meeting of our little club should take place in time to wish all good luck (at least personally) to Dufferin, before he started for the St. Petersburg Embassy. He was, as usual, in great spirits, describing admirably the consummate acting in the Chinese theatre at San Francisco—itself, with its world-old civilisation, so strange a contrast to its surroundings. He made us laugh by telling us of one of the New York reporters who accompanied him on his great tour, and who visited Brigham Young at Utah. "What is your name?" asked the Patriarch. "Stilson," was the reply. "Stilson!" said the other, "Stilson! I have surely heard that name before. Let me see—let me see—didn't I marry a Mrs. Stilson in such and such a year? Certainly I did. Are you a son of Mr. Stilson of——?" "Yes," said the man. "My dear sir, I *am* so glad to see you; why I married your aunt!"

F. Leveson Gower repeated a good saying of Lady Marian Alford's about "Graf Bismarck und seine Leute:" "A good man needs no Busch."

19. To see my old Balliol friend, Robert Hopkins, at the University Club. He told me a capital riddle: "Why are the girls of the period like the Pharisees? Because they disfigure their countenances that they may appear unto men *too* fast."

21. I am fifty to-day. The Crown Princess, who arrived in London a day or two ago, came to lunch with us at York House. She was attended by Count Seckendorff and the Countess Brühl. The Cardwells, Northbrook and his daughter, the Reays, Lubbocks, Mallets, Arthur Russells, John Morley, Rollo Russell and Lady Agatha, the Hookers, Spottiswoodes, and Tyndalls came to meet Her Imperial Highness.

Clara, who is eight, behaved as if she had lived in courts all her life: Victoria, who is not yet three, with true republican simplicity!

Dined with the Hookers—meeting, amongst others, Lady Eastlake, who has grown extremely stout and more than ever deserves her old name of Lago Maggiore. She has been spending a part of the summer in the Baltic Provinces, and says that she did not observe there any of that extreme hostility to England and the English, of which Lord Dufferin spoke the other morning as prevailing at St. Petersburg.

She talked a little of her old Edinburgh days, estimated Jeffrey's powers as a converser much above his powers as a writer, and declared that he retained his hatred of Wordsworth to the last. *Proprium est odisse quem laeseris.* Bentham, the nephew of Jeremy, who in early life wrote a book on logic and quantified the Predicate (God help him!), but who has in later life been more usefully employed in writing his admirable *Manual of English Botany*, and much else, was also present.

He told me that even as early as this month the waste rocky land near Montpellier is covered with flowers. The Pyrenees and Southern France are evidently his favourite hunting-ground. I asked him, when talking of botanical prizes, if he had ever found the Wulfenia? "No," he said, "what a strange genus that is! There are only three species, one of which is found in Carinthia, one in Armenia, and one in the Himalayas!"

23. At High Elms, where Frank Galton, Sir James Stephen, and others (the latter in the honey-moon of his new judgeship) are spending the Sunday. It is a horrible day, the snow melting as it falls, but we have had much pleasant conversation. Galton told

us that he tried to realise what a million was by calculating the number of flower-spikes on the chestnut-trees in Bushey Park, and had come to the conclusion that if the great avenue were eight times as long as it is, there would be a million flower-spikes on one side of it.

Speaking of the want of proper attention to statistics, he said: "It is only quite lately that doctors have ascertained that persons paralysed on the right side always lose their power of speech, and on the left side not." He showed me a memorial, which it is proposed to address to the Oxford Commission, in favour of the foundation of a professorship of geography. Strange that this is still a *desideratum* in 1879!

Dilke was in great force, and talked chiefly of Japan and China. I did not know before that the Mikado, the official head of the Shin-too religion, and the representative on earth of its dead gods, is himself a Confucian, as are, also, those who immediately surround him.

Dilke gave, also, a very interesting account of his visit to Sir Brooke Robertson, who was, till the other day, our consul at Canton, and lived quite alone—the one European in that vast city—in the palace of the

Tartar general, a charming place opening on a wilderness, full of gazelles.

Stephen, in whose conversation theology and law, as usual, struggled for supremacy, narrated very comically some of his experiences on the Criminal Law Commission, which is now sitting, with Lord Blackburn at the head of it—a typical Scotchman of the *dour* kind. He made us laugh, too, by relating, how, many years ago, being left at home as too young to go to church, he thought he would write a sermon, and opened the Bible by chance at a passage in the Psalms. His sermon ran as follows:—"From this text we learn that we should always be good." Here he paused, having said pretty much all that is to be said on the subject, till, hitting on what, even then, struck him as an admirable literary device, which would always enable him to say what he wanted to say twice over, he added, "and never be bad."

"That's just the way," said Dilke to me, "that Barttelot speaks in the House." "Yes," I answered, "the minute-gun antiphonic."

In the evening Stephen repeated, and gave me a copy in writing of an extract from an Australian paper, which he read at Calcutta in the winter of

1871, and which had struck him, as it did me, exceedingly :—

"I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,
And life is short—the longest life a span ;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.
For good undone, and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain,
'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—
I should live the same life over, if I had to live again ;
And the chances are I go where most men go."[1]

Sir J. Lubbock and Galton had contrived an arrangement with the microscope, by which they enabled us to look through the eye of a beetle, seeing a perfectly distinct image of the object at which we looked, through each facet.

24. Before I left this morning Sir John showed me, with a pocket lens, a couple of the aphides which certain species of ants keep as cows. He said, yesterday, that two of his queens had lived in captivity for five years.

25. Charles Pearson, who has come over with Mr.

[1] Long afterwards I found that these lines came from a poem called "The Sick Stockrider," by A. L. Gordon. The whole is vigorous, but the above is the best verse.

Graham Berry from Melbourne about the deadlock in Victoria, breakfasted with us at Garland's Hotel, and gave us a very clear sketch of the situation from his point of view. The largest landed proprietor in Victoria is, he says, a Mr. Clark, who may have, I think he stated, about a hundred and sixty thousand acres; but there is one man in the Riverina district of New South Wales who has a million.

After he had gone, my wife, Sir John Lubbock, and I, went to the National Gallery, where, amongst many old friends, I observed a picture of the Magdalen going to the Sepulchre, purchased last year, which struck me as of great merit, by a master whose name was wholly unknown to me—Giovanni Savoldo, who, born at Brescia, went to Venice, and was living as an old man in 1548.

26. At 12 o'clock to Lord Granville's, where there was a meeting of the old Cabinet, every one being present except Aberdare, Gladstone, and the Duke of Argyll. William Harcourt was also there. It was the first meeting of the kind I had attended, and curious to me in a variety of ways; but I treat it of course as a Cabinet meeting, and make no record of what passed.

At 3 o'clock I went to Devonshire House, to be with Lord Hartington when he received a deputation from Lancashire about the vexed question of the Indian cotton duties.

28. A discussion about Indian finance, in the course of which I spoke this evening. Gladstone said to me: "Before long, so far from there being any difficulty in keeping a house for Indian finance, you will see adjourned debates and close divisions about it."

I dined at Cartwright's, and sat next to Reeve. We spoke of Rossi, under whom he studied at Geneva, and who was afterwards murdered on the steps of the Cancelleria. "Of all the men I have known, he was, I think," said Reeve, "the one who struck me most."

March

1. The Breakfast Club met at Arthur Russell's. We talked chiefly about the war in South Africa, but the conversation straying to the Princess Pauline Borghese, our host told us that when Lord Russell was in Rome, as a young man, a cardinal had said to him with reference to her: "È un poco Messalina, ma è bella; bisogna scusarla!"

3. My Oxford contemporary, Charles Kegan Paul, is with us. His name appeared last in this Diary, I think, when he was vicar of Stourminster Marshall, in Dorsetshire; but he has now resigned his orders and has become a publisher. As we walked through Richmond, he told me that it was in the church there that, on the occasion of Hallam's coming down to be godfather to Tennyson's eldest boy, the historian asked, "What is to be the child's name?" "Hallam," answered the poet. "I don't like surnames for Christian names," said the other; "why not call him Alfred?" "What if he were to turn out a fool?" was the reply.

10. A large party yesterday at York House. Emly, Aberdare, Venables, Lady Simeon, widow of the "Prince of Courtesy," with a charming little daughter of fourteen, my brother Ainslie, and others. Charles Pearson came down to lunch, and told us all much about Australian affairs. I read, the other day, a large part of his admirable report on education to the Victorian Government, which is in entire harmony with my *Plea for a Rational Education*, and refers to it a good deal.

Hallam Tennyson, the eldest son of the poet, came down to dine and sleep.

In the afternoon some of us walked over to Pembroke Lodge, where we found a large gathering, amongst others, Childers, the Arthur Russells, and the Granvilles —she looking lovely as usual. Poor people, when they got home, as I see from this morning's papers, it was to find their beautiful house in Carlton Terrace half destroyed by fire. She had just begun a series of quite informal, salon-like evenings, which promised to be most pleasant. I went to one a few nights ago, and should probably have gone again to-night.

Venables said to me, as we walked in Richmond Park: "Stephen once asked me, at a time when our friend —— was in the habit of calling every one who disagreed with him an atheist, whether I thought he had any god of his own. 'Oh, yes,' I replied; 'he has a god whom he keeps in a backyard to bite people.'"

Before luncheon Aberdare walked up and down with me in front of the house. The day was perfect, the loveliest I ever saw in this country on the 9th of March, and all the pleasanter as following a truly fearful winter. The yellow crocuses and the snow-

drops were in great perfection, and he quoted the opening lines of "The Flower and the Leaf."

13. Dined with the Ripons, meeting Mr. Gladstone and others. The conversation turning upon Newman, Gladstone said: "I do not believe that there has been anything like his influence in Oxford, when it was at its height, since Abelard lectured in Paris. I myself, in my undergraduate days, saw just the commencement of it. It was beginning to be the custom to go and hear him on Sunday afternoon at St. Mary's. At that time he was a Low Churchman, one of the very few in Oxford who dissented from the high and dry Anglicanism which was then the fashion." "Who represented it?" I asked. "Well, Coplestone, perhaps, at its best; but, indeed, every one except Newman, Pusey, who was supposed to lean to German Rationalism, and a very few others of less note."

"Did Bishop Lloyd?" said Tom Hughes.

"Well, yes, in a sense," replied Gladstone, "but he was a man by himself. His early death was, perhaps, the greatest misfortune that has happened, in recent times, to the Church of England. He might have prevented a great deal if he had lived."

14. Lunched with the Tennysons, who have taken

the Dowager Lady Simeon's House in Eaton Place. I had not seen Mrs. Tennyson since she came over, with her two boys in Vandyke dresses, to see Garibaldi at Mr. Seely's in 1864. She is now turned into quite an old lady, but retains the charm of manner which attracted me so much. I asked Locker, who was present, where he got the excellent story which he tells in his Commonplace Book, called *Patchwork*, lately published, of the lady, who, going to see an old Scotchwoman after having been absent from home for the winter, said: "Since I saw you I have seen a great many people—I have seen the Pope," and was asked in reply: "The Paip o' Rome, honest man! is he weel and has he ony faimly?" "Oh!" he said, "that really happened to Lady Metcalfe, Miss Dempster that was, sister of the authoress of *Véra*."

"Some one," said Tennyson, "asked in the Isle of Wight the way to Freshwater. 'Freshwater!' answered the person whom he asked; 'that's where the Pope lives.' 'The Pope' meant me," continued Tennyson; "the common people in England have now no word for poet; in old times they said 'maker.'"

16. A large party, including Henry Cowper,

Herbert Spencer, Sir Charles Dilke, etc. Minto, who has just published his book on *Defoe*, in Morley's series, dined with us last night, but left us in the morning. Herbert Spencer, talking yesterday evening about people who were always occupied in forming schemes for the distant future, to the neglect of more obvious and immediate interests, said very happily that they were affected with mental presbyopia.

M. and Mme. de La Ferronays came down with their children to spend the forenoon, and stayed to lunch, at which we were also joined by Lord Reay. La Ferronays' prophecy, made to me some months ago, of the speedy rise to importance of Clémenceau, has turned out singularly correct. To-day his talk was largely about army matters. Nothing seems to surprise him more than the sums, enormous as compared with the salaries of French military men, which we pay to our officers.

After luncheon some of us crossed the river and walked up the other side to Teddington Lock. As we got into the ferry-boat Henry Cowper quoted an epigram, which ran, I think, as follows :—

"When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,

He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.
'Trim the boat and sit quiet,' stern Charon replied;
'You may have forgot you were drunk when you died.'"

Later in the afternoon Henry Bright, of Liverpool, came down to dine and sleep. He told us, amongst other things, that he met Sir Francis Doyle the other day in perfect despair. "There are some people," he said, "who cannot understand a joke. I was dining the other day at the Duke of Devonshire's, when the conversation turned upon the oddity of American names. 'Fancy such a name as Birdseye!' remarked some one at table. 'Birdseye,' I said, 'is surely as good as "Cavendish" any day.' Not a creature smiled. They all thought I meant to insult them." Bright had also a good story of a drunken butler, to whom, when he parted with him, his not too scrupulous master said: "I have found no difficulty in describing you as honest and well acquainted with your duties, but I have found not a little difficulty in bringing myself to say that you are sober." "Don't you think," replied the man, "as you have gone so far, sir, you might say 'frequently sober'?" It was not he, I think, but some one else in these last days,

who told me of the dialogue between two Ruskinians about ——. "He has broken every one of the Commandments," said the first. "Nay" answered his friend, "there you do him injustice. He never broke the second; he never made anything 'in the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the water that is under the earth!'"

18. We left London, the usual party, with the addition of my little daughter Clara, who is now eight years old and goes abroad for the first time. The Channel was smooth, and I chatted all the way across it with Ernest de Bunsen, who is going to Berlin for the Emperor's birthday, and who talked much sound sense about German politics, passing, however, at times into theological and astronomical regions whither I could not follow him.

The halt at Calais was rather long, and I spent the time walking up and down the platform with Mr. Hart, the head of the Chinese Customs, whose acquaintance I lately made at Stuart Rendel's. He entirely pooh-poohs the exaggerated talk of the anti-opium people; considers that opium is less dangerous than alcohol from its having no tendency to make people violent, but that it is more dangerous than

alcohol from its being more difficult to leave off when the habit of smoking it has once been acquired. He thinks that we might allow the Chinese to levy a much more considerable duty upon it without in the slightest degree compromising our interests He is persuaded that in all dealings with China "plus fait la douceur que la violence," and has observed in his long experience, extending over a quarter of a century, that the representatives of the small powers, who cannot use the language of menace, get their own way more easily in China than the representatives of those who can.

The arrival at Paris and dinner there being over, I went to see Mrs. Craven, and was, at a later hour, taken by her husband to the house of Madame de La Ferronays, the widow of Fernand, who had gathered a large party to meet the Duchesse de Madrid, the Duc de Nemours, etc. The staple of the entertainment consisted of minuets, gavottes, sarabands and other dances, executed by performers most elaborately dressed in Spanish court costumes of the olden time, but I did not manage to see anything of them, the house being ill contrived for such a purpose, and the crowd of lady spectators being great. I was introduced to General

Rochebouet, the head of the short-lived administration which immediately preceded the Marshal's surrender. The party was interesting, as bringing together more of the Legitimist *monde* than I have ever seen assembled. There was surprisingly little beauty, surprisingly little distinction, and few dresses showing much taste. The diamonds, on the other hand, seemed to me unusually large and plentiful.

19. Went early to call on Barthélemy St. Hilaire, whom I found pretty hopeful, relying much on the power and inclination of the Senate to prevent things moving too fast. Thence I went on to Gigot, who said that he could not speak at all as encouragingly about the state of affairs as he had done when we last met.

Later in the day I took Clara to see Notre-Dame, going on thence with Lubbock to call on Cherbuliez, as also on the naturalist Quatrefages, whom I had never seen before, and who spoke with great respect of Darwin, in spite of their scientific differences.

After buying Laffitte's *Grands Types de l'Humanité*, I picked up Miss Lubbock and Clara at our hotel, and took them to Mrs. Craven's, where I made the latter observe the picture of Alexandrine that

had belonged to "Pauline première," and the miniatures of Alexandrine, Eugénie, and Olga. On the way home we went to Madame de Peyronnet, who told me the name which they have given to Mr. Albert Grévy, the new governor of Algeria, "Monsieur—frère du roi."

20. Early this morning M. Finance, the house-painter, from whose speech at the Lyons Congress of Workmen Mr. Frederic Harrison made some extracts, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, with which I was much struck, came to see us. He considered that although M. Clémenceau was much respected by the *ouvriers* of Paris, he had not anything like the same influence as Gambetta; that on the whole the population was satisfied with the recent changes, but much disappointed at the non-prosecution of the ministers of 16th May. "Here," he said, "in Paris we were out of the reach of vexations, but no one can exaggerate the amount of annoyance and oppression which was exercised in the provinces. To that M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, who expressed himself to me some time ago most strongly in favour of the impeachment, would, I apprehend, now reply: 'Doubtless, and I am quite sure that M. Fourtou

would have shot a hundred of his political adversaries without the slightest compunction; but then he didn't; and as we have just given an amnesty to men who really did shed blood, to prosecute those who did not would be a strange way of working for *l'apaisement des esprits.*'" When Finance had gone, Sir John Lubbock and I went off to see M. Laffitte, the head of the Positivist religion, whom we found up four pair of stairs, at No. 126 Rue d'Assas. We were shown into a small room which was surrounded by books, many of them mathematical. On the chimney-piece was a bust of Auguste Comte; opposite that, on the wall, the well-known Bargello portrait of Dante, which was flanked by a small engraving of Michael Angelo's "Moses" and another of Frederick the Great. Presently M. Laffitte came in and received us with great cordiality. He talked much of the remarkable movement which is going on in the population of Paris, and which he described as a union between the Left of the *bourgeoisie* and the Right of the *prolétariat*. It was, he said, a movement founded on Positivist ideas, and essentially conservative, in direct opposition to the destructive views of the Jacobin and Socialist parties. He spoke very highly

of Finance as a specimen of the best kind of *prolétaire*, and, if possible, even more highly of an older man of the same class whose name was, I think, Magnin, and proposed, as we returned, to make us acquainted with some others of the same stamp. I asked him if he and his friends had any relations with Germany. "No," he said; "the destructives have it all their own way there; but we have some slight relations with Denmark, where the destructives are perhaps more dangerous than anywhere else. People do not know," he added, "how emancipated is the population of this country, even the population of the rural districts. I addressed a purely rustic audience, not long ago, on the Garonne, taking for my subject the Middle Ages, and carried my hearers entirely with me. It is only the upper classes and the higher *bourgeoisie* who keep to the old ideas." He expressed himself very anxious that the best French workmen should learn English, and the best English workmen French, with a view to their coming into closer relations with each other, speaking highly of the efforts of Mr. Cotter Morison, the author of the *Life of St. Bernard*, who, when he was living in Paris, taught English to a class of French *ouvriers*, of whom Finance was one. "The English

and French," he said, "are at the opposite poles in their way of thinking, and we must unite the poles before the electro-magnetic circle can be formed." He spoke much of Harrison, who had given me the letter to him of which I was the bearer, as well as of Dr. Bridges and others whom I know in England.

We got back to our hotel in time to receive Gigot, a young M. Cochin, and Victor Cherbuliez at breakfast. The first and third had never met, while the two others had been separated by politics. It was Gigot, who, I think, in January 1860 introduced me to Cochin's father, a well-known member of the Liberal Catholic party, now dead; so I was glad to bring them together again. I invited Cochin to-day, not having met him before, because Mrs. Craven told me that he was extremely anxious to make the acquaintance of Sir John Lubbock. Cherbuliez and Gigot took precisely the same view of the political situation of the hour.

From Paris we went by Lyons to Marseilles, where on Saturday, the 22nd, we made a short excursion with Buffe. At night we sailed, and reached the Campagne des Fleurs on Monday morning, the 24th, after a very rough passage. When the little

Valéry steamer was rolling about as badly as it could, Clara, apropos of some child's book she had been reading, said, "Mother, what does oscillation mean?"

April

After a pleasant but uneventful visit to Algiers we returned to Paris, where, on the 20th, M. Laffitte came to dine with us, and made himself very agreeable. He proposed when we returned to show us the Comtist relics at 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince, which was the house of the philosopher, and is the Kaaba of his religion. He repeated, too, his desire that we should meet some of the *ouvriers* who belong to his congregation, if so it is to be described. He told us that for, I think, the last fifteen years of his life Comte never went out except on Wednesday, when he always paid a visit to the grave of his Egeria, Madame Clotilde de Vaux.

27. The following passage in Mr. Hutton's book on Scott was read aloud to me this morning at York House. "What Scott himself felt in relation to the martial elements of his poetry, soldiers in the field felt with equal force. In the course of the day, when the *Lady of the Lake* first reached Sir Adam Fergusson,

he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery, somewhere no doubt on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude, the captain, kneeling at the head, read aloud the description of the battle in canto vi., and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza, when the French shot struck the bank close above them."

It reminded me of Mountstuart Elphinstone, who, when the Peishwa's cavalry dashed down on our ranks in one of the engagements of the last Mahratta war, quoted to my father:—

"And down came the Templars like Kedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood."

May

5. Bright, Morier, and the Gregs came down to York House on Saturday, and the party was reinforced yesterday by Morley and Edward Dicey.

Every one, except Greg — who had one of his attacks last week, and was chiefly a listener — was in very good case, and we had endless talk. Bright

was very full of India, and spoke, while we sat on the lawn, of the idea which he had long entertained of dividing that vast country into a larger number of governments, and abolishing the viceroy; but it was clear that he had never worked out his scheme in detail, nor considered even the most obvious objections to it. Morier had much to say of South Africa, with the politics of which he has become connected through a treaty which he has been negotiating with the Portuguese Government about Delagoa Bay. Lisbon must be a cheerful place of residence. He has been there for three years as British Minister, and has never dined in a Portuguese house within the city. At Cintra there seems to be a little more society, and he mentioned one house, about five miles from Lisbon, where they receive.

Dicey has lately been again in Egypt, and had much to tell of the recent crisis. I showed Bright Lyall's poem, "Theology in Extremis," with which he was much struck. He read it, or part of it, to Mrs. Greg and my wife. When he got to the passage—

> "There may I only touch one hand,
> Here life's ruin will little be rued"—

his voice faltered, but he mastered his emotion and went on.

The conversation turning upon Cobden's life and letters, on which Morley is engaged, Bright told us that when he and Cobden were travelling together in the days of the anti-corn law agitation, they had hardly arrived at an hotel before Cobden sat down and commenced a long expository letter to some one.

Morier mentioned that when the Emperor Nicholas died, Prince Windischgrätz had said to him at dinner, "No such misfortune has befallen mankind since the death of Christ." "I was young in those days, and rather impudent," he added, "and could not resist saying, 'The death of Christ, *mon Prince*, has usually been considered to have been of advantage to mankind.'"

—— made us laugh by recounting how Bernal Osborne and his friend —— had gone to pay a call together. Shortly after they left the house where they were calling, —— remembered that he had forgotten his umbrella, and asked Osborne to go back with him. The latter declined, having some other engagement. "Do come back with me," said ——; "the butler won't know me." "Oh!" said the other, "tell him that appearances are deceitful."

12. Dined with Coleridge, meeting Charles Bowen. They talked about the men at the head of the Common Law Bar. Both spoke very highly of Holker, the Attorney-General, whose heavy manner conceals great ability. Coleridge gave the first place, however, to Mr. Charles Russell, a nephew of Dr. Russell of Maynooth. He quoted, too, an amusing definition of a good legal argument by Knight Bruce: "This case," said that legal luminary, "has been very well argued, by which I mean that every argument reasonably possible has been *included* amongst those which have been submitted to us."

Coleridge sent me lately a volume of verses written during forty years, of which he has printed seventy-five copies. It contains very graceful pieces by himself and some good hendecasyllabics by old Sir John, the friend of Arnold. The following lines, which I sent to Mrs. Craven, are by his brother, Father Coleridge. They are a translation of the words of Alexandrine, which I read in 1874 in the book in which she wrote them :—

"Perles, symboles des larmes! Perles, larmes de la mer! recueillies avec larmes au fond de ses abîmes, portées souvent avec larmes au milieu des plaisirs du monde,

quittées aujourd'hui avec larmes dans la plus grande des douleurs terrestres : allez enfin sécher des larmes en vous changeant en pain."

Translated

"Pearls by nature wrought to be
Symbols of the tears we shed,
Tear-drops of the moaning sea,
Rained upon his rocky bed :
Snatched with tears from ocean's treasures,
Worn with tears mid worldly pleasures.

Darkest depths of human woe
Close around my shattered heart,
Tears have flowed and tears must flow,
So in tears I bid you part ;
That some fewer tears be shed,
Go and change yourselves to bread."

These excellent hexameters were written by Lord Coleridge, while still a boy at Eton, in 1830 :—

"O vita ! O lacrymis rara intermixta voluptas !
Ecquid habes adeo mirae dulcedinis, ut te
Laetentur concessa homines, lacrymentur adempta ?
Cerne locupletes jactataque gaudia regum !
Nonne velut gravibus jumenta onerata metallis
Per vitae acclivem titubant sub pondere callem,

Donec in aeterno mortis deponere portu
Concedat merces Libitina? Superbia, laurus,
Fama immortalis, diademata, pompa triumphi,
Ecquid habent in se mirabile vel cupiendum?"

19. Mr. Gladstone, with Mrs. Gladstone and their eldest daughter, came down on Saturday and stayed till this morning. He was in excellent spirits, and talked much. One parliamentary anecdote which he told ought to be well known, but I heard it for the first time. Cobden was replying to Disraeli in a speech upon free trade so admirable that Peel, who was very chary of praise, said to Gladstone, "What a consummate speech he is making!" when presently he got into grievous oratorical trouble in a strange way. In order to explain some point with greater clearness he said: "Now I will give an illustration of what I mean. Here is my hon. friend the M.P. for Durham sitting by me. *He is a spinner of long yarns of a low quality!*" The House, in which Bright had at that time a position very inferior to that which he subsequently attained, screamed with laughter, and Cobden stood for some moments absolutely unable to conceive what had occurred.

The name of Brougham coming up, I asked

Gladstone whether he had known him well. "Yes," he said, "I saw a great deal of him in the last ten years in which he had full command of his faculties, and my impression of him, as I knew him, is very favourable. All the old passions seemed to have burnt out, and he spoke of every one as his friend except Lords Campbell and Westbury, to whom his charity did not extend — which perhaps was not surprising. He had the greatest veneration for Lyndhurst. I remember an instance of it which is almost historical. At the time of the debate on Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill I went with Brougham to talk about it with Lyndhurst, who had then lost the use of his limbs. Lyndhurst surpassed himself in clearness and cogency, and Brougham, striking his hand on his knees, said: 'How I wish I could give you some of my walking powers, and that you could give me some of your brains!'"

At dinner we talked of Newman, whose *Dream of Gerontius* Gladstone puts very high, so high that he speaks of it in the same breath with the *Divina Commedia*. At length he asked, "Which of his writings will be read in a hundred years?" "Well,"

said Henry Smith, "certainly his hymn, 'Lead kindly Light,' and 'The Parting of Friends,' the sermon he preached before leaving Littlemore." "I go further," said Gladstone. "I think all his parochial sermons will be read."

24. The Breakfast Club met at May's—a pretty full gathering. Reay, who was elected at the last meeting, came for the first time. Bylandt, the Dutch Minister, and the Speaker, were present as guests.

We talked, amongst other things, of the large remission of rents lately made by the Duke of Bedford, and, the conversation wandering off to the great English fortunes, the Speaker quoted a saying which was new to me, that they had chiefly been built up by four M's—marriages, minorities, mines, and metropolis. After breakfast, Arthur Russell and I ran down to Cambridge to pay a visit to Sir Henry Maine, who some time ago was elected Master of Trinity Hall. The afternoon was lovely, and we spent it in assiduous sight-seeing.

25. Turning over the preface to *Sheil's Speeches*, I found to my amusement that he had been at school in Kensington House, the old building which was removed to make room for Albert Grant's huge

palace,[1] and which was, I think, in our times a private asylum. It was in Sheil's day a school for the children of the *émigrés*, and the director was no other than the Prince de Broglie, the son of the Marshal. In the same book I found the following striking lines, by Gresset, about the Jesuits, quoted as embodying Sheil's own impression of Stonyhurst. They are specially interesting in connection with the discussion raised about Ferry's bills :—

" Qu'il m'est doux de pouvoir leur rendre un témoignage
Dont l'intérêt, la crainte et l'espoir sont exclus !
A leur sort le mien ne tient plus :
L'impartialité va tracer leur image.
Oui, j'ai vu des mortels, j'en dois ici l'aveu,
Trop combattus, connus trop peu.
J'ai vu des esprits vrais, des cœurs incorruptibles,
Voués à la patrie, à leur roi, à leur Dieu,
A leurs propres maux insensibles,
Prodigues de leurs jours, tendres et parfaits amis
Et souvent bienfaiteurs paisibles
De leurs plus fougueux ennemis :
Trop estimés, enfin, pour être moins haïs.
Que d'autres s'exhalent, dans leur haine insensée,
En reproches injurieux,

[1] Now itself long since pulled down.—1897.

Cherchant, en les quittant, à les rendre odieux :
Pour moi, fidèle à ma pensée,
C'est ainsi qu'en partant je leur fais mes adieux."

In the afternoon Lady Arthur took her husband and myself to visit Miss Helen Gladstone, Gladstone's youngest daughter, who is a student at Newnham, the first ladies' college I have seen. It is very economically constructed, each girl having a single room so arranged with curtains, etc., that it is bedroom by night and sitting-room by day.

Later I went to the service at King's, and then Miss Maine[1] took me to Jesus College, the prettiest, I think, of all.

26. I left Cambridge. In one respect my visit was most unluckily timed, for almost all the people I should have cared to see were away, many of them attending a dinner of the *Ad Eundem* Club in Oxford. The place, however, was looking most lovely—the horse-chestnut and laburnum, which are wanted to make it perfect, not yet in blossom in this terribly late year, but the lilac just beginning. I had never been in Cambridge except once, and that in winter, so that I had not the least idea of the beauty of the

[1] Authoress of *Scarsdiffe Rocks*, etc.

group of colleges formed by Queen's, King's, Clare, Trinity Hall, Trinity, and St. John's, with their surroundings, as seen at this season of the year.

I did not fail, when looking at the view right and left from King's Bridge, to recall Faber's lines :—

> "The dew falls fast, and the night is dark,
> And the trees stand silent in the park ;
> And winter passeth from bough to bough
> With stealthy foot that none may know.
> But little the old man thinks he weaves
> His frosty kiss on the ivy leaves.
> From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
> The river droppeth down,
> And it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
> On the skirts of Cambridge town."

In the afternoon Mr. Webster of Edgehill, Sir John Clark, and I, held a formal meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel to initiate proceedings for the reform of the Burnett Prize Foundation, of which, since the death of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell and Mr. Pirie, we three are the sole trustees. Huxley came down yesterday to York House to confer with us, and we arrived at a definite resolution as to what changes we should propose.

Sir John Lubbock and his daughter slept at York

House on the night of the 29th, and on the 30th we three crossed to Paris, where I spent the evening with Mrs. Craven. Next day we ran on to Nancy, where Colonel Pearson, who looks after our Indian Forest students, met us at the station, and took us straight to the Forest School, about which Lubbock, who is thinking of sending a son there, had many questions to ask. There I was introduced to M. Mathieu, who wrote the *Flore Forestière de la France*, and shook hands with M. Bagneris, who accompanied me in the excursion which is noted in this Diary under the year 1872.

June

1. Next morning we went with M. Broillard, who passes, as Colonel Pearson says, for the best forest officer in France, to the Forêt de la Haye, which, with its beeches in their first green, was looking exquisite. The lily of the valley was coming into flower all along our path, and here and there we found the *Orobus vernus* in great beauty. I asked M. Broillard whether the French and German methods of forestry were the same. "By no means," he replied; "they differ alike

in the end which they propose, and the means which they employ. The French are indifferent to the pecuniary value of the crop borne by the land which is under forest cultivation; they consider that their business is to produce the best possible wood for the purposes of the State; they encourage accordingly the natural reproduction of the forest by seedlings. The Germans, on the other hand, desire to obtain quick returns; they work by great plantations, and cut their wood much earlier." From Nancy we continued our journey by Strasburg to Baden, where we passed the first summer day we have seen in Europe this season.

Early on the morning of the 2nd I fulfilled a long-cherished wish by seeing the memorable balcony of the Hôtel d'Angleterre.[1] It is the higher of the two, the one which opens from the second floor, and has no canopy over it. It looks across the bright little stream of the Oos to the promenade and the Lichtenthal Allée.

We had a long and beautiful drive, among splendid woods of silver fir, to Eberstein, a little country-house of the Grand Duke of Baden, finding, however, hardly any plants. From it we descended on the village of

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

Gernsbach and the pretty valley of the Mourg, returning to Baden by the park known as La Favorite.

We spent the 3rd at Heidelberg, where my eldest boy is reading German, in the house of Dr. Bernthsen, a young chemist, whose reputation is said to be rapidly rising. Here too I visited Mr. Askenasy, a botanist, who named such few plants as Lubbock had found, and called our attention to the beautiful phenomenon of the flowering of the rye, which he particularly advised us to witness some morning by going to a rye-field when the rays of the sun first begin to get hot. From him I went on to Kuno Fischer, about whom I had had a curiosity ever since I had heard of his great merits as a lecturer at Jena in 1862. I never heard any one pronounce any language so distinctly as he does German. From Fischer I passed to the celebrated jurist Bluntschli, whose conversation curiously reflected the chaotic state of the German mind at this moment, about all political and politico-economical questions.

The Lubbocks, Arthur and I, walked to the Wolfsbrunn, and lingered long in the Castle, which the two first mentioned saw for the first time, and which was all the more interesting to Miss Lubbock

because she had re-read my old favourite *Hyperion* to me, this spring, at the Campagne des Fleurs.

Leaving the Lubbocks at Heidelberg, I went *via* Frankfort to Weimar, where I spent three most agreeable days at the Villa Alisa with my sister, who is living there for the education of her two boys. I saw many interesting and agreeable people; among them the great actor Herr von Milde, and his very clever wife, Madame von Gustedt, born a Countess Pappenheim, but said to be really a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, who had been much in the society of Goethe, as a girl; Princess Wittgenstein, and her sister, Countess L. Wittgenstein, etc. At the house of Count Henckel von Donnersmark I met the very pleasant Princess Elizabeth, and had much conversation with her. Count Henckel was attached to Werder's staff, and was the man who took the flag of truce into Strasburg. It stood in a corner of his room—three white pocket-handkerchiefs tied together.

On the evening of the 6th the Grand Duke sent for me, and we had a long talk, chiefly about the Eastern Question; and on the next day my sister and I dined at the Palace, the Court, very obligingly, advancing their dinner-hour by half an hour, to enable me to get

off to Berlin by the express. I talked a great deal with the Grand Duchess, chiefly about Holland; was introduced to the Hereditary Prince, and sat at dinner between the Princess Elizabeth and a Countess Bodmer, with a very lovely gentle expression, who had been spending the winter in Italy with the Hereditary Princess, to whose suite she is attached.

I drove from the palace to the station in evening dress, and in little more than five hours found myself in my hotel at Berlin.

Early on the morning of the 8th I went over to Potsdam, left my things at the Einsiedler, and drove over to the Neues Palais, where I spent twelve hours in nearly continuous talk. The Crown Prince and Princess were at church when I arrived, but soon came in. In the afternoon the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Meiningen came over, and the baby was duly exhibited by its very handsome English nurse, the same who brought up so many of the children of the Crown Princess, and whom I saw at Eastbourne. Later, Rudolph Lindau, who is now at the head of one of the divisions of the Foreign Office, arrived from Berlin and accompanied us to have tea in the garden, as afterwards in a long walk about the park. It was

past ten o'clock before supper was over and I got back to the town.

I left Potsdam early on the morning of the 9th, and went off to see George Bunsen, with whom I had a long conversation about the present state of affairs. In the course of it he mentioned two characteristic sayings of Alexander von Humboldt. Speaking of the late King he said: "I never watch him without being reminded of a story in the life of the Arctic navigator Parry, who used on one occasion the most enormous efforts to press to the north across an ice-field, and at last, upon taking an observation, found that after all his exertions he was precisely in the same latitude in which he was when he began." Speaking to George Bunsen himself the old man once said: "Your father and I and others have covered the surface of the King's mind with a good deal of diluvium and of vegetable earth upon which grass and even a few beautiful flowers once grew, but the storms of 1848 have swept all that away, and have left nothing but the original granite — that is, the strongly anti-revolutionary feelings which Queen Louise instilled into his mind when he was a child." He told me too that Alexander von Humboldt, having been sent on a special mission

to Paris, at a time when the regular Prussian ambassador was not up to his work, said that he was sent "nicht als Gesandter, nur als Geschickter"!

Leaving his house, Bunsen and I drove together to a place close to the cathedral, in which the casts from Olympia are stored. There I saw the cast of the Mercury, which seems conclusively proved to be the work of Praxiteles himself.

We drove on to the British Embassy, but Odo Russell was unluckily out; I left my card, however, and he followed me to the station, where we had time to have some talk.

From Berlin I went on to Magdeburg, where I remained for three hours, and was not a little surprised to see the enormous stride in wealth and prosperity which the town has made since I was last in it, five-and-thirty years ago. I returned to the cathedral, which I had visited very hastily in 1844. In it is buried an archbishop who, wiser than he who ordered his tomb in St. Praxed's, had his cast in bronze by Peter Visscher of Nuremberg seventeen years, I think, before he died, and an uncommonly fine thing it is, by no means to be missed.

From Magdeburg I went across a country covered

with crops of the sugar beet, to Aschersleben, and spent the whole of the 10th in examining the works which the Mineral Salts Company is creating in that neighbourhood, along with Schmidtmann, who is in charge of them. With him also I went over to Stassfurth, and descended the Leopoldshall mine, which has brought such great profits to the Anhalt government. Some of the chambers in the carnallite are 45 feet high, and as long as the aisle of a church. Here, for the first time, I heard the famous miner's salutation, "Glück auf!"

From Aschersleben I went to Halle, which was all hung with flags in honour of the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress. From Halle I returned to Weimar, and went in the evening to the theatre to see the Festspiel in honour of the day, which was pretty enough. Rising early the next morning, I walked before breakfast, with my eldest nephew, to see the park of Tiefurth, a little way down the Ilm, and famous in the life of Goethe. I left Weimar in the afternoon.

I am glad to have seen the little city, which I only knew in the depth of winter, at this pleasant season, when the laburnum and lilac are in all their beauty,

and when the long *allée* which leads to Belvedere is white with the flowers of the horse-chestnut. The Goethe Garden, which is quite close to my sister's house, is full at this time of the blue columbine; earlier in the year it is covered with hepaticas and the yellow anemone. I saw, too, in it the *Geranium phaeum;* and in front, just outside, along the road, there is an immense bed of *Geranium pyrenaicum*, both the ordinary and the white variety, the latter of which I do not remember having observed elsewhere. From the enumeration of these plants the reader will justly conclude that nearly the whole of the garden has been left very properly to return to a state of nature. We now see the park not as Goethe saw it, but as he would have wished to see it. The shrubs which he planted have grown into great trees, and the whole place is as charming as possible.

16. Lunched with Bullock Hall to meet Ivan Tourgueneff, who has come over to be made a D.C.L. at Oxford. He told us that not less than 25,000 Russians, for the most part young, are now either in prison or in exile, of whom only a few hundreds are Nihilists. He discussed the characters of the various members of the Imperial family, speaking more highly

of the Czarevitch than I have yet heard any one do. Of the Ministers he had nothing to say that was novel. Amidst much that is disastrous in the Russia of to-day, there is a good deal of material prosperity. Twenty years ago he wanted to sell some land to a friend. He asked 25 roubles per dessiatine; his friend would only give 24, so he kept the land. Now he could sell it for 125 roubles. True it is that the rouble is only worth two-thirds of what it was then, but even after that is taken into consideration, the increase of value remains very great.

20. Called at 2 Audley Square to bid good-bye to Madame de Peyronnet, who is going on Monday. "I have come to an age," said she, "when I like, as an oriental does, *to have the dancing of life done for me.*"

At night to see Sara Bernhardt and other members of the Comédie Française play at the Rallis. She appeared, amongst other things, in the second act of *Phèdre*. There were so many ladies present that it was impossible for me to get near enough to see or hear well till towards the end of the performance, when M. Coquelin aîné and Mdle. Samary acted admirably the bright little farce called *Les Jurons de Cadillac*.

22. M. Van Houten, who represents Groningen

in the Dutch Chamber, came down to York House to lunch. As he passed the rockwork under the trees, he said, "Ah! un coin de rusticité—Urwald!" a name which I shall adopt.

Sir Richard Pollock, with whom I stayed at Peshawur, dined with us. He was the person who was chiefly in charge of Shere Ali when he came to visit Lord Mayo, and I made him retell a curious story of that unhappy prince, which he had told me in India. Shere Ali beheld all the wonders that were shown him, railways, telegraphs, and what not, with true Oriental composure, save and except that when some one said to him that a machine at which he was looking cut iron as one cuts sugar-cane, he observed: "Not so; we cut sugar-cane with difficulty, while the machine cuts iron with ease." At length, however, when some of his staff were laughing and jesting, he lost patience and said: "I am inclined rather to cry than to laugh. God has given me much. I am a king, I have an army and a revenue, but He has denied me wisdom." Then turning to Pollock he added with a smile: "You will never see me like this again. Of everything you show me I will say 'It is nothing, it is nothing.'"

July

4. Down to York House in the afternoon to receive the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, to whom I had been introduced by Keudell in Rome, and who came to-day with Baron Roggenbach.[1]

Returned to town and dined with the Dugdales. He happened to mention that he possessed a great number of almanacks, which had belonged to his ancestor, the great antiquary, and at Dean Stanley's instance he brought us the one in which the entry occurs:

3rd September.—This day the Lord Protector died.

I observed that the tremendous storms, which are usually spoken of in connection with that event, were noted at the bottom of the previous page in the last days or August.

I made the Dean re-tell an excellent story which he had told me before of the first proclamation of the House of Hanover in England. Mr. Bradbury, an eminent Nonconformist minister, in the days of Queen Anne, was passing through Smithfield on the

[1] One of the best of German statesmen, worthy of a happier age and a more wisely governed Fatherland.—1897.

way to his chapel in Holborn when he was hailed from a coach. He went up to it, and found inside Bishop Burnet. "You look very sad," said the Prelate. "I don't wonder," was the reply; "when your Lordship called me, I was just thinking that if things go on as they are doing we shall soon be in the position of our fathers who suffered in this place." "I am not so sure," said the other; "the fact is the Queen is dying, and I am now going to Kensington. If when I arrive she is dead, or if she dies while I am there, I will send a man to wave a white handkerchief from the gallery of your chapel." They parted. Mr. Bradbury reached his chapel and conducted his service. As he was approaching the end of his sermon, he saw the white handkerchief waved from the gallery. He finished what he had to say, sat down and rising again after a brief interval said: "My friends, I have to call upon you to thank God for a great deliverance, the Queen is dead! Long live King George the First!"

Stanley went on to tell us that after the accession of George I. a long procession of Nonconformist ministers, who had been keeping out of sight, appeared at the Palace. "What is this?" said a courtier.

"Is it a funeral?" "No," said Bradbury, "it is a resurrection."

After dinner I went to the St. James's Hotel, to pick up the Hereditary Grand Duke and Roggenbach. They introduced me to the Crown Prince of Sweden, who had been dining with them, and we all went down to the House together, arriving just as Bright had got well under way. His old voice has quite come back, and they heard an excellent specimen of his oratory. After we had been there about an hour, Roggenbach, leaning across the young Grand Duke, said to me: "This debate[1] is the beginning of a quite new period."

5. To Lord Lawrence's funeral in the Abbey. From the Abbey I went to the House of Commons, which sat to-day for the Army Discipline Bill, and was met by the sad news of the sudden death of Lady Waldegrave.

6. A. Tachard, whose name is mentioned in this Diary for 1876, came down yesterday to stay with us, and told me a good deal, this morning, about a visit which he had paid last year to Bismarck, at Varzin. He asked the great man why he had adopted the

[1] On the Land Question.

system of universal suffrage. "In Prussia," he replied, "we are still as loyal as they are in England, to say the least; but, of course, the same feeling towards the dynasty could not be looked for beyond our own borders. I wished then to bring the new Empire into connection with the great force of the future—with Democracy."

The green parrot who lives in the corner of the dining-room led, as often, to conversation about his race, and some one told a story of a lady who, remarking one day that a parrot did not speak, was startled by its saying, "I think the more!" This was elicited by my having repeated the anecdote, told by Mdle. de Perpigna last week, of the parrot who, in her hearing, observed, after a spiritualist had related some peculiarly absurd experience: "No, no; that's too much!"

In the afternoon heavy rain came on, but it cleared towards evening, and several of us, crossing the river, walked round Ham House. As we were coming back, the conversation turned upon epigrams, and Aubrey de Vere quoted an excellent one of his own which was new to me:—

"Inconstant thou! There ne'er was any
Till thou, so constant to so many!"

He also repeated some verses by Mr. Cameron, husband of the lady of photographic memory, on the incident which is said to have caused the death of Bacon :—

"How much, how much, we Britons wish,
With shame and sorrow stricken,
That from corruption's fatal touch
Thou hadst preserved the Chancellor,
And not preserved the chicken!"

At dinner, George Lefevre talked of the succession to the British crown. I had, I am ashamed to say, no idea that either Prince Napoleon or the Comte de Paris was a possible inheritor of it. This is so, however; the first taking through George II.; the second through a son of the Queen of Bohemia.

7. Dined at the Literary Society. Lord Houghton told a curious story of the gold medal which Murchison carried to St. Petersburg, as a gift from the Geographical Society to the Emperor, having been stolen from his pocket within the palace itself. When he handed the case to Nicholas, it was empty. The contents were recovered within twenty-four hours. He also related a conversation between Bismarck and Lord Cowley, in which the former, with a grotesque misunderstanding

of the character, represented himself as a sort of German Falkland, and quoted Barbier's lines :—

> "En vain la liberté l'inondait de sa flamme :
> Silencieusement il mourut pour son roi."

He told us also the history of the building (Willis's Rooms) in which we were dining. It was originally a tavern set up by Macall, who was Lord Bute's butler. The man was told that the Scotch were so unpopular at the time, that he would infallibly be ruined if he gave it his own name. "Very well," he said, "I will call it Almack's."

Some one told a story of a dinner which took place lately, at which Schouvaloff distinguished himself by violently abusing priests to the Archbishop of York. Having at length appealed for confirmation of his views to the Lord Chief-Justice, the latter cut short a conversation, which was making every one very uncomfortable, by saying: "Mon cher ambassadeur, pour le moment je m'occupe de ma digestion ; je ne m'occupe pas de mon salut."

The conversation passing to the recollections of old men, Houghton mentioned that he had once been

present when Lord Lyndhurst and Dr. Lushington were asked what was the most interesting thing that they remembered. "Oh!" said the first, "undoubtedly the day which I spent with Washington at Mount Vernon." "Oh!" said the second, "undoubtedly the week which I spent with Burke at Beaconsfield." "Tell us something," said some one, "of what passed"; but neither, alas! could remember anything whatever.

9. Dined with Northbrook. Frederick Leveson Gower told a story of a man who said of his cook: "C'est une Marquise de Brinvilliers, sauf l'intention," and of another who defined bad cooking as "le dernier mot de la toxicologie."

10. We breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone at his house in Harley Street, meeting a party largely clerical, Guinness Rogers and Newman Hall representing the dissenters. Mahaffy, who writes on Greece, was there, and sat next my wife. I sat between Mr. Webb, a clergyman of the Church of England, and Lambert, of the Local Government Board.

11. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, meeting an American who had written Sumner's life. He was full of a drive which he had taken with Bright. From

Slough they went to Stoke Pogis, thence to Burnham Beeches, next to Beaconsfield and Gregories, then to Jordans, where Penn is buried, and so to Chalfont St. Giles; thus paying homage to Gray, Waller, Burke, Penn and Milton.

12. The Breakfast Club met at York House, Roggenbach and Dr. Unger, long one of the Austrian ministers and a jurist of great reputation, coming as guests. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden was to have been with us, but had to go to the funeral of the Prince Imperial, which took place to-day.

Pollock told me that he sat lately next Got, the actor, and of course complimented him and his friends. "Ah!" said Got, wishing to be at once modest and idiomatic, "we are, you know, only the clergymen (les prêtres) of Molière."

16. Jay, grandson of the statesman, and himself long American Minister at Vienna, came to dine and sleep. He had driven over from Pender's house, Foot's Cray, to the chapel, where the ceremony of yesterday took place, and said to me: "What a thread of commonplace runs through the story of the Bonapartes! To think that when people ask

the origin of all this tragedy, the answer should have to be 'Miss —— of Chislehurst.'"[1]

20. I came down yesterday afternoon to Abinger Hall, the house of Mr. Farrer, Secretary to the Board of Trade, where I am spending the Sunday, in the midst of a frightful gale, torrents of rain, thunder, lightning, and what not. Occasionally it clears, or half clears, and we crawl out. I walked with Mr. Farrer past the tall stone-cross which marks the spot where the late Bishop of Winchester was killed (when riding to Holmbury with Lord Granville), and round past the house of Wootton. When I came in I took up Evelyn's diary, and hit upon the interesting account of the twin ship made by Sir William Petty, and called the *Experiment*—a curious anticipation of the *Calais-Douvres*.

Miss Farrer told me an amusing story of a young German, who, riding with her and some of her family, had suddenly said, "Eftsoons I shall descend from my horse." They say that when English people first went to Italy after the great war, they used to ask for "destrieri" at the post-houses.

Mrs. Farrer mentioned to me that a friend of hers

[1] I do not know whether he was right.

had gone to see an old woman, just after the late Bishop of Winchester—then of Oxford—had preached in her parish church, a very remote one. He found her so delighted with the sermon that he asked what it was about. "Well, sir," was the reply, "he said that there was a'most nothing he'd like so little as to sleep with a hedgehog!"

22. A letter from Mdlle. de Perpigna with most disastrous accounts of the weather in Germany. Yesterday afternoon we had fires at the House of Commons. I wore my thickest great-coat and observed that almost every one else did the same. We have had a succession of bad years, but this is beyond all comparison the worst I remember. In fact the last continuous good weather I have seen in England was in the January and February of 1878.

25. This afternoon I heard Sir George Balfour, who was speaking in the House on the £2,000,000 loan, say: "Talk of this as a loan to India! why, it's a flea-bite in the ocean." At night I heard Cross, the Home Minister, say: "The allegation was, that the two places were so far off that the man couldn't be in both of them at the same time."

29. Lord Houghton, who has been with us since Saturday, went to-day, leaving behind some good stories, *e.g.* one of an American who, asked if he knew Mr. Butler, the husband of Fanny Kemble, said: "Oh! yes, I know him, the gentle gentleman, married to the Moor." I mentioned a saying of, I think, Alphonse Karr's, repeated by Arthur Russell at the Breakfast Club which met at Aberdare's on the 26th: "Napoléon, mot Corse qui signifie invasion." "That," replied Houghton, "is like Montalembert's explanation of Wolowski: 'Mot Polonais qui signifie clôture.'" The conversation turned on the Comte de Chambord. Houghton had met him at Sir Clifford Constable's at the very time, I think, that Lady Wallace did, as is recorded in an earlier page of this Diary. The family had got over some one to sing Jacobite songs. The Comte de Chambord found them too sad, and said: "Chantez nous de l'espérance." The performer then sang, and sang with much spirit, "The Gathering of the Clans."

Augustus Craven mentioned having given to Palmerston a book or pamphlet, handed to him by Lord Ellesmere, which tried to disprove that Shakespeare wrote the plays which go by his name.

Houghton added: "Palmerston used to say he rejoiced to have lived to see three things:—The redintegration of Italy, the unveiling of the mystery of China and Japan, and the explosion of the Shakespearian illusion!"

30. Delivered an address on Primary Education, at the Star and Garter, in which I said much of Mat Arnold's admirable little book, *A Bible Reading for Schools.*

August

3. In the early morning, between one and three, a terrible ice-storm broke over this part of the Thames Valley. The roofs of our conservatory and greenhouse were almost utterly wrecked, and much damage done in the house. The lawn is covered with holes about two inches deep made by the ice pebbles.

8. We went down on Monday to Portsmouth, to stay with Admiral Fanshawe, who commands there, and to see the Cowes Regatta in his steamer, the *Fire Queen.* Cardwell, who is Mrs. Fanshawe's brother, was there, and we had much political talk. The principal race was technically won by the

Egeria, but the real hero of the day was the *Enchantress*, a large yacht, which ran past us under sail while we were steaming eleven knots an hour.

10. At Stratton, talking over every detail of my intended speech on the Afghan Treaty with Northbrook. I wish people could know with what care some of these "reckless orators of the Opposition" measure their phrases.

16. Mrs. —— with us. She mentioned to me that M. X. had told her that he sat at Magdalen the other day between "un jeune homme de famille" and "un prêtre." The "jeune homme" talked to him for a long time very enthusiastically about an actress, mentioning, that in return for faithful attendance at her stall in a Bazaar, she had given him a rose, and told him that he now belonged to her legion of honour. "Comment trouvez-vous cela?" he asked at last. "Je le trouve fort jeune," said the old Professor. At length the *prêtre* broke in: "Mais, Monsieur, Madame —— *n'est-elle pas sage femme?*" "Pas le moins du monde," replied M. X.; "Madame —— n'est pas même femme sage."

17. ——, of Heidelberg, came to stay with us. He speaks English fairly, but made one amusing mistake. Holding up a large family seal, he asked "Are these your weapons?" (*Wappen.*)

24. I received this morning the following interesting and characteristic letter from M. Arnold:—

"Fairy Hill, Swansea, 22*nd August* 1879.

"My dear Grant Duff—I meant to thank you for the Richmond paper, and for your kind words about my Isaiah; but that, with several other good intentions, came to nothing in the hurry of leaving home. I do thank you, however; the more so as the labour of mine which you commended was one which I undertook with a good deal of hope, and which has produced very little result. But I more and more learn the extreme slowness of things, and that, though we are all disposed to think that everything will change in our lifetime, it will not. Perhaps we shall end our days in the tail of a return current of popular religion, both ritual and dogmatic. Still the change, for being slower than we expected, is not the less sure.

"You have been much in my mind lately, for you first turned me to try and know the names and history of the plants I met with, instead of being content with simply taking pleasure in the look of them; and you have at least doubled my enjoyment of them by doing so. I

send you two things which grow beautifully here, on the south-western peninsula of Gower, fifteen miles from Swansea, the tutsan St. John's Wort and the Œnothera. The Œnothera is a beautiful sight, covering every grassy spot in the sand, by Oxwich Bay, where we were yesterday. I came over from Ilfracombe here; at Ilfracombe, too, the vegetation was something wonderful. At Coleridge's, at Ottery—where I have also been, and where we talked of you—everything had been killed by this last winter, but at Ilfracombe they had had no ice at all; and the fuchsias, hydrangeas, verbenas, veronicas, and myrtles were growing as I never thought to see them grow in England. Also the wild things grew with a wonderful lustiness; pellitory was nearly a yard high and pennywort a foot, and the *Ruta muraria* on the walls was something too delicious. I found the absinth, which the Alps make us so familiar with; we have the mugwort and the tansy to any extent in Surrey, but not the absinth. I must stop, or I may as well send you a botany book at once, which would be sending coals to Newcastle. We are here till next Wednesday, and then we go to Fox How. Kindest remembrances to Mrs. Grant Duff and 'hommages' to Clara,—Yours ever most cordially,

MATTHEW ARNOLD."

29. We went over this afternoon to the Arthur Russells, who have taken for the autumn Admiral Egerton's lovely house on St. George's Hill. Lady

Odo and most of her family were there. It looks but a short time since the Russells and I were unmarried, and now we have eighteen children, six apiece! The Enfields, who are living at the Whim, near Weybridge, dined. I asked our host if he had yet found *Impatiens fulva*, an American plant which has established itself along the banks of the Wey. "No," he said; "the river is so flooded that one cannot get near it." "Arthur," said Enfield, "is evidently the *rusticus qui expectat dum defluat amnis.*"

September

1. Augustus Craven, who has been staying with us, along with Mr. Spencer Walpole, whose *History of England* I have been lately reading, mentioned that Guizot, when some one said in his presence that the *Times* could not be bought, added, "Oh! le *Times* est impayable!"

On the 5th I went to Scotland, where I delivered four speeches, at Banff, Macduff, Elgin, and Peterhead respectively, going also to Cullen, Inverurie and Kintore. I paid likewise a number of visits.

One of the pleasantest of these was, as usual, to Mr.

Webster, who gave me a beautifully preserved copy of the first edition of Buchanan's *Translation of the Psalms*, dedicated to Mary Stuart. Another was to Sir John Clark, at Tillypronie, where I found Mrs. Procter, widow of Barry Cornwall, and Our Lady of Bitterness in *Eothen*, still vigorous at 79; Arthur Butler, of Oriel, who wrote the *Tragedy of Charles I.*; and George Brodrick.

The house stands very high on the northern edge of the Deeside Valley, near the lower slopes of Morven, and looking down on Loch Kinnord. It was pleasant to find myself among the moorland plants, *Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*, *Lycopodium clavatum*, *Nardus stricta*, and other once familiar forms. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the weather, which was good, indeed, the whole time I was in Scotland.

Lady Clark mentioned two epitaphs—the one upon a couple who had quarrelled all their lives: "Their warfare is accomplished;" the other by a husband on a wife, to whom he was not as much attached as he desired the world to believe: "Tears cannot restore her; therefore I weep!"

George Brodrick told a story accounting for the absence of Jews from Aberdeenshire. A party of these

had once proceeded thither, but were met shortly after on their return journey, and replied to all expressions of surprise by holding up their hands and saying, "Holy Moses, we have found the lost tribes!"

At Aden I met Baron de Malortie, a Hanoverian belonging to an Edict of Nantes family, who had been the head of Count Thun's staff in Mexico, and had, after the events of 1866, been seriously compromised in the Guelph intrigues against the new order of things. He had twice stayed for many days together at Cuernavacca, the little place to which the Emperor and Empress used to escape from time to time, and accompanied her on her last journey from Mexico to Vera Cruz.

The Indian race had impressed him favourably. "Do you know," he asked me, "the story of General Mejia?" "No," I replied. "Mejia," he said, "was a full-blood Indian in the service of Maximilian and was taken prisoner along with him. Two hours before their execution was to take place, General Alatorre came to them and said, 'General Mejia, I have been three times your prisoner, and three times you have spared my life; my *aide-de-camp* is at the door with a horse, and you are free to go where you

please.' 'And the Emperor?' said Mejia. 'Will be shot in two hours,' answered the other. 'And you dare to come to me with such a proposition. Leave the room!' rejoined the prisoner. Alatorre did so, and Mejia and the Emperor fell together."

I had not before seen, or had forgotten in the long years that have passed since I was last at Aden, how very pretty is that part of the grounds through which the Ugie flows, coming down from the site where once stood the Abbey of Deer, long the light of this still remote corner of Europe.

A Scotch clergyman who was of the party, mentioned, I think when we were at Buchan-Ness (the cottage built by the statesman, Lord Aberdeen, and now the property of our host, Mr. Russell), an epigram highly uncivil to his country, but amusing:—

"The mind how Scotland's double darkness shocks!
Her name is Scotia, and her teacher Knox."

Baron de Malortie told me that Pereire had called one day upon old Baron James de Rothschild, and had told him that Napoleon III. was going to make him (Pereire) a baron. "Impossible," said the other. "But why?" inquired Pereire. "Parce que

dans l'industrie il n'y a que des chevaliers." Some friend of Malortie's asked the old man at Carlsbad whether he had said so. "Je ne l'ai pas tit (dit), mais j'ai pi (pu) le dire," replied the other with his strong Jewish accent.

At Laidlawstiel I found Lord Rayleigh and his wife. He was full of talk about the University of which he is so distinguished an ornament, and about the Commission which is now sitting. The conversation turning upon Thompson, the Master of Trinity, Lord Rayleigh repeated some of his good sayings—as, for instance, his description of an examination as "an impious attempt to fathom the depths of human ignorance;" his wholly unjust but amusing remark about ——, that "he devoted all the time he could spare from the adornment of his person to the systematic neglect of his duties;" his observation at a college meeting, when he was teased by the opposition of some of his junior fellows: "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us;" and his saying as he came out of church, after listening to a sermon by the Dean of Chester:[1] "I never fully appreciated till to-day the abilities of the late Mr. Conybeare."

[1] Dr. Howson.

Lord Rayleigh also asked us a riddle, which it was interesting to hear from the lips of so eminent a man of science: "What is the difference between the North and the South Pole?" "All the difference in the world."

In a long walk on the 21st Reay brought my acquaintance with Dutch affairs up to date, and on the 22nd Julian Goldsmid arrived with his bright Italian wife, still very lovely in spite of her eight daughters. We talked at night of Mr. Merewether, and Goldsmid told a story about him which was quite new to me. Merewether got into a railway carriage with Lord Campbell, who was then Chancellor, and tried to enter into conversation. Campbell was, however, as cross and uncivil as possible, saying at last: "Why, Merewether, you get worse and worse; you are as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my Lord," said his companion, "for the Great Seal."

On the 23rd the Childerses joined our party, full of their approaching journey to the West India Islands. Lady Reay made us laugh by a story of Lord Beaconsfield. "What are you waiting for?" said to him, in the middle of dinner, during the crisis when war with Russia seemed imminent, a great lady, whom

they nicknamed last year the Queen of the Jingoes. "I am waiting," answered the Prime Minister, "for mutton and potatoes."

On the 24th I walked over with Reay and Goldsmid to Ashiestiel, where Sir Walter Scott wrote so much, and the day before we drove to Abbotsford, where we saw the relics, but not, I regret to say, the Châtelaine, who is at Dinan.

"What weather," asked Childers at dinner, "is most agreeable to a hungry sailor?" "When the wind blows foul (fowl), then chops, and at last comes in a succession of little puffs."

I left Laidlawstiel on the 25th for Bassenfell, Mr. Rathbone's beautiful house in Cumberland, and tried to utilise a long delay at Penrith Station by an attempt to see the "Luck of Edenhall," which Uhland and Longfellow have made famous, but Sir Richard Musgrave and the key were unhappily away from home, so I had to content myself with driving back past Brougham Castle and Brougham Hall, the first a ruin, the latter a more interesting and picturesque place than I had expected.

Bassenfell lies near the slopes of Skiddaw, high on the northern shore of the Bassenthwaite Lake.

It was showery weather, but cleared so as to permit us to take a drive on the 26th past Keswick and along Derwentwater to Lodore, which was coming down in great style. Thence we passed up Borrowdale, and, crossing the two bridges at Grange on our return, drove through Portinscale and round the far end of Bassenthwaite, home.

One could not be in that country, especially upon a day so rich in the effects of sun and shadow, without thinking of the writer of the lines "To a Lake Party;" and I note here what Aubrey de Vere mentioned to me when at York House in the summer, that Wordsworth had said to him: "I never met any one who had so good an eye for nature as I have myself, except a young man who was here lately—Frederick Faber. And he had a better."

On the 27th a frightfully weary journey of thirteen hours took me past Crewe and Oswestry to Llandinam, in the heart of Wales, where I spent two or three days with Stuart Rendel, who is going to fight Montgomeryshire at the next election, and on the 29th I made a speech at a great gathering in Newtown, with Lord Sudely, who sat for many years

with me in the House of Commons as Hanbury-Tracy, in the chair.

This, the feast of St. Michael, was a beautiful day, and I was able to see to advantage the long ridge of Plinlimmon and the more picturesque mass of Cader Idris. The 30th was wet, but we managed to drive over to Sudely's place of Gregynog, where I heard the telephone for the first time.

October

On 1st October I returned to York House, where my wife had arrived an hour or two before, from Devonshire and Tyntesfield, accompanied by a mastiff puppy as big as a house, and a new collie. From the 8th to the 13th Mrs. Craven was with us, and we had much talk upon many subjects.

On the 14th I went to London, and had a very long political conversation with Odo Russell, and the next day George Bunsen came to us and stayed two nights. He was not less interesting than usual, but he said fewer things I care to record than on some other occasions. One anecdote, however, should be secured for the historians of the future.

In 1852 he received a note from his father, saying: "Take the next steamboat to Coblentz, and carrying with you the copy of the letter to the king which I enclose, read it to the Prince of Prussia." He did so, and the Prince said: "I cannot tell you how grateful I am to your father for having written that letter to the King. He is now the only man, absolutely the only man, to whom my brother will listen." On seeing George Bunsen look surprised, the Prince said: "You think that he will listen to me, but you are quite mistaken;" then, pausing for a moment, he added: "In all large families there is one whom the others think themselves entitled to hold cheap and make light of; that was always the case with me when we were young, and it is so to this day."

On the 17th we left home and journeyed to Watford, the Henleys' place in Northamptonshire, where the great elms had hardly begun to show the autumn tints; whereas, when we got to Smithills in Lancashire on the 18th, almost every leaf was off the trees. Here we met Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell and her husband, the latter of whom mentioned a good saying of Childers's. A Mr. Moxon, a successful brewer and great supporter of his at Pontefract,

wanted a motto: "Cui labores mox honores," said Childers.

On the 21st we went to Knowsley, where we found a large party, amongst others Lord Lyons, with his "fidus Achates," Mr. Sheffield; the Duchess of Bedford, with her very gifted daughter, Lady Ela; Lady Ermyntrude, etc.

On the 23rd Lady Derby told me that she had once, many years ago, walked with Lord Beaconsfield from Hughenden to Bradenham. As they crossed that beautiful common, which we knew so well when we lived at Hampden, he stopped and said: "It was here that I passed my miserable youth." "Why miserable?" she asked. "Because," he replied, "I was devoured by ambition which I did not see any means of gratifying." He pointed out to her, too, the terraces at Bradenham, where he used to walk composing *Vivian Grey*. In the course of our conversation there came back to me a story which was told me by poor Leonard Montefiore, whose brilliant prospects were so sadly closed a few weeks ago while he was travelling in America, and which I have not, I think, elsewhere written down. Meeting the boy at Aston Clinton some years ago, Lord Beaconsfield

asked him: "What are your aspirations?" Leonard told him very frankly, whereon he said: "You will fulfil them all; the race to which you and I belong has learned to do everything except to fail."

In the evening Lord Hartington arrived from Newmarket.

On the 24th, after a long walk with Lord Lymington, he and I went over with Lord Hartington to Manchester, and attended the magnificent meeting in the Free Trade Hall. Thence Lymington went on to London, Hartington and I returning to Knowsley, whence my wife and I went back, next day, to York House.

On the evening of the 26th Mallet and Morley were here, and we were joined at dinner by Donald MacNabb, whom I had not seen till this afternoon since 1847, and who has become in the meantime one of the best authorities on all that relates to the North-West Frontier of India. He mentioned that he had seen Cavagnari at Simla the day before he started, not exactly in low spirits, but very grave, and much doubting whether he would ever return.

29. Up to London for an hour or two. At the Athenæum I met Lord Monck, who said: "Things

are looking exceeding well!" "You think so?" I replied. "Yes," he answered, "and my chief reason is the good spirits all you gentlemen are in; you have the light of victory in your faces!"

November

1. To see the Cravens at 8 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. She gave me "Le plus court chemin pour aller à Dieu," an old French translation of a work by Cardinal Bona, with notes at the beginning and end in Alexandrine's own hand, made by her in 1840, when she was living at Naples at the time when she wrote to Eugénie: "Ma chambre donne sur le jardin du palais Acton, où je me suis mariée, et au-delà je vois le Vomero."[1]

10. I went down to Oxford on the 8th to see Arthur (who is pleasantly settled in the front quadrangle of Balliol), and to stay with Henry Smith.

Yesterday morning Mr. Bywater came to breakfast. He told us that a friend of his, travelling recently in Italy, had fallen in at Venice with one of those Americans who compare everything they see abroad

[1] See *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii., and these *Notes* for 1875.

with what they have left at home, much to the disadvantage of foreign parts. The conversation straying to Naples, Mr. Bywater's friend asked his companion if he had gone up Vesuvius. On his replying that he had, the Englishman said: "Well, at least you have not in the States a volcano like that!" "No, sare," was the reply, "but I guess we have a waterfall which could put out Vesuvius in about half an hour!"

I lunched with Max Müller, finding there, amongst others, his eldest daughter, who was, lately, at the head of all the girls in England in the Local Examinations. He told me that Bismarck now talks of "das verkommene Geschlecht der Hohenzollern," and that, speaking of Lord Beaconsfield, he had said: "He has got an easy time of it. I could be Prime Minister of England *nebenbei*."

We spoke of Müller's address at the Midland Institute, and of the statement therein made that the letter F is lineally descended from the *cerastes*, or horned serpent of Egyptian hieroglyphics. "Strange," he said, "as it seems, there is no doubt about it. It was not the least remarkable of the discoveries of M. de Rougé, who was a real genius."

16. Bertrand de Blacas, who, since his name was last mentioned in this Diary, has married Mademoiselle de Beauvau, and has been paying a visit to some friends of hers in Suffolk, came down to spend a few hours at York House.

As we walked up and down the terrace, I repeated to him the striking thing which Mrs. Craven said to me the other day, when talking of Morley and his views about the Revolution: "How is it that so clever a man does not see that they burned down the woods, instead of cutting paths in them?" "I doubt," replied Bertrand, "whether the Revolution could have been avoided; the state of things was desperate. We did in ten years what we should have been doing for the previous two hundred, but it had to be done. What I regret is, not so much the first Revolution, as that of 1830, and above all the Second Empire; it is impossible to exaggerate the demoralisation which that caused."

20. On the evening of the 16th, having received permission from the doctor to leave my wife, who has been very ill, I put myself into a Pullman car and ran down to Edinburgh. My curtains were drawn as we left London, and I was not conscious of my where-

abouts till I heard them speaking Scotch on the platform at Berwick.

In Edinburgh I met Sir John Clark and Mr. Webster, my colleagues in the Burnett Trust, and was occupied all day over its affairs, first at our hotel, and afterwards before the Commissioners on Endowed Institutions in Scotland, under whose jurisdiction I managed to bring ourselves by an amendment inserted in the interpretation clause, while the Act of 1878 was passing through the House of Commons.

On the 18th, still receiving good news from home, I went to Laidlawstiel. In the afternoon I drove with Lady Reay to Stow, in the centre of her principal property, crossing the rough hills which separate the valley of the Tweed from that of the Gala. As we drove back, she mentioned that Lady Katharine Bannerman had told her that she was one day rowing her little sister on the lake, and had taken off her rings to do so, when the child, flying into a passion, picked up a pearl ring and flung it away. Lady Katharine gave her a scolding, put her on shore, and, on rowing back into the lake, beheld, to her astonishment, her pearl ring resting in the cup of a white water-lily.

On our return home I walked long up and down

with Reay. It was a lovely evening, softer than many in the height of our recent hideous summer. The stars, which, in these last so strangely nebulous years, I have hardly ever seen in England, were very bright, and a strong wind drove dark masses of cloud across the crescent moon.

30. To call at Pembroke Lodge, where I arrived with the Leckys. Talking of Gladstone's visit to Scotland, Lady Russell said: "There is always something that makes me sad in such tremendous popularity."

December

15. I received to-day from Mme. von Orlich, who has partly furnished and settled herself in the Palazzo Villarosa at Palermo, a note from Alexandrine, written when they were living close to each other in the Casa Margherita in 1832, now nearly fifty years ago.

In a very stupid collection of epitaphs I came, the other day, across the following fine lines about Malibran:—

"'Twas but as yesterday, a nightly throng,
Whose hearts as one man's heart, thy power could bow,

Amid loud shoutings hailed thee queen of song,
And twined sweet summer flowers around thy brow;
And those loud shouts have scarcely died away,
And those young flowers but half forgot their bloom,
When thy fair crown is changed for one of clay—
Thy boundless empire for a narrow tomb."

They had an interest as falling in with the same vein of thought as Lady Russell's remark quoted above, and as reminding one of the words of Eugénie: "Sais-tu qu'il paraît en ce moment une sœur de Mme. Malibran, ayant, comme elle, un grand talent? Approchera-t-il réellement de celui de notre pauvre Malibran, dont le souvenir s'efface de toutes les mémoires? Quant à moi, je lui garde bien fidèlement mes *De Profundis*. Qui songe à prier pour elle? Peut-être personne. Ah! que l'oubli de la mort rend la célébrité de la vie triste!"

16. Up to London to lunch with the Reays, who have been passing a day or two at Aston Clinton, in the heart of the part of Buckinghamshire which is called "Jerusalem the Golden." —— told me that Lord Beaconsfield's name for Mr. Gladstone's Scotch progress is "the Second Pilgrimage of Passion," the first having been his unsuccessful campaign, some years ago, in South-west Lancashire!

19. I sent a copy of Mme. von Orlich's gift to Mrs. Craven, who writes from Lumigny: "Thanks for poor dear Alexandrine's little English note. It reminded me so much of how she wrote and spoke it—with many mistakes and a bad accent, but yet so as to express her meaning so very clearly; otherwise she knew it well, understood what she read thoroughly, and delighted in English poetry."

Speaking of the cold in France, she says: "Since my youthful days in Russia I don't remember anything like it."

26. Took Evelyn to see Professor Owen at Sheen Lodge. We found the old man in his library. On the door hung a copy of the excellent portrait of Cromwell in the Pitti Palace, opposite it one of John Hunter. On the chimney-piece were small busts of Aristotle and Alexander von Humboldt. He spoke much of the leading medical men of the old generation, and kindly of all. The conversation came round to Sir James Paget's remarkable gift of oratory, and especially to his power of making after-dinner speeches. "There is nothing," I said, "so difficult as to make an after-dinner speech." "Well," replied Owen, "I have had so often to return thanks for

the 'Progress of Science,' and other similar toasts, that, to use the phrase of a worthy old bookseller whom I used to know at Lancaster, 'I have got *manured* to it.'"

Sheen Lodge was built by Adam, who was called, from his close alliance with the Regent, "the Prince's Adam," on a piece of ground belonging to the Crown and formerly known as the Dog-kennel. His son, Sir Charles, father of the Adam regnant, and whom I remember meeting at Mountstuart Elphinstone's, lived a good deal there, and Owen pointed out a semicircular cupboard which the old Admiral had erected in a corner of the room, to remind him of the mast which used to run up through his cabin when he was afloat.

1880

January

4. MALLET with us at York House. I asked him about Mongredien, whose excellent book, on Free Trade, Bright has been praising lately, much to the advantage of its sale. "He was introduced to me at the last Cobden Club dinner," was the reply. "Glad to make your acquaintance," he said; "Malleus haereticorum."

8. My wife was showing Hampden some pictures of the '48, in an old volume of the *Illustrated London News*, "That must have been a long time ago," he not unnaturally observed, "when we were all savages."

11. To Pembroke Lodge. Lady Agatha told me a good answer of Odo Russell's, to some foolish person who asked him "what he felt when he was first pre-

sented to that great man, Napoleon III.?" "I felt that I too was the nephew of my uncle."

12. Lady Agatha sent me a letter from Lady William Russell to her father, in which she tells the story I have noted yesterday, and also Odo's happy answer to Gontaut Biron, who asked him, at a Court party in Berlin, whether he did not think the Shah was tipsy. "Mais ne savez vous donc pas que la nuit tous les chats sont gris?"

I received to-day the following letter from Professor Owen:—

"*11th January* 1880.

"My dear Grant Duff—I can't resist a grateful instinct to render you thanks for the pleasure and instruction I have derived from a study, *plus* perusal, of your *Miscellanies* (8vo. /78). They came in the weekly parcel from Mudie's to my sister. I should like to make some return, and the only one that suggests itself is to put a couple of hours at your and your son's service at the British Museum. If you have the time to spare, and would name any day, after a return note from you, I don't think it likely that I should be unable to be at call at the British Museum, if you were to ask for me between 11 and 12 A.M.,—Yours always truly,

Richard Owen."

In consequence of the above letter, Evelyn and I

went to-day to the British Museum. The Professor began by calling our attention to the skeleton of the Mastodon, or North American elephant, and to the contrast between its tusks and those of the existing Indian and African elephants. He thinks that when the elephant was perfectly free from fear, and able to develop in his own way, his tendency was to produce gigantic tusks, but that when his nervous force was lessened, by constant fear of man, he was no longer able to do so. Close to the skeleton of the Mastodon are a pair of magnificent tusks, from a brick-field in Essex, and another, from a quarry in the Sewalik hills, sent home by Sir Proby Cautley. Remains of the elephant have been found in almost every part of Britain. The species which lived here had a thick yellow wool, which was, however, completely concealed by long black hair and a great shaggy mane. There is reason to believe that the elephant was originally small, and the remains of dwarf elephants, about the size of donkeys, have been found in Malta. At one time, too, he had tusks both on the upper and under jaw, and in some genera it was the under and not the upper tusks which were developed. This was the case in the Deinotherium.

From the Mastodon and his fellows we passed to the Megatherium. When the remains of this creature were first discovered, Cuvier rightly concluded that he must have been a kind of sloth. And so he was. But how did he live? By climbing and eating the branches of trees? Hardly. By digging up bulbs? He would have eaten half the bulbs of a country for breakfast. "No," said Owen, "he lived by pulling down trees and eating their branches."

When he mentioned this at the Geological Society, Buckland objected that if so the Megatherium would have had his head broken. Owen had nothing to reply, except that he supposed he learned to be very dodgy. Soon after, however, he received the skull of a Megatherium which had been twice broken, and evidently by some force which could not follow—not by any creature, man or other. In the first instance the fracture had healed, to the second the creature had succumbed, not immediately but as the result of fever. When Buckland received this confirmation of Owen's views, and his own scepticism, he danced up and down the room with the skull in his arms. Our guide directed our notice to the vast power of the fulcrum which the monster had in his hind quarters, to his

long hind toe, for scratching round the roots of trees, to the very human collar-bone and tremendous arms.

The great Irish elk, allied to the reindeer and the fallow-deer, not to the red-deer, was next examined. Owen went to Wicklow last autumn on a rumour that a skeleton had been found in the peat; but, as always hitherto, it turned out to have been found in the marl below the peat.

Then we saw the Dinornis, and the little piece of bone which, when first brought to Owen, he believed to be part of the leg of an ox, and not, as the person who brought it from New Zealand supposed, the bone of a gigantic eagle. After all, however, it turned out to belong to a bird, but to a terrestrial not an aerial one.

Later we came on the picture and bones of the Dodo, the great extinct ground-dove of the Mauritius, destroyed by the Dutch.

Not less interesting were the remains of a large, but very peaceable dragon, from the Kimmeridge clay, who was armed with a spur to defend himself, like the spur-winged plover of Egypt, a specimen of which, shot by himself, Baxter showed me last autumn.

Then there was the skull of a kangaroo, compared

with which the largest "old man" now alive was a pigmy—a kangaroo so big that for him hopping was out of the question, and the remains of a most unpleasant beast, a marsupial lion.

Impressions of leaves from Grinnel land, proving that many trees once flourished in latitude 81; the great shell Conus gloria maris, for which Mr. Broderip, the Police Magistrate whom I met once, years ago, at Owen's, offered £100, in vain, to Sowerby, who held out for £105, but which Broderip afterwards bought at a sale for £86; some Esquimaux knives, tipped with meteoric iron; a beautiful lemur from Madagascar,—are amongst the other things which I remember.

I went on the 19th from York House to Thornes, Mr. Milnes Gaskell's place, near Wakefield, travelling from London with Albert Rutson, the companion of my Indian journey. From Thornes I walked over to see Lupset, where my wife was much as a girl, in the time of old Mr. Daniel Gaskell.

In the evening we had a great gathering in support of the candidature of Harry Fitzwilliam and Mr. Leatham for the S.-W. Riding, at which Lord Ripon and I made long speeches (I, by the way, with one of the worst headaches I ever had) to a most

excellent audience of about fifteen hundred people. Frank Foljambe, Dent, and other Yorkshire magnates took part in the proceedings.

The morning of the 21st passed pleasantly amongst Gaskell's books. He bought lately a copy of *The Adonais*, with the lines—"Sweeter far than summer's flight," written at the end, in Shelley's admirable hand. He showed me, amongst other things, a small and rare volume of poems, apparently of the most fatuous description, by the father of the Brontës. The following idiotic lines have a certain interest from the circumstances which have made the family famous :—

"I sing of real life,
All else is empty show,
To those who read a source
Of much unreal woe.

Pollution too,
Through novel veins,
Oft fills the mind
With guilty stains!"

I looked through a short manuscript account written by the elder Milnes Gaskell, with whom I sat long in Parliament, of his boyish friendship

with Canning. It was a record, contemporary or nearly so, and filled with the kind of minutiæ which would strike a boy, but are of no great general interest. Here and there, however, there was something amusing. Thus when young Canning said that "there was no first fault for church at Eton," his father remarked "nullum tempus occurrit ecclesiæ"; while, on seeing a picture of himself on the walls of a room in the inn at Salthill, he said to Milnes Gaskell "Who propagates these monsters?"

From Thornes we travelled to the station of South Elmshall with Mr. Charles Wood, Lord Halifax's eldest son, who had brought me a very kind message from his father the night before. Our walk, of about five miles, took us across a piece of the Robin Hood country, and not far, I take it, from Conisbrough, which figures in *Ivanhoe*. Lord Halifax was wonderfully well and bright for his time of life, seventy-nine, and we had much Indian talk, with the most perfect agreement.

Lady Halifax told me that she had once ventured to ask Pozzo di Borgo, when he was ambassador in London, who was at the bottom of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien? Pozzo, who abhorred Talleyrand,

replied, "Quelqu'un qui vît encore, parceque le diable en a peur,"—a saying which reminded me of a remark once made by a most amiable friend of mine, about a lady who was not drowned when she ought to have been, in a shipwreck, "The sea rejected her, and the devil put off the evil day."

The conversation turned a good deal upon etymology and brought out many curious Yorkshire words, such as "lattie" for barn, "stackbar" for hurdle, and so forth. Mr. Charles Wood said that he had known a case in which a servant wrote last summer from Devonshire, on receiving a Yorkshire paper from a fellow servant, "I see Mr. such and such has got ten acres of fog to sell. We could have let you have any number of acres of fog for nothing this year." "Fog," in Yorkshire, means aftermath, and so does, it appears, the strange word "eddish."

Hickleton is a large, good, uninteresting house, built about one hundred years ago, standing in a park which, in the misty morning, looked illimitable, but is not, I understand, very large.

We had a great deal of talk about ghost stories, and one, far too long to quote, was read from a manuscript by Mr. Charles Wood. It is known in the

family as "Miss Pennyman's story," and is sufficiently curious not to be lost sight of. Miss Pennyman was well known to Lady Halifax.

February

Leaving York House on the evening of the 24th of last month, I ran down to Edinburgh and spent two days at Newhailes with the Shands. I had much talk with him about the Scotch bar, and saw, oddly enough for the first time in my life, the well-known game of curling.

On the 27th I dined with Mr. Hunter in Aberdeen, meeting Professor Milligan, who is one of the Company engaged in revising the New Testament. He told me that when the Old Testament revisers meet in the Jerusalem Chamber, he and his colleagues adjourn to a room in the Deanery, to which Stanley has given the name of the Antioch Chamber. Another of Mr. Hunter's guests was Professor Geddes, who is now lecturing upon Greek literature, in Aberdeen, to a class of ladies, some of whom get ninety per cent

of the marks which he gives in his examinations. *Tempora mutantur!*

The 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of January were spent in militant politics, to which I need not recur here. I delivered a long address at Kintore and another at Inverurie, spoke at a great Liberal dinner in Aberdeen, and again, to some three thousand people, in the Music Hall there.

From Fetteresso, where we had a meeting of some of the leading members of the Opposition in Banff, Aberdeen, and Moray, I went to Edgehill for the Sunday, where I spent a great deal of time looking over my host's collection of autographs and Rembrandt etchings. Amongst the former I specially noted Claverhouse, dated at Royston, Charles I., Charles II., James II., Danby, Lauderdale, "the Chevalier," Charles Edward, Cardinal York, Seafield of the Union, Cromwell—a curious letter as being the only evidence which exists of his having been a commander of infantry. Amongst the latter, the Goldsmith of Amsterdam, the Physician Ephraim Bonus, the Three Cottages and the Three Trees, all in superb condition, are amongst the most remarkable.

Mr. Webster supplemented his gift to me of last

September by giving me an uncut copy of the first edition of Arthur Jonston's translation of the Psalms, printed by Raban, in Aberdeen.

Leaving Edgehill, I travelled to Edinburgh, under skies such as Italy ought to have at this season, but this year would seem to have been far from having, and which contrasted, like all the weather I have had in Scotland, very strangely with the accounts that have reached me from London.

At the Edinburgh station I met the Duke of Argyll, on his way south, and ready for the fray as ever; walking along Princes Street in the darkness I overtook my old Oxford contemporary, Sir Alexander Grant, who was full of the speech which Lord Bute delivered the other night at the Scottish Academy dinner, in which he said that "Athens and Assisi had spoiled him for anything else."

4. Started from York House to dine with Lord Hartington and hear the Queen's Speech read, but after struggling with the fog for nearly an hour and a half I had only reached the railway bridge on the Hammersmith side of Holland House; so I turned back, and instead of dining at Devonshire House at eight, dined at home at ten.

5. To-day we transferred ourselves to London from York House, which passes for the time into the hands of sanitary engineers and contractors.

7. At the Arthur Russell's to-night, Browning told us that on a seven weeks' sailing voyage from London to Venice, undertaken in order that that place should burst suddenly upon him in all its beauty and strangeness, the brig in which he was fell in, during a dead calm, with the wreck of a heavily-armed pirate or smuggler, off Tangiers. They boarded, and the crew remained at work all day, finding a rich cargo of silks and other things. The vessel had been manned by Moors, a number of whom were found dead below. Browning's share of the plunder was two swords and a dagger. At evening a breeze sprang up, the captain recalled his sailors, and the ghastly thing floated off to the westward, black against a golden sunset.

While Browning was away for his holiday last summer a person came to his house, and, telling the maid that he was connected with the press, asked "if it was true that the poet was dead?" "I have not heard so," said the woman, "and I am sure my master is not the kind of man to do such a thing

without letting us know." "Oh, I assure you," rejoined the fellow, "people of that sort often die in that way: Dickens did so, and Thackeray likewise."

It was, I think, the same maid who, when Browning was going to pay the last mark of respect to poor Lewes, said she "did not see the good of catching cold at other people's funerals."

He told too, with great glee, a story of a friend of his son's, who, the conversation turning upon the difficulty of Thucydides, remarked, in perfectly good faith, "Perhaps he was out of his mind!"

We talked of the Russell motto, "*Che sara sara*." Lord Arthur said that it had replaced an earlier one in the days of Elizabeth, when Italian was much in vogue in England, but he did not know under what circumstances. It occurs in a speech of Faustus in Marlowe. I asked him if he knew its Spanish form, which appears as an inscription on an old castle near Pau, "*Que ha da ser no puede faltar*."

He showed me a copy of *Hermann und Dorothea*, given to Lady William by Augustus Schlegel, at Vienna, when he was travelling with Madame de Staël.

George Trevelyan, who tells me that his *Fox* is

nearly finished, mentioned that he had once heard a man at a lecture at Trinity, Cambridge, construe "*Urbs*, there was, *antiqua fuit*, an ancient city."

12. Northbrook came to me in the Library of the House of Commons, and we adjourned to the corresponding and far quieter apartment belonging to the Lords, where I had never been before, and in which, as Carlyle said of the city churches, "You might fire a pistol in almost any direction, and not hurt one Christian life." There we had a long conversation on the present aspect of affairs in Afghanistan and Persia.

13. To Lord Granville's, at twelve o'clock, whither came nine of the old Cabinet, as well as Harcourt and Northbrook; also, towards the end, "Roy," Lord Hartington's beautiful collie. I treat it, however, as a Cabinet meeting and keep no record of what passed.

15. To St. Margaret's to hear Farrar.

St. Margaret's is the official church of the House of Commons, and when I last exercised my privilege of going there, which I never did but once, it was a hideous Georgian edifice, and we had seats in the front of the gallery. Now it has been transformed into a Gothic building, from which all galleries have disappeared.

18. Arthur Russell told me to-day that some seeds had been sent over to him from Paris, in the charge of one of our common acquaintance, who has a curiously Mephistophelian appearance. "I trust he will not put tares in them," wrote the sender of the parcel.

We dined at 2 Audley Square to-night, and Arthur Russell showed me the *Saint Esprit* which had belonged to M. de Peyronnet, his wife's grandfather, and Polignac's colleague; the record of a time that is so recent, but looks so very far away!

I rode Wild Hyacinth to-day, the first time since we left Knebworth that I have been in Rotten Row, of which, from the summer of 1868 to the summer of 1877, I was one of the most assiduous frequenters.

22. I went to the Chapel-Royal, where I found myself sitting next Reginald Yorke. We began to talk about the fog, which was Cimmerian. "It was so bad," I said, "a week or two ago that I hear Farrar preached against it, at St. Margaret's."

"Was it not at that church," he answered, "that a clergyman, denouncing Mr. Tooth, the ritualist, said, 'I will not name him, but his name is in every-

body's mouth;' then, catching the smile on the face of his congregation, turned quite scarlet."

Aberdare, with his daughter Nora, and Venables, dined with us, to meet Justin M'Carthy, whose *History of our own Times* has been such a success, and whose novels, *Donna Quixote*, etc., are also said to have great merit. I fell in with him, for the first time when I went down to meet Garibaldi at Brooke (see this Diary for 1864), and renewed my acquaintance with him after he came into the House of Commons. He tells me that since our visit to Mr. Seely, he has been a great deal in America, "going," he said, "to almost every town which you find in the map."

We talked about Disraeli's phrase at the Mansion House, *Imperium et Libertas*. "I wonder," said Aberdare, "that during the controversy which has raged about it, no one has thought of quoting Swift's couplet—

> 'Libertas et natale solum;
> Fine words, I wonder where you stole 'em?'"

Venables told a story of some one who disliked Irving's acting, and on being asked how he explained the immense success of *The Merchant of Venice*,

which is now being played at the Lyceum, replied, "Ah! that is a mystery." (Miss Terry.[1])

24. I ran down yesterday, with Rutson, by the twelve o'clock express, to York, and proceeded more leisurely to Northallerton, passing on the way, near Thirsk, his mother's place, Newby Wiske, which means, it appears, Newby on the Wiske, the same word as "Usk" and "whiskey." It was the house of Colonel Mitford, and it was there that he wrote his *History of Greece*.

Arrived at Northallerton, for which borough Rutson is a candidate, we were met by various of his friends, and I delivered a reply[2] to Mr. Cowen's recent speech, which the Tories have been distributing by the thousand.

The vote of thanks was moved by Mr. Coore, the same who was taken prisoner, some years ago, by brigands, in Acarnania, and who has since married a daughter of Lord Belper's, whose eldest son was another victim on the same occasion. It was seconded by Mr. Milbank, grandson of my old acquaintance Lady Wallace, and brother of the young lady who

[1] Miss Terry takes the part of Portia.

[2] Republished as a pamphlet by the Liberal Central Association.

wrote the excellent acrostic about Gladstone, which I have noted under the year 1875.

This morning dawned very brightly and we made an early start, climbing slowly the outworks of the Hambledon Hills, with fine views over the vale of Mowbray, the beauty of which was not a little heightened by the long lines of steam from the trains, crossing and re-crossing each other in the misty landscape.

A drive of about seven miles brought us to the charmingly situated Priory of Mount Grace, one of the very few Carthusian houses which ever existed in England, that austere order having suited neither the love of comfort, nor the climate, of this island. Mount Grace is very near Arncliffe Mauleverer, which belonged, forty years ago, to an old friend of my father's, whom he visited when he was collecting the short-horns whose descendants formed the Eden herd, which had so much local celebrity.

On our way back from Northallerton we had time to linger for a while in York Minster. I never had Liebreich's words, "Till you had the glasses I gave you, you never in your life saw anything as it really is," more brought home to me than when I looked at

my old friends, the beautiful windows known as the "Five Sisters," without and with my glasses.

25. Talked at the Athenæum with Maine. He told me that some time ago Lord Beaconsfield called in a homœpathic doctor. "Why on earth should the Premier trust himself in the hands of that quack?" asked some one of Sir William Gull. "Similia similibus curantur" was the allopath's reply.

27. While I was reading George Lefevre's defence of Greece against Mr. Hanbury and his severe remarks on King Otho, there came back to me three facts connected with that unlucky prince, which were told me by different persons, at different times, and which should not be lost.

It was on his palace that some one wrote 8610 "Otto sei un zero"!

He was the subject of the excellent riddle—"Que faut-il pour le bonheur de la Grêce? Coton, soie, fil et laine. (Qu'Othon soit philhellène.")

And it was to him, when, after his abdication, he appeared in his Greek dress in some little Holstein town, that a countryman, taking him for a mountebank, went up and said, "When are you going to begin?"

28. The Breakfast Club met at Leveson Gower's. We talked of Lord Beaconsfield. "Do you happen to know," I said to Lord Lansdowne, "who was the Conservative Peer who was heard to mutter to himself, when the Prime Minister was making his speech about Lord Carnarvon's resignation, the words, 'What a droll blackguard it is!'" Neither he nor Aberdare could tell, and I suspect that the name is lost to history.

March

5. In the afternoon I ran down to Oxford, travelling with Charles Newton of the British Museum, who is on the point of starting again for Olympia, and talked a great deal about Greece. He dwelt much upon the way in which the provinces are neglected for the benefit of Athens. Hardly any of the money which goes thither returns in the shape of improvements, or fulfils, for that matter, any useful purpose. He mentioned a satisfactory case of self-help in Kalimno, one of the islands which lie off the Carian coast. There they passed a law to the effect that all the boats of the sponge fleet, when they returned without cargo,

should be bound to fill its place by stones. With these stones they have formed an excellent pier, alongside of which large vessels can anchor.

Dined with the Anonymous Club at Lincoln, Professor Fowler being our host. There were there Henry Smith, George Brodrick, Ernest Myers, Watson, the editor of Cicero's letters, and others whom I knew, besides Sir William Anson, who is the Vinerian reader of law. Professor Croom Robertson was present as a guest.

George Brodrick told a story of two old Oxford dons tottering round Christ Church meadow. One said to the other, "I see a great change in Oxford since we were undergraduates; there are no characters in the University now." "Does it never strike you," replied his friend, "that we may be the characters?"

It was one of these two who, being much annoyed by people making a short cut across the grass-plot under his windows, set a man-trap in the midst of it and retired, expecting to catch a scout or *tout au plus* an undergraduate. He caught, as it turned out, no less dignified a person than the Professor of Moral Philosophy. In despair, he went the next day to apologise, and, by way of improving matters, told him,

that "as some reparation, he would attend his lectures to the end of term!"

Mr. Buckill, a very active and intelligent member of the Liberal party in the town, breakfasted this morning with Henry Smith, at whose house I am staying. He has been much in the States, about which he talked very brightly. The conversation turning to American oratory, he mentioned that he had himself distinctly heard what Colonel Thomson, the Secretary of the Navy, was saying at an open-air meeting in Indiana, at a distance of half a mile. He told also an excellent story of another great orator, Mr. Corwen. Public meetings are very rarely interrupted in America, but on one occasion this gentleman was much teased, when speaking at Buffalo, by a man on the edge of the crowd, who, with a view to create a disturbance, kept shouting "louder, louder." Corwen paused for a moment and then said: "At the last day, when heaven and earth shall pass away like a scroll, when the Ancient of Days shall sit on His great white throne, thousands and tens of thousands of the heavenly host ranged on His right hand and on His left, when the Archangel blows the trump that shall rend the tombs and wake the dead, some damned

fool from Buffalo will be heard shouting—louder, louder."

Henry Smith, speaking of —— the engineer, said, "He is not easily shut up, but admits that on one occasion he was effectually worsted by a marine store dealer. He had gone to examine, from this man's backyard, a house which he was thinking of purchasing on behalf of a railway company, when he was ware of a huge mastiff, which was making at him open-mouthed. 'Oh! you're in no danger, sir,' said the marine store dealer, encouragingly; 'he's very particular about what he eats.'" Exit ——.

Professor Rolleston and Sayce, the Orientalist, came to luncheon. The name of the latter will be found in this Diary, only a few pages back; yet in reply to my question, "Have you been abroad since we met in November?" he replied, "Yes, I have just got back from the Second Cataract."

Rolleston quoted, too—I think from Owen—a good epigram, written in the character of a man who, possessing nothing worth stealing, hears a burglar attempting to find something in the middle of the night—

"Hic nihil in media cernere luce queo?"

and another excellent one, of far more modern date, in allusion to the anagram Horatio Nelson—"Honor est a Nilo," and the saying "Ex nihilo nihil fit"—"A Nilo Nelson fit. Fuit ille nihil?"

After luncheon we walked down to Arthur's rooms at Balliol, which he has made extremely pretty. Smith talked of a passage in the *Odyssey*, viii. 165 *et seq.*, which Gladstone has somewhere cited as an extraordinary piece of eloquence, and turned to it in Homer which was lying on the table. He read, too, the translation from Butcher and Lang's, as it would seem a most masterly prose version, which I had never seen before.

Earlier in the day we had called on Mr. Evelyn Abbott, Arthur's tutor, who, since I saw him last, has edited the *Hellenica*, and is hard at work on a translation of Demosthenes; all this in addition to his tutorial work—a remarkable feat for a man who is partially paralysed.

Thence we went to call on Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is still busy over the early Spanish Saints, for Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*. She is one of the few people in England who is making a serious study of Spanish.

As we walked back, Henry Smith told me some excellent stories of Mansel, late Dean of St. Paul's. When he heard of the foundation of the "Century" Club, a sort of Radical Cosmopolitan, to which I belonged for some years, but where, as it happened, I never was but once, he, being a great Conservative, said, "I will give them a motto from Tacitus—

'Corrumpere et corrumpi saeculum vocant.'"

A Mr. Money, of St. John's, whose wife was in a delicate state of health, paid her such constant attention that it excited remark. "What more natural?" said Mansel—

'Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.'"

During the nonsensical discussion that took place some years ago about the morals of the unattached students, Mansel took a rational view, and alluding to Kitchin, of Christ Church, under whose jurisdiction they were, cited the lines—

"Parca juventus
Nec tantum Veneris quantum studiosa Culinae."

I dined at Corpus to meet Liddon, the most celebrated of the High Churchmen of the second

generation. We were undergraduates together, and he told me that we had once met in Alfred Bailey's rooms. I remember constantly hearing of him from Bailey, but cannot remember seeing him. He mentioned that Döllinger had, in conversation with him, attributed the failure of the Old Catholic movement principally to the Falk laws, which had made Catholics in Germany regard any expression of disagreement with the views in favour at Rome as a desertion.

8. I travelled up to London with the Farrers. His daughter, who accompanied them, has, since I was at Abinger last summer, married a son of Darwin, the philosopher. They had been staying with Jowett, at whose house the conversation had turned, amongst other things, upon the names Mrs. Grote used to give to her friends. "I have no doubt I had one myself," said the Master. "Indeed he had," said Mrs. Darwin later; "Mrs. Grote used to call him 'the Antiquated Cherub.'"

Farrer said: "Is it not strange that this Government, after all the frightful things they have done in great affairs, should be in a fair way to be wrecked by their Metropolitan Water Bill?" "Yes," I said; "I

quoted apropos of that to Henry Smith yesterday the two lines of Juvenal about Domitian—

> 'Sed periit postquam cerdonibus esse timendus
> Coeperat; hoc nocuit Lamiarum caede madenti.'"

As I was just entering Westminster Hall, I met Neville Lubbock, who told me that a dissolution for Easter had been announced in both Houses.

Dined with the Burrs—meeting, amongst others, Major Butler and his wife, the painter of battle-pieces. "I agree," said he, "with Mr. Bright; war is a combination of all human ills." "War, nevertheless," said the charming Lady Catherine Clive, who sat next him, "brings out many fine qualities." "For one fine quality," replied the soldier, "which it brings out, it brings out fifty bad ones."

13. The Breakfast Club met at Frederick Pollock's. Arthur Russell said, "The members of the Metaphysical Society are to the last degree courteous to each other. I never saw them otherwise but once. Cardinal Manning had been recounting a conversation which he had had with some one about a miracle, and had just mentioned that he had said to his friend, "I want to ask you

a question about what you have just stated; you know I am of a *rather sceptical turn of mind.*" The gravity of the metaphysicians was fairly upset, and His Eminence, to do him justice, joined in the laugh.

The conversation turned to Buckle the historian, and Arthur Russell said: "I was present once at a very interesting conversation about him between Gladstone and Tosti, at Monte Casino. 'He is an atheist,' said Gladstone 'No, no,' said the other; 'that is certainly not so; he holds many erroneous opinions, but do not let us be unjust to him.'"

15. Dined with the Reays. I sat next my old friend, Lady Sligo, just returned from the East. "Permettez que je vous présente M. Grant Duff," said Reay. "Qui a parcouru les Indes," replied she, and then entered on a long and interesting account of her journey.

Lord Sligo, then Lord Altamont, was, by the way, the companion of Orlich (whose name so often occurs in the early years of this Diary) when he travelled in India, a generation ago. Among places which I did not see, and which struck Lady Sligo much, were Nassick and Muttra. They had been for a fortnight at Simla, the guests

of Alfred Lyall, and Lady Sligo had come to know well, and like much, Miss Lyall, with whom I travelled from Berlin to Dover in 1875.

Another of the party at the Reays was Lowell, the new American Minister, who has come hither from Spain, and had much to tell me of Madame Riaño. He compared Castelar's oratory to a falcon sweeping round in circles through the air, and then swooping on its prey, but, for the practical work of parliamentary life, gave the preference by very much to his rival, Canovas.

On the morning of the 14th I received a telegram from Peterhead, informing me that there would be a contest in the Elgin Burghs. On the 16th I left London for Scotland, and was very busily engaged until 9th April, when the result of the polling of the previous day was announced—2082 to 764, leaving a majority of 1318 in my favour, out of a total poll of 2846.

In the dissolution number of the *Nineteenth Century* there appeared an article of mine on "British Interests in the East." This same article was prepared by me, in a somewhat different form, to be delivered as an address at Sheffield, and was actually read there on the evening of the 22nd to

between three thousand and four thousand people, so that I was smiting the Philistines at once in Scotland, in Yorkshire, and in London.

I passed the three Sundays, 21st March, 28th March, and 4th April, at the always delightful Edgehill, and paid also a most agreeable visit to Keith Hall, from 29th March to 1st April. The weather was almost throughout delightful—cold but exquisitely clear, and the crocuses, auriculas, and other hardy spring flowers in extraordinary beauty.

Nothing could exceed the heartiness of the welcome which I everywhere received, and it rose at times into wild enthusiasm, especially amongst the fishermen. The scene at Buchanhaven, near Peterhead, amidst the melancholy landscape, which will be found described by the pen of the Queen of Holland in this Diary, under the year 1875, might have taken place amongst the most excitable populations of Southern Europe.

April

11. Returned to-day to York House, which is again habitable.

13. Heard Renan deliver one of his lectures in

St. George's Hall. Nothing could be more perfect than his enunciation; no one within a reasonable distance can have failed to catch every word.

18. The Renans came down to us and remained till one o'clock on the 19th. I took them to Kew, with which, as with the whole of their stay in England, they were thoroughly charmed. I tried to get the Breakfast Club to meet them on Monday morning, but almost every one is away, and only May and Arthur Russell came.

I beat over many subjects of interest with Renan, but only note two things: first, that he thought so well of one of Hatch's Bampton Lectures, which he heard when with Müller at Oxford, that he told the lecturer "they might have changed manuscripts;" and, secondly, that he proposed we should one day go to see Coucy, Senlis, Noyon, and other places in that part of France together.

She told me that when the Princess Clotilde was asked to go to Paris she declined, saying "Voyez-vous je ne sais que faire la Princesse."

22. I received to-day from George Boyle, so often mentioned in these pages, the intimation that he had been appointed Dean of Salisbury.

The evening papers tell us that Lord Hartington has been to Windsor. I drove up to London and dined with the Reays—meeting, amongst others, the Aberdeens, the Selbornes, the Childerses, Forster, John Morley, Lord Dalrymple, and the Gladstones. The great man was very cheerful, but kept miles away from the question, which is in every one's mind, "Who is to be Premier?" Talking of York House he said to me, "So that beautiful terraced place (Poulett Lodge) which I saw when I was with you, went for a very small sum." "Yes," I said, "to some fortunate man." "Who was he?" asked Gladstone. "A Mr. Meek," I replied. "The meek shall inherit the earth," was his answer.

In the evening there was a very large and most interesting party, including almost everybody one wished to see at this moment—Stuart Rendel, Playfair, Roundell, among successful candidates — Ughtred Shuttleworth, Julian Goldsmid, Rutson, George Brodrick, Rathbone, among unsuccessful ones. Rollo Russell and Lady Agatha, the Kintores, Knowles, Schlesinger, the Arthur Russells, Lady Sligo, Lord Houghton, and scores of others, were also present. The conversation almost passed into a roar.

27. At a late hour this evening I received a letter from Mr. Gladstone, offering me the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies, with the charge of the department in the House of Commons and a seat in the Privy Council, which I accepted.

29. To the House, for the election of the Speaker. Brand was proposed by Acland, seconded by Sir Philip Egerton, and unanimously elected. Later I went on to the Colonial Office, where I had long conversations with my new chief, Lord Kimberley, and my permanent colleague, Robert Herbert, who belongs to the generation which had just come up to Balliol as I was going away.

30. To-day I began work at the Colonial Office. I note the subjects of the first few papers with which I dealt. They give a good idea of the variety of the matters which come up for discussion and settlement in my new Department.

1. Was a paper about the abduction of some women from the lagoons near Lagos.
2. About Russian vessels in the Pacific.
3. A personal case with regard to the Attorney-General of British Guiana.
4. On the draining of Belize.

5. About the application of a fund in Natal.
6. With reference to a clerk's appointment in Mauritius.
7. Upon certain difficulties between Trinidad and Venezuela.
8. As to negotiations with France on the West Coast of Africa.

May

3. To Windsor, where sworn of the Privy Council. We waited first in a room looking over the garden and commanding a beautiful view, then in the long Golden Gallery, where I talked chiefly with Lord Cowper, the Queen receiving us in an extremely tiny closet which opened from it, and where we knelt before her for the administration of the oaths. When the ceremony was over, there was a very large luncheon, where the lion lay down with the lamb, or, in other words, the officials who had just gone out and the officials who had just come in sat side by side.

8. The Breakfast Club met at May's. Some one told a story of a conversation between Lord Beaconsfield

and some member of his party. The latter expressed his disappointment at having been made only a Knight Bachelor. "I assure you," said the Premier, "you altogether underrate the honour of knighthood. It satisfied Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Isaac Newton!"

14. Yesterday, the old first of May, was our first fine day, and the flowering shrubs are in great beauty at York House. Amongst people who have not been canonised, and who ought to be, is assuredly Busbequius, the diplomatist of the sixteenth century, who introduced the lilac into Europe. He was born at Commines, in Flanders, about 1522, and was sent on two occasions by Ferdinand I. from Vienna to Constantinople, as an envoy to the court of Solyman the Magnificent. His long life ended while he was ambassador in France, in 1592, thanks to the injuries he received from a party of Leaguers near Rouen, and he died at St. Germains.

19. Dined with Mr. Gladstone to hear the Queen's Speech. Bright talked of Henry Ashworth, who had taken out a game licence for, I think, sixty-four successive years. He hired in early life, for forty pounds, some grouse shooting in Scotland, which has since been let at a thousand.

20. Dined with Henry Adams and his wife. I told the story of the dog who was led about at the Southwark election, with a placard round his neck, on which were inscribed the words, "What have the Tories done for the likes of me? Raised my tax by half-a-crown!" Asking, at the same time, J. R. Green, who sat opposite me, whether he had come across anything very amusing during the recent battle? "No," he said, "I had not got back from Italy. The most amusing thing I came across was hearing the English elections called in the streets of Rome, even the numbers on each side being given."

The conversation turned to the Prime Minister. "Arthur Stanley once told me," said Green, "how he first saw Gladstone. The old Bishop of Norwich, having been very much pleased with some of his son's performances, said that as a reward he would take him to visit William Gladstone, the most extraordinary schoolboy who had ever been seen." They went to the house where he was, and Arthur Stanley was sent out into the garden to make acquaintance with the prodigy, who was said to be sitting in a summer-house at the end of a walk. He went, and having arrived at the summer-house, saw Gladstone reading a book.

As Stanley entered, Gladstone looked up and said, with great vehemence, "Little boy, little boy, have you read Gray?" Stanley, much startled, faltered out that he had not read Gray; to which the other, with increased intensity of manner, replied: "Then, you *must* read Gray."

Green also mentioned in the course of dinner that the Archbishop of Canterbury had said to him, "I began life by being fined for brawling, and the man who fined me was Robert Lowe. There had been an attempted secession from the Union, at Oxford, and everything turned upon getting possession of the books. I tried to seize them, but failed, and Lowe, who was president, fined me a sovereign."

24. I ran down to Oxford with Henry Smith, on the afternoon of the 22nd, and remained with his sister and him till this morning. After dinner, on Saturday, we went to Trinity, the gardens of which were lighted up in honour of Cardinal Newman, who was staying with Dr. Percival. He is rather bent and shrunk since I last saw him, but otherwise little changed. We talked chiefly about Emly and the Cravens.

Yesterday morning I went with Miss Smith

and the great Greek scholar, Jebb, whom I met for the first time, to the church of St. Aloysius, which was crowded, and there, at High Mass, Newman preached. It was the first time that voice had been heard in or near Oxford since the memorable 25th of September 1843, when he preached at Littlemore the sermon called "The Parting of Friends," which, although little more than a cento of passages from the Bible, will, as Henry Smith very truly said at York House last year, certainly be read a hundred years hence. The sermon of yesterday had here and there a Newmanic touch, but nothing at all comparable to the wonderful passage—

"A lesson surely, and a warning to us all, in every place where He puts His name, to the end of time; lest we be cold towards His gifts, or unbelieving towards His word, or jealous of His workings, or heartless towards His mercies. . . . O mother of saints! O school of the wise! O nurse of the heroic! Of whom went forth, in whom have dwelt, memorable names of old, to spread truth abroad, or to cherish and illustrate it at home! O thou, from whom surrounding nations lit their lamps! O virgin of Israel! Wherefore dost thou now sit on the ground and keep silence, like one of the foolish women who were without oil on the coming of the Bridegroom? Where is

now the ruler in Zion, and the doctor in the Temple, and the ascetic on Carmel, and the herald in the wilderness, and the preacher in the market place? Where are thy 'effectual fervent prayers,' offered in secret, and thy alms and good works coming up as a memorial before God? How is it, O once holy place, that 'the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted, the new wine is dryed up, the oil languisheth, . . . because joy is withered away from the sons of men?' 'Alas for the day! How do the beasts groan! The herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture, yea the flocks of sheep are made desolate.' 'Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down; Sharon is like a wilderness, and Bashan and Carmel shake off their fruits.' O my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thy arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have 'a mis-carrying womb and dry breasts,' to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee, and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence;—at best, thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and

vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them 'stand all the day idle,' as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them begone where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. 'And what wilt thou do in the end thereof.'" . . .

There was no allusion to-day to his personal history, and he mastered his emotion sufficiently to speak with great calmness.

Jowett once described his manner by saying that he was "like a mouse in the pulpit."

In the afternoon I strolled with Henry Smith in Magdalen Walks. We spoke of the elections, and I mentioned the pamphlet which had appeared in Edinburgh, on the outside of which you read the "Political Achievements of the Earl of Dalkeith," and in the inside of which you found only white paper. "That reminds me," he said, "of the lines of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams about Pulteney."

He also mentioned, in the course of the day, that Dr. Child, who used to be our neighbour when we lived at Hampden, had, although a Conservative, given to the late Parliament quite the best name which I have yet heard for it. He called it "The

Dog's-nose Parliament"—"Dog's nose" being a diabolical mixture of beer and gin, my only other association with which is that one day, when I was staying at Newnham Paddox, in February 1853, I rode over with poor Charles Kingsley to Coventry. It was very cold, and at some inn, which we passed, he stopped and said, "I am reduced to the base necessity of 'Dog's nose.'"

We dined at Balliol high table. Amongst others present was Mr. Matthews, a Birmingham solicitor, much connected with Chamberlain, and one of the greatest Alpine climbers of his day. In the course of dinner, he told a story of the chairman of some gathering in Coventry, who, anxious to keep the speeches short, and desirous of setting a good example, remarked, after a speech not much longer than he meant the others to be, "'And now,' as Lady Godiva observed, when she was nearing the end of her ride, 'I approach my clothes.'"

29. The Breakfast Club met at the house of Venables. He mentioned that, years ago, Lord Clyde and some one connected with the Court had received the Bath at the same moment. "Kings," it was happily said, "with their armies did flee and were

discomfited, and they of the household divided the spoil."

Lord Lansdowne had brought some mangoes, which we ate solemnly, the first ripe ones I ever saw. Oddly enough, within the next few days we received two presents of mangoes, from Mr. Aston, with whom I stayed at Surat, and Lady Agnes Daniell, with whom I stayed at Mahabuleshwur.

I dined to-night with Lord Kimberley at the official dinner in honour of the Queen's Birthday. Among the guests who were present were Colonel O'Brien, the head of the Police in the Mauritius, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the well-known Australian politician. Many years ago, when Duffy was "wanted" for sedition, or something worse, in Ireland, O'Brien was ordered to pursue and seize him, but they met to-night for the first time.

June

2. Lubbock, who has been elected for the London University, dined with my wife and myself at Queen Anne's Mansions, whither she came yesterday, being sufficiently recovered to leave York House, where she

has been very ill. We had not all three occupied our rooms at Queen Anne's Mansions together since I started for Scotland on the 16th of March.

3. My wife read to me the passage in the *Purgatorio* where Dante sees Matilda, on the banks of the stream of which

> "Tutte l' acque che son di quà più monde
> Parrieno avere in sè mistura alcuna,
> Verso di quella che nulla nasconde;
> Avvegnache si muova bruna bruna
> Sotto l' ombra perpetua che mai
> Raggiar non lascia sole ivi, nè luna.
> Co' piè ristetti, e con gli occhi passai
> Di là dal fiumicel per ammirare
> La gran variazion de' freschi mai:
> E là m' apparve, sì com' egli appare
> Subitamente cosa che disvìa
> Per maraviglia tutt' altro pensare,
> Una donna soletta, che si gìa,
> Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
> Ond' era pinta tutta la sua via."

5. Dined with Léon Say, who has been here for a few weeks as French Ambassador, but is just going away to undertake the Presidency of the Senate.

7. My wife and I began to re-read the *Purgatorio* together. I dined to-day with the Literary Society. Some one—I think Venables—mentioned that after the Berlin Treaty there was a great celebration in a highly Conservative borough. Amongst other attractions was a large transparency in which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury stood together, with the motto "Peace with Honour" under them. An old woman came up to the sitting-member, and said: "If you please, sir, will you tell me which is Peace?"[1]

Later, at the House, I fell into conversation with Thorold Rogers. He told me that his brother, who is a clergyman, had come to see him shortly after he was elected for Southwark, along with Arthur Cohen, and had said, "Well, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you in Parliament. I did not in the least expect that you or your colleague would succeed; I thought your candidature would illustrate the text that 'neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision.'"

He went on to tell another story of the same brother, who, in examining a school, asked the boys what they knew about the Apostles generally? "They were a quarrelsome set, sir," said one boy. "What

[1] Peace was a murderer much talked about in those days.

can you possibly mean?" replied Mr. Rogers. "Indeed they were, sir, you will find it in the Bible." "Where?" said the astonished clergyman. "In the Acts of the Apostles, sir, do we not read that the 'lot fell upon Matthias?'"

9. I rode in the Row with Archibald Milman. He told me that the man who built his house had come to ask for a subscription to a church. Milman said, "I am surprised at your asking me for a subscription to a church; I fancied you were a nonconformist of some kind." The man explained that he merely wanted to build a church in order to let his houses. Milman said, "To what sect do you belong?" "I do not mind telling you," said the man; "I am a Horse Protestant." "What on earth is that?" replied Milman. "Why, I work like a horse all the week, and I never go to church on Sunday, but I hate the Pope and all his works," rejoined the other.

12. At the Breakfast Club this morning Reay mentioned that he had occasion once to take an oath at a British Consulate abroad, and on turning mechanically over the leaves of the book on which he had just been sworn, had seen, to his great amusement, that it was the *Divina Commedia*. "There is a great

deal of Scripture in *Dante*," said Frederick Pollock, "but not enough to swear by."

20. To see Miss Appleyard, who is in town for a day or two. She told me that she had possessed, till recently, all the letters which our common friend, Madame von Orlich, then Mary Mathew, had written in 1832 from the Casa Margherita, in which she had told all the earlier part of the story which, thirty-two years later, was given to the world in the *Récit d'une Sœur*, but that she had sent them back to the writer.

22. Breakfasted with Northbrook to talk Central Asia. Dined with Evans, M.P. for Derbyshire. His sister-in-law told me that she had known a French girl in London in 1871, who, reproached for not showing enough grief on account of the misfortunes of her country, remarked "Je fais mes pleurs le matin!"

23. The Tories are making a great deal of the little difficulties of the Government. Lady Marion Alford is reported to have said, "Gladstone must be a centipede, he puts his foot in it so often!"

24. Dined with the Arthur Russells, meeting the Perpignas, Oliphant, Tachard, and others.

25. Madame Blaze de Bury, whom I saw in Paris

twenty years ago, came to call on me at the Colonial Office. She described the Disraeli régime rather happily as "The reign of a mad Caliph."

26. The Breakfast Club met at Aberdare's. Amongst others present was Lowell, who enthusiastically praised the Finnish epic, the Kalevala, which he had read in a German translation, and with which he was so delighted that he bought a grammar and dictionary with a view to reading it in the original—a purpose which, however, he did not carry into effect.

He mentioned a story of a traveller asking a Breton, in French, "whether it was safe to cross certain sands?" "By all means," said the Breton. The wayfarer thanked him in his own language, whereupon he observed, "Oh, you speak Breton, do you; if that be so I think you had better *not* cross the sands." "A precisely parallel story is told in Wales," said our host, "of a man about to cross a river."

I dined with Charles Bowen. His wife was ill, and the party was too large for general conversation, but I was near Coleridge, who was as full of good stories as usual. Some I had heard him tell before, but others were new to me, and I subjoin one or two of them.

When some one spoke of a ritualist clergyman at Leicester "playing a trump card by bringing down Mackonochie," "That's all very well for him," said the Bishop, "but he plays the deuce with the Church."

We spoke of Merewether, and Coleridge mentioned that on one occasion the witty lawyer having been driven a considerable distance by a cabman who knew him, the man observed, "Rather a long shilling, Mr. Merewether, I think." "Well," said the other, taking it in his palm, "I should have said not; I should have said it was just about as broad as it's long."

He repeated too, a happy saying of Sir George Rose, the great punster, who, on a companion's remarking that the unfortunate men who were walking in front of the hearse at a great funeral, in very cold weather, "would certainly be frozen," replied, "Oh no, they won't; they would if they were liquids, but they are only mutes."

He stated, on the authority of Mr. Justice Gurney, who was personally aware of the circumstances, that two Irishmen, who were supposed to be rather important prisoners, having been captured by the military in 1798, one of them said to the officer in command that he could make very material revelations,

but that he dared not do so as long as his companion was alive, because if that companion by any chance escaped, his own life would not be worth a day's purchase. This difficulty was promptly removed and the prisoner observed, "Now, shoot me as soon as you please; I knew he'd peach."

30. For a few minutes to Westminster Abbey, where I observed the very striking lines by F. Beaumont, 1640, which Stanley has put up:—

> "Here's an acre sown, indeed,
> With the richest, royallest seed
> Which the earth did ere suck in
> Since the first man died for sin."

and the inscription on the tomb of the two Wesleys, "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work."

Not far from this is the wreath of autumn leaves from the Hudson, which Stanley brought back from America and placed on the monument of Major André.

July

1. Breakfasted with Mr. Gladstone—meeting, amongst others, Herbert Spencer, who talked much of

the varying qualities of sleep, and of the bodily frame being so much more rapidly restored by some kinds of sleep than others.

2. Bradlaugh took his seat and immediately voted for the issue of the Tewkesbury Writ. "Good God," said —— "he is voting for corruption, just like a Christian!"

3. The Breakfast Club met at Lacaita's — the Prince of Teano being present as a guest. Aberdare mentioned that when the frescoes for the Houses of Parliament were being discussed, he wrote to protest against the subjects selected from the life of Raleigh, being his landing in Virginia, and his offering his cloak to Queen Elizabeth. He objected to the first, because Raleigh never landed in Virginia, and to the second, because, whether it ever occurred or not, it was at best a trivial incident. He proposed instead that Raleigh should be represented as writing his great history in the Tower, with the assistance of Selden and Ben Jonson, while the second picture might be his being borne on the shoulders of his men into Cadiz, wounded, but foremost.

4. J. R. Green quoted an amusing phrase of Sir James Stephen's about the Sheriffs of London, who

together in law constitute but one sheriff. "It is," said Stephen, "a theological creature, a sort of binity."

Dined with the Dilettanti, to propose Jebb, who was unanimously elected.

6. Rode in the Row with Lord Granville. I told him the story of ——, which was noted under date of the 2nd inst., and he mentioned that a friend of his had been talking to her groom about her favourite pony. "Yes," said the man, "he is the cleverest little animal that ever lived. He never forgives nor forgets anything, just like a Christian."

8. A very long and interesting letter from Mrs. Strutt (see this Diary for September 1878). She is living at Zaraus, in Guipuzcoa, where she has taken refuge, to be out of the reach of the English Courts and able to bring up her son as a Catholic.

9. Dined with the Spencer Walpoles. She told a story of playing as a child in the gardens by Apsley House. The old Duke came out and the children stood in a row while he passed. He stopped and said to one of them, "You are a very nice little fellow; when you are old enough, I will give you a commission in the Guards." "But I am a *girl*, Mr. Dook," said the child.

13. For the first time to attend the meeting of the Scotch Education Department, of which I lately became a member.

16. I have noted under this date one or two strange American expressions, which Mrs. Henry Adams mentioned. I forget whether to-day, or at some earlier date, she said she had convulsed Dean Stanley and some other people, by replying, in perfect good faith, to the question, "Who seemed to have the best chance for the Presidency, when she left America?" "Well, I think General Sherman had the inside track." She told us, too, that you might quite easily hear a lady in America say of a dull neighbour at dinner, "He doesn't enthuse one cent."

17. The Breakfast Club met at York House—I taking down Arthur Russell, May, and Henry Cowper with whom I returned to London. Franqueville and Gavan Duffy were present as guests. I had some little doubt whether, under our rules, I could ask the latter, but it was carried by acclamation that a man who had been three parts a rebel and a whole colonist might count as a foreigner.

19. Dined with Morier at the Pall Mall restaurant. "Never," said our host, "were so many eggs in one

basket," and it was true enough. We had Dilke, Mallet, Oliphant, Lord Derby, Froude, and I know not how many more, at a round table. You might have made three most delightful dinners out of the guests, but, of course, as it was, no one could talk except to his next neighbours.

24. With my wife, who is getting stronger, Adrian and Lubbock to the Zoological Gardens. As we looked at the great tortoise, the last-named said, "Fancy seeing an animal alive who might have come in with the Conqueror!" an exaggeration, of course, of the creature's age, but he may have seen several centuries.

25. With my old Balliol neighbour, Robert Hopkins, in the new house he has just built on the woody brow over his old one, which stood close to the banks of the little river that falls into the Thames at Pangbourne. He asked his gamekeeper, the other day, if he could get him some orchises? "I fear not, sir," replied the man, "I have not shot one since I came here."

In the afternoon we lingered long in the grounds and churchyard of Sulham, my admiration of which thirty years have in no way diminished.

31. To Farm Street to hear the great Dominican

humorist and orator, Father Burke, who preached a very long, but exceedingly striking, sermon upon Loyola. My wife went down to York House yesterday, with all the birds, who have become this summer, when she has been so much confined to her sofa, most important members of the family, and to-day we had the first party we have had at York House for many months,—amongst others, Mr. Webster of Edgehill, who came in for Aberdeen at the general Election, and Dr. Farquharson, who was returned at the same time for West Aberdeenshire.

August

3. Breakfasted at the Athenæum with Lubbock and the Bishop of Peterborough. The latter told us, when speaking of the tremendous floods in the Midlands, that he had seen the other day a two-masted barge sailing calmly over the field from which he, more lucky than some of his neighbours, had just removed his hay. I forget whether he said that it was he himself, or one of his brethren, who, as he was going about his diocese, asked the porter of a lunatic aslyum, how a chaplain, whom he had lately

appointed, was getting on. "Oh," said the man, "his preaching is most successful, the *hidiots henjoys* it partikler."

For the first time to listen to the debate in the House of Lords, from the steps of the Throne. The House was crowded, and the spectacle a very brilliant one. Thence I went to dine with the Hudson's Bay Company, at the City Club, and was introduced by Sir John Rose to Sir John Macdonald, the Prime Minister of the Dominion. He, like me, had been suffering under Cairns's speech. "I think," he said, "to use a Yankee phrase, that he might have hired a good deal of it out." Later in the evening, making a short speech about the recent annexation to the Dominion of all the possessions of the Crown in northern America, save Newfoundland, Macdonald said, "When we got that we thought ourselves some pumpkins."

6. The Irish are frantic about the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. "Bedad," said one of them, speaking of the House of Lords, "they'll pay for it, but what a good smoking-room the damned place will make for the House of Commons!"

10. The weather has become very hot. I rode with Northbrook and his daughter in the evening, but neither his horse nor Wild Hyacinth seemed able to do more than put one foot before the other.[1]

12. Herschell, the Solicitor-General, came down to dine and sleep last night. To-day he mentioned that he was once present at the assizes in Manchester, when a juryman asked to be excused from serving on a trial in which the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway was concerned, because he had a violent prejudice against that Company. The Judge observed that it was a strange objection, but did not overrule it, and the man went home, travelling by the Lancashire and Yorkshire. An accident took place, in which only one person was killed; that one person was the juryman.

The Burials Bill makes progress, much better progress than the Ground Game Bill. "How is that?" asks some one. "These fellows, on the other side," was the reply, "care much more about a live rabbit than a dead dissenter."

14. Breakfasted at the Athenæum with Lord

[1] Poor little beast. This was our last ride. Her unwonted lassitude was the beginning of an illness, and I never mounted her again. She had carried me for ten seasons in the Row.

Monck. "The Tories," he says, "declare that the present House of Commons is determined to destroy the three Rs—rent, rabbits, and religion."

John Morley, Dilke, Mundella and others came down to stay with us. Mundella had not been at York House since he dined with the Comte de Paris, the night of the declaration of war in 1870.

17. Dined with Hayward and others at the United Service, into which we of the Athenæum have been decanted for a fortnight. He mentioned that Cobden had said to him of old men, like Palmerston, "Their authority increases as their intellect declines." Chenery, the editor of the *Times*, mentioned that as late as 1845 Cobden had, in his presence, spoken most despondingly of the result of the anti-Corn Law agitation. "It will succeed," he said, "but it will take twenty years."

18. Thorold Rogers, Henry Smith, Lowell, and Miss Arnold Forster, who wrote the *Life of Déak*, to which I put a preface, came down to dine and sleep. Henry Smith told us that Ross, one of the Fellows of Wadham, had affected to be much annoyed because the old Warden had given a sermon which he had preached to some of the other Fellows, but not to him. He

complained to the Warden in the words of the brother of the Prodigal Son: "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment, and yet thou never gavest *me* a sermon that I might make merry with my friends."

I think it was Henry Smith, too, who said that "the country gentlemen were ever ready to fight *pro aris et focis*, but they translated those words, 'for their hares and foxes.'"

19. Lowell told this morning a story of an American who was fined for being drunk. When he had paid his money, he asked for a receipt, which was refused, as being quite unnecessary. Again he asked, and it was carefully explained to him that the amount he had paid was entered by the judge's clerk in the court books, and that he would never hear anything more about the matter. "Judge," said the man, "do you believe in a day of judgment?" "Yes," replied the judge, "we all believe in that." "Well," rejoined the other, "on that day it will be said to me, 'Jabez Smith, you got drunk;' 'Yes, Lord,' I will answer, 'and I paid my fine.' 'Where's your receipt?' it will be said; and do you think it reasonable, judge, under these circumstances and on such a day that I should be

obliged to lose my time by going down to hell to look for you and your clerk?"

It was this evening, in the House of Commons, that Mr. Biddell made, to the great amusement of Arthur Peel and myself, who were sitting together, the remarkable statement—"No honourable landlord will eat up his tenant, without consideration."

22. Lord Monck, Sir Julian Pauncefote, Assistant Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, and others are spending the Sunday with us. Lord Monck, who was long Governor of Canada and afterwards of the Dominion, told us that Papineau, who had a great dislike to the Speaker, the son of a man who had been at the head of a great prison in Canada, began a speech one day with these words, "When I, sir, was a rebel and you were in the penitentiary."

Pauncefote mentioned that Lord Chelmsford and another very old judge met Rothery, the wreck-receiver, one day in the street, and Lord Chelmsford said to him, "Are you going to sit *on us?*"

Sir Henry James, who dined at York House, told us that Bright, at some entertainment, had pointed to the rich dress of the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce), and said, "Purple and fine linen, my lord! purple and

fine linen!" "Nay," was the answer, "when I am likely to meet Mr. John Bright, my first thought is that the Church should be *in violet*."

Kinglake, who was present, pursuing the subject, mentioned to my wife that Macaulay had once said in his hearing, "I told the Bishop of Oxford a deliberate falsehood to-day, and I think I was quite right. You shall judge. I was quoting to him something I had read in a low paper, when he asked me the paper's name. I said I had forgotten, which was not true, but the name of the paper was *The Sly Sam*."

I wonder if I have anywhere noted the repartee attributed to Lady ——. The Bishop was very much interested in the subject of people's weights, and when it was being discussed on one occasion he said, "Well, I weigh exactly so much, as I step out of my bath in the morning." "With the soap off, Bishop?" was the ingenuous answer.[1]

25. The Gregs dined with us at York House, on the eve of their departure for a long series of visits, and she sang Heine's "Lorelei," which she first sang to us nearly nine years ago, sailing round the Isola

[1] I learnt in 1889 that this story was perfectly true; but that the speaker did not perceive the bearing of her remark till she had made it.

Bella. We went on to talk of our many journeys together, and my wife repeated some of the lines from *The Siege of Corinth*, of which she is so fond, and which were so often on her lips in those days :—

"In the year since Jesus died for men,
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company,
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.
Oh ! but we went merrily !
We forded the river, and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still ;
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed ;
Whether we couched in our rough capote,
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow :
All our thoughts and words had scope.

We had health, and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds ;
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
And some, or I mis-say, of neither ;

Yet through the wide world might ye search,
Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.

But some are dead and some are gone,
And some are scatter'd and alone,
And some are rebels on the hills
That look along Epirus' valleys,
Where freedom still at moments rallies,
And pays in blood oppression's ills ;
And some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home ;
But never more, oh ! never we
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew cheerily !
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.
'Tis this that ever wakes my strain,
And oft, too oft, implores again
The few who may endure my lay,
To follow me so far away.
Stranger—wilt thou follow now,
And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow ?"

26 *and* 27. Another Irish night in the House of Commons, like that of 1877. I left the House at

half-past one A.M. on the 27th, and returned to it at a quarter to eight A.M., remaining there till a quarter to one P.M., when the incident ended, and I went to the Colonial Office, to return to the House for another long, so-called morning sitting, and again at night.

28. Dined at the United Service with Hayward and Emly. The former quoted a saying of Nesselrode's, "Il n'y a rien si bête comme un vieux militaire," and went on to illustrate it from his own experience.

29. My wife was away looking after her mother, who was ill, but various members of Parliament, who have survived this fearful Session, spent the day with me. It was a hot, sleepy afternoon, when a walk was out of the question, and Osborne Morgan, Stuart Rendel, Playfair, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry James, Mr. Lucas of the Colonial Office, Lady Harcourt, Miss Bellairs, Clara, Victoria, Adrian, "Flora" the collie, and the kitten regnant, but not I think "Guard," who is usually my shadow, all gathered under the great horse-chestnut, which is on the left of the house, as you look towards the river, for the greater part of the afternoon.

31. I gained this morning a new association for Algiers, by observing in the copy of Newman's verses

given me by Coleridge that the lines which have remained in my memory ever since I first read them, in the *Lyra Apostolica* some five and thirty years ago, were written off that place:—

"Bide thou thy time!
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime,
Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's jest,
Smiling and self-possest.
O thou to whom is pledged a victor's sway,
Bide thou the victor's day!"

September

1. To the National Gallery, the last of a long series of short visits, in which I have gone through, I think, all the Turner drawings and every picture.

I asked myself, after this systematic review of many old and some new friends, what ten pictures I would most desire to possess and habitually live with? I replied, the "St. Jerome in his Study," attributed hesitatingly to Bellini;[1] the three great Turner landscapes, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," the "Bay of

[1] Since settled to be by Catena. An admirable copy of it hangs now over my library chimneypiece in London.—1897.

Baiae," and "Caligula's Palace;" Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne;" Francia's two pictures, forming one altar-piece, which I would place in my chapel; Raphael's "Vision of a Knight;" Raphael's "St. Catherine;" and, in a very different order of art, Landseer's "Two Spaniels."

Some one talking about the Whitebait dinner, which I was unable to attend, quoted a toast, more appropriate than decorous, which had been proposed at the corresponding Opposition dinner, when the Melbourne Government was going to pieces: "May they continue their flounders, may we get their plaices, and God damn their soles."

7. The Prorogation at last. We have had no such Session since 1871, and that, though bad enough in all conscience, was not equal to this. I have been on the strain ever since I returned from Germany last year. First came the last months of the Session of 1879, made wearier by the frightful weather; then my campaign in the north, at the time of the Morayshire election; next my wife's long illness, followed by much more illness in our household; next my Foreign Policy pamphlet, Afghan pamphlet, Wakefield, Aberdeen, and other speeches brought me up to the Session,

which began in February this year. Next followed my Northallerton speech. Then came the Dissolution and a contested election; then Office and the new Session.

I have done this time, what I wish I had done when I went to the India Office,—that is, made a note of all the new people of any interest, whom my office has brought me across, and already count twenty-seven. I exclude all those with whom I was acquainted, however slightly, before.

8. I walked in the afternoon with Evelyn, across Richmond Park, to call on Professor Owen, who arrived just as we did, coming down from London, where he is engaged in transferring his collection to its new home at South Kensington, and is very happy over a fossil monster from Queensland, who had no less than nine horns upon his tail. He mentioned incidentally that Lockhart had told him that Sir Walter Scott had frequently been a guest in the little dining-room of Sheen Lodge, then inhabited by the present Adam's grandfather, "the Prince's Adam."

Augustus Craven came to dine and sleep at York House. I put an autograph letter of Alexandrine de La Ferronays' into his hand, and he fell to talking of

the time when it was written. He was wearing a small crystal seal, which had belonged to Eugénie, with *Amo*, *Spero*, *Credo*, cut on its three sides, and he mentioned that hopefulness was the prevailing character of her mind, in curious contrast to her less cheerful elder sister.

"Sa voix argentine,
Echo limpide et pur de son âme enfantine,
Musique de cette âme où tout semblait chanter,
Egayait jusqu' à l'air qui l'entendait monter."

9. I walked up and down in front of the house with Craven in the cool autumn morning. He told me that one day, towards the end of her life, Alexandrine came in while Mrs. Craven and he were sitting at breakfast, and said, "You know that family which I have been trying to help, who do you think it was who told the Sisters about them?" "Who?" they asked. "Monsieur de Lamennais." Struck by this, he went to see Lamennais, and told him that the person who had helped the family in which he was interested was Albert's widow. The tide of bygone thought swept back upon him, and the old man cried like a child. Craven asked him if he would like her to visit him? "Oh yes," he replied, "but she will

never climb up something like a hundred steps to visit me." Unhappily, the visit never took place. Her confessor—I fear Ravignan—prevented it.

15. On the 11th I went to stay with the Arthur Russells, who have bought the Ridgeway, near Shere in Surrey, which used to belong to Mr. and Mrs. Grote. On the morning of the 12th, Lord Arthur, Colonel Romilly, one of the Commissioners of Customs, and I, walked over to the Irvingite Church at Albury, arriving about the middle of the Communion service, which is taken chiefly from the Roman and Anglican rituals. They sang an English translation of the hymn *Adoro te devote latens Deitas.* The chant, when the incense was offered, was also striking. The building is in very poor Gothic; the congregation exceptionally well-to-do, members of the sect from all parts having settled in this neighbourhood. The service over, we walked up the Tillingbourne, among beautiful oaks, and then, passing through the great gates of the house, made our way to the terrace, which is certainly one of the finest things of its kind to be seen anywhere. It was laid out by Evelyn, as he himself tells us in his Diary on the same page on which he records his having procured for Oxford the

gift of the Arundel marbles, which had descended from Clarendon's Lord Arundel to Mr. Henry Howard, the then owner of Albury.

After luncheon I made a bootless expedition, with Harold and Flora, to look for *Cyperus fuscus*,[1] in its only known English station, but as we came back they showed me the American *Impatiens fulva*, which has naturalised itself on the Tillingbourne as well as on the Wey. Later I walked over with Lady Arthur to see Lord-Justice James at Hound House, so called, it is said, from a kennel of King John's having once stood on its site. The Lord-Justice showed me a laburnum, in the trunk of which there was a round hole. In the cavity to which this hole formed an entrance, a nuthatch had, a year or two ago, built its nest. Further up, the tree forked, and the rain, passing through the depression, seems to have found its way into the little creature's premises and teased it; but it was not to be baffled, and actually plastered up the whole of the fork of the tree, so as to have a water-tight roof!

On the morning of the 13th we went on to Holmbury, Frederick Leveson Gower's, which, on

[1] I found it fourteen years afterwards in Attica.

saw for the first time the Liberian coffee, which seems likely to have a considerable future. Thence we pursued our way, through lovely lanes, to Abinger, where we stayed to dine, and where Mrs. Farrer sang divinely.

On the 14th I returned to London, travelling up with John Holms, M.P. for Hackney, and one of the Lords of the Treasury. He told me that Bernal Osborne had once said to the present Duke of Wellington, "I cannot understand how it is that you, with your great interest in and knowledge of public affairs have taken so little part in them." "Ah," was the answer, "if you had sat so long under the shadow of a great tree, you would have been as colourless as I."

16. I went with my second boy, by appointment, to meet Professor Owen at the new Natural History Museum in South Kensington. He took us all over the building, explaining its arrangements, and it was pleasant to see the ideas, about which the old man had talked to me twenty years ago, translated into facts.

The minerals have been transferred from the British Museum, and are nearly completely set out in their new abode. Things are also far advanced in the botanical department, where we found Mr. Carruthers,

who showed us, amongst other treasures, Ray's herbarium, with some of the plants collected by him a couple of hundred years ago, and a Ceylon herbarium, of nearly as ancient a date, full of notes by Linnaeus.

19. My wife and I, taking Victoria with us, drove up to Pembroke Lodge. The morning had been wet, but the afternoon was bright, and the view from the terrace seen to great advantage. We talked of the description in the *Heart of Midlothian*:—

"They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on its bosom an hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

"The Duke of Argyle was, of course, familiar with this scene, but to a man of taste it must be always new. Yet, as he paused and looked on this inimitable landscape, with the feeling of delight which it must give to the bosom of every admirer of nature, his thoughts naturally reverted to

his own more grand, and scarce less beautiful, domains of Inverary. 'This is a fine scene,' he said to his companion, curious, perhaps, to draw out her sentiments; 'we have nothing like it in Scotland.'

"'It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here,' replied Jeanie, 'but I like just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a' thae muckle trees.'"

"Walter Scott knew his countrywomen," said my wife. "Our Scotch nurse said to me, when we were going up the Rhine in 1865, 'Loch Lomond is much prettier.'"

October

7. On the afternoon of 20th September Sir John Lubbock, my wife, Clara, and I, left York House in our own carriage, and, sending the servants on by rail, drove to and slept at Maidenhead. On the 21st we pushed on to Wycombe, and spent some pleasant hours amongst our old haunts on the Chiltern Hills, so often referred to in this Diary, from 1871 to 1875.

On the 22nd we visited, in the High Street of Thame, the house in which, according to tradition,

Hampden died, and saw also the school in which he was educated. On the outer walls of this last, a picturesque building, dating from the time of Mary Tudor, the graceful *Linaria purpurea*, which is not a British species, but apt to naturalise itself in such localities, was growing in some abundance.

In Oxford we saw various friends, but my time was chiefly divided between giving Clara some notion of the place and a re-survey of the Botanic Garden, most of which we went over with Professor Lawson, who showed us all his favourites.

I mentioned to him that I had lately seen some plants which had been gathered by Ray. "I could show you," said he, "some which are still older—plants which were collected by Morison, the first Professor here, who was physician to Charles I."

From Oxford we drove by Woodstock to Great Tew, which I had wished to see for more than a quarter of a century, and found, to my surprise, sufficiently beautiful to deserve a visit, even if it had no associations. The old gateway on the public road, covered, when we saw it, with the Virginian creeper, and the green walk which leads thence to the church, are, as far as I know, unique. A modern house,

inhabited by Mr. Boulton, a member of our Metaphysical Society, has replaced the "college in a purer air," in which Falkland gathered so many men, who, to use the happy phrase of Balthasar Gracian, "were worthy of a better century."

There came back to my mind the stately passage in Dr. Arnold's lectures, delivered at Oxford in 1841 :—

"I have tried to analyse the popular party : I must now endeavour to do the same with the party opposed to it. Of course, an antipopular party varies exceedingly at different times ; when it is in the ascendant, its vilest elements are sure to be uppermost : fair and moderate men, just men, wise men, noble-minded men, then refuse to take part with it. But when it is humbled, and the opposite side begins to imitate its practices, then again many of the best and noblest spirits return to it, and share its defeat, though they abhorred its victory. We must distinguish therefore very widely between the antipopular party in 1640, before the 'Long Parliament' met, and the same party a few years, or even a few months, afterwards. Now, taking the best specimens of this party in its best state, we can scarcely admire them too highly. A man who leaves the popular cause when it is triumphant and joins the party opposed to it, without really changing his principles and becoming a renegade, is

one of the noblest characters in history. He may not have the clearest judgment. or the firmest wisdom; he may have been mistaken; but, as far as he is concerned personally, we cannot but admire him. But such a man changes his party not to conquer but to die. He does not allow the caresses of his new friends to make him forget that he is a sojourner with them and not a citizen: his old friends may have used him ill, they may be dealing unjustly and cruelly: still their faults, though they may have driven him into exile, cannot banish from his mind the consciousness that with them is his true home: that their cause is habitually just and habitually the weaker, although now bewildered and led astray by an unwonted gleam of success. He protests so strongly against their evil that he chooses to die by their hands rather than in their company; but die he must, for there is no place left on earth where his sympathies can breathe freely; he is obliged to leave the country of his affections, and life elsewhere is intolerable. This man is no renegade, no apostate, but the purest of martyrs: for what testimony to truth can be so pure as that which is given uncheered by any sympathy; given not against enemies, amidst applauding friends, but against friends, amidst unpitying or half-rejoicing enemies. And such a martyr was Falkland!"

After sleeping at Chipping Norton we drove to Stratford-on-Avon, stopping as we passed at the Rolwright stones, which we visited in 1874, and

which Bede calls "the second wonder of England." At Stratford we saw, or re-saw, the Shakespeare relics, which made, as my wife truly said, "the great poet, if possible, even more of a shadow and a mystery to us than he was before we did so."

Henry Smith joined us and remained over the Sunday.

Walking near Anne Hathaway's cottage, he told me that Waddington, great scholar as he was, when in the sixth at Rugby, had made himself famous by construing:

"Quisquis honor tumuli quicquid solamen humandi
Largior."

"Whatever honour may be connected with the tomb, whatever consolation with burial, *is too good for him!*"

At Worcester, which was our next halt, Lubbock and I heard part of the evening service in the Cathedral, so beautiful within, although so far from interesting without. We did not, however, linger in Worcester, but went on to Malvern, where we remained for a day, and where I paid a long visit to Lady Temple, whose society, from the time that I made her acquaintance as we ran down the Straits of Otranto, till I left her beautiful home at Belvidere,

was the pleasantest of all the pleasant features of my Indian journey. She talked much of Davos, where her health, still very delicate, has obliged her of late to spend much time.

From Malvern we went to Ludlow, where we saw the castle, which is connected with the history of the Welsh and English Marches, by the deeds of many captains famous in their day, and with the more general history of the world by the fact that Milton's *Comus* was first acted within its walls.

Amongst the attractions of Ludlow are an exceptionally beautiful church, a good local museum, and an inn, "The Feathers," which is extremely picturesque and quite worth the visit of a sight-seer.

From Ludlow we passed to Wenlock, where we found the Gaskells, who are spending the autumn at Wenlock Abbey, an old Cistercian house, an offshoot of *La Charité*, the great monastery which once stood not many miles from Cosne, in the Nivernais, through which I passed in the autumn of 1875. The church of Wenlock Abbey is in ruins, but many of the conventual buildings are in excellent preservation, and are the ordinary living rooms of the family, forming a

most interesting and picturesque residence, standing, in relation to Mr. Gaskell's other house of Thornes, which I visited last January, pretty much as poetry does to prose.

From Wenlock Abbey we advanced to Shrewsbury, where Lubbock and I gave a day to the ruins of Uriconium (Wroxeter), and to a long botanical hunt with Mr. Phillips, a local botanist, in the course of which I found, for the first time, the Marsh fern, *Aspidium thelypteris*, on the shores of the Upper Berrington Pool, but did not, alas! find *Scheuzeria palustris* in the station where Mr. Phillips had previously gathered it on the banks of Beaumere.

Saturday, 2nd of October, was wet and stormy, so instead of posting to Llangollen, we went thither by rail, taking the carriage along with us. In the afternoon it was clear, though very cold, and we visited Valle Crucis Abbey, which stands hard by the gorge—

"Where the clean watered Dee his woodland chime
Steers with sweet skill from rich Edeirion,
Leaving on shady rock and mountain bending
Shreds of faint echo waked in his descending."[1]

On the 4th we left Llangollen, and, driving

[1] Faber.

through Sir Watkin's spacious park, passed Wynnstay, a building which seems to have been raised to reconcile the traveller to that portion of the tenth commandment which refers to houses. Parts of the grounds, however, are pleasant, and were made pleasanter to me by finding *Dipsacus pilosus*.

From Wynnstay we went on to Chirk, the late owner of which, Colonel Myddleton Biddulph, sat long with me in Parliament. The Castle dates from Edward I., and is certainly one of the finest things of its kind in England, a middle-age fortress turned into what appears to be a very commodious modern house, without losing its picturesque character.

The 5th was a frightful day, a great contrast to the weather we had during the greater part of our tour, which, although often dull and misty, nearly always permitted the carriage to be open. In spite, however, of the rage of the elements, Lubbock and I did a good deal of walking, finding *Alisma ranunculoides* on Whitmere, and, to my profound satisfaction, the lovely *Andromeda polifolia* still in flower on Welshhampton Moss, an achievement of which, under the desperate circumstances, we thought Perseus himself might have been proud, for his Andromeda was chained to a rock,

guarded by only one dragon, while ours was chained to a treacherous morass, which contained many dragons in the shape of deep moss pools.

From Cheshire we returned by rail to York House.

9. I drove thence with Lubbock to the Herbarium at Kew, which I had not seen since the great addition which has made it the best building, I suppose, of its kind in the world. We arrived just as Hooker, Grant of the Nile, and Balfour, the Professor of Botany at Glasgow, were engaged in looking over a number of plants, which a young Scotchman, Mr. Thompson, who went out with Keith Johnston, has just brought back from the Lake region of Equatorial Africa. Most of them, Hooker thought, would turn out new to science. Professor Balfour has lately been in Socotra, whence he brought the plant which produces the Dragon's blood, not the same as, though near to, the Dragon tree (which we know so well in Algiers), as well as the plant which produces the aloes of medicine, not it appears, after all the so-called *Aloe Socotrina*.

I left York House early on the morning of the 12th, and, crossing the Channel, spent the evening at Paris, with the Cravens, who have now moved into

the apartments in the *Rue Barbet de Jouy*, which I used to know as Taine's. She gave me a very amusing letter of Alexandrine's to Montalembert, in which she scolds him for his habit of giving "coups de patte" to "ce pauvre maison de Bourbon, dont du reste je me soucie fort peu."

The next day I pursued my journey to Metz, whence I passed by Saarbrück and the scenes of the commencement of the war of 1870, to the water-parting which separates the streams which flow into the Moselle from those which go direct to the Rhine, and descended the pretty valley of the Nahe, which I saw, unhappily, only by a rather cloudy moonlight.

I spent the night of the 14th at Kreuznach, and re-read the pages of the *Récit* which were written there. After walking round the town and the Baths early on the 15th, I sat long on the esplanade, in front of the old castle, which rises over the valley. It was a lovely morning, and the mulberry leaves, which formed the roof of the arbour in which I sat, dropped, one by one, through the clear autumn air. It came into my mind that the only fact which I knew in the history of the place, save that which had brought me thither, was that it had been stormed by Gustavus in 1632, the

Lord Craven of that day, the lover of the Queen of Bohemia, leading the English volunteers to the assault. "Que d'enthousiasmes et tous sincères!"

From Kreuznach I passed to Frankfort, where I saw, or re-saw, some of the sights, and spent some time in the house in which Goethe was born.

On the 16th I went to my sister's at Weimar, and passed five most interesting days. The autumn tints were in their glory, and the Park was almost as beautiful as it was when I was last there in the flush of the early summer. On the 18th I went over, with my eldest nephew, to Jena, to call on Haeckel with a letter from Lubbock, but he was not at home. We were more fortunate, however, in the case of Hase, whose acquaintance I had made in 1862, and whom I found hale and strong, although he had lately celebrated the jubilee of his professorship. Like Renan and like Castelar, two men very unlike him and each other, he has dealt, and dealt successfully, with St. Francis of Assisi. He goes, I believe, every year, or almost every year, to Italy, a habit which has done much to widen his horizon and make him more a man of the world than most professors of theology.

On the 19th I was allowed to see the Goethe

Haus, a privilege which my sister had obtained for me, but which had been, I found, only accorded after an amount of negotiation which might have settled, if not the Eastern, at least most Western questions, the eccentric grandsons of the poet having a craze for shutting it up. The rooms remain pretty much in the state in which they are described in Lewes's book, so I do not transcribe my notes. Not the least touching memorial was the unfinished piece of worsted work on which Ottilie was engaged, as she sat with her father-in-law on the day of which Carlyle has said: "In the obituary of these days stands one article of quite peculiar import; the time, the place, the particulars of which will have to be often repeated and re-written, and continue in remembrance many centuries: this, namely, that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe died at Weimar on the 22nd March 1832. It was about eleven in the morning: 'He expired,' says the record, 'without any apparent suffering, having, a few minutes previously, called for paper for the purpose of writing, and expressed his delight at the arrival of spring!' A beautiful death; like that of a soldier found faithful at his post, and in the cold hand his arms still grasped! The poet's last words are a

greeting of the new awakened Earth; his last movement is to work at his appointed task. Beautiful; what we might call a classic, sacred death; if it were not rather an Elijah translation,—in a chariot, not of fire and terror, but of hope and soft vernal sunbeams. It was at Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the 28th August 1749, that this man entered the world: and now, gently welcoming the birthday of his eighty-second spring, he closes his eyes, and takes farewell."[1]

In the afternoon my sister and I had occasion to see Mr. Keil, the principal lawyer of Weimar. After our business was over she led the conversation to Goethe, and Mr. Keil immediately offered to show us his collection, which is extraordinarily interesting. Amongst other treasures he showed us Karl August's first letter to Goethe; a letter from Thusnelda to the Frau Rath, together with her reply in verse; a piece of work, sent to Goethe by his sister Cornelia when he went to Leipsic; his Reisetasche, devised by himself; a china cup sent to the Frau Rath by Queen Louise; a leaf of the crown of laurel which was round his brow when he lay in state, and a lock of his white hair, cut off by the carpenter who made

[1] *Death of Goethe*—Carlyle.

his coffin; the desk at which the *Iphigenia* was written in the garden-house; his penknife; his Carlsbad Becher, and several sketches by him. Then there were numbers of poems in his own hand, about one hundred and thirty, I think; amongst others the famous epilogue to Schiller's "Glocke," as first written, ten verses on ten separate pieces of paper, in which the lines occur:—

"Denn er war unser! mag das stolze Wort,
Den lauten Schmertz gewaltig übertönen,
Nach wilden Sturm zum Dauernden gewöhnen,
Indessen schritt sein Geist gewaltig fort
In's Ewige des Wahren, Guten, Schönen,
Und hinter ihm in wesenlosen Scheine
Lag was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine!"

There were also among the autographs, "Wie herrlich leuchtet mir die Natur;" "Der Du von Himmel bist," written when he was wearied with the life Karl August was leading; "the Erl König;" "Das Wasser rauscht;" "Füllest wieder Busch und Thal," with very much else.

We spent the evening with the Hereditary Prince and Princess, the Grand Duke not being at home.

From Weimar I returned, on the 21st, to Frank-

fort, and went on next morning to Wiesbaden, where I spent two very interesting days with the Crown Prince and Princess, talking over many things.

Amongst new acquaintances I note Prince Henry of Prussia, who was with his family, just returned from his long cruise round the world, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, the Countess Pauline von Kalkreuth, now attached to the Crown Princess, and her father, the painter. Count Seckendorff introduced me to his relative Baron von Ompteda, who has been writing about England. He told me that the extraordinary adventurer, the Duke of Rippérda, as he is usually called, was really Ripperdá, belonging to a family settled close to his own.

To Baron Ompteda, too, I owe a *memento mori*. On one of my walks with the Crown Prince and Princess we fell in with the Princess Thurm and Taxis. I alluded to this in talking to Ompteda, who is her brother-in-law. "Ah!" he said, "it was you who were walking with them, she told me that they were accompanied by an elderly gentleman." I smiled, and he replied, "Yes, but I have the advantage of you; I have looked you up, and you are a year younger than me. I was born in 1828."

While at Wiesbaden I heard a story which must not be lost. Old Prince Karl of Prussia was crossing the stage with a theatre director, not distinguished for tact or grammar. Some one concealed in the roof shouted, "Ochs." The theatre director stopped, and turning to his august companion observed, "Königliche Hoheit, er meint mir."

On the afternoon of Sunday I took my leave, and, passing by the Johannisberg and near the Steinberg vineyards, ran down to Ems, where I spent the night. The vines were all dressed in their *vestes xerampelinae*, and there was the faintest sprinkling of snow along the upper parts of the left bank of the Rhine, which I never saw looking so beautiful.

On the 25th I went to Brussels, glancing at the now completed cathedral of Cologne as I passed, and on the 26th I reached home, crossing the Channel with old Sir Harry Verney, who had been visiting Vienna, oddly enough for the first time, for he said to me, "I suppose I am the only person now living who can say that he was appointed to a diplomatic post in Germany by Canning sixty-one years ago."

November

7. An Asiatic Sunday. Mallet, Rutson, Delmar Morgan, who has just returned from Kuldja, and Evelyn Baring, who is about to start for Calcutta, to take the place of Sir John Strachey as Financial Member of Council, were with us, and we beat over many subjects. Evelyn Baring, who has lately been acting with M. de Blignières as joint controller of Egyptian finance, gives a very reassuring account of the state of things at Cairo. Delmar Morgan says that he found Kaufmann and his *entourage* quite as fully persuaded that the Chinese army, which is supposed to be advancing against Kuldja, is accompanied by English officers, as our alarmists are of the presence of Russian officers in the camp of Ayub Khan.

10. I told Miss Rüge, who is staying with us, the story of the theatre director, mentioned above, and the conversation passing from the confusion of *mich* and *mir* to grammatical mistakes generally, she told me that old Field-Marshal Wrangel having on one occasion been asked to four balls, and desiring

to be very civil, replied, "Ich komm auf allen Vieren."[1]

She also sings Heine's *Beiden Grenadiere*. The way in which the music of the *Marseillaise* is brought in at the end makes Schubert's setting of the song a political epigram.

20. Thiselton Dyer of Kew dined with us, and gave many curious, but very alarming, details about the progress of the *Phylloxera*.

He mentioned incidentally, too, that Newman still receives a small sum every year from the sale of the *Lyra Apostolica*. This he devotes to the purchase of books, which he gives, nominally to his old friend Keble, really to the library of the College which has been raised to Keble's memory, taking care to confine himself to such works as relate to doctrines held in common by the Roman and Anglican communions.

24. Chadwick, whom John Stuart Mill described as unique, got into the train at Mortlake and travelled with me up to London, addressing to me during the whole course of the journey an allocution, which might have been read as a paper at a social science

[1] On all fours.

congress, upon half-time schools. He used, however, one happy phrase in speaking of the falling-off of the sale of agricultural machines amongst the farmers, "an economy which economises the means of economy."

27. The *Times*, one day this week, announced the death of an old acquaintance. He was, it appears, about sixty-six; but we called him old when he was tutor of Balliol, thirty years ago. I have always felt much gratitude to him because he introduced me to Polybius. He was a very good, amiable, and by no means stupid man; I have heard him preach at least one quite excellent sermon. As a lecturer, however, especially upon divinity, he was sufficiently absurd. I remember being told by Wykeham Martin (who died so suddenly, in the library of the House of Commons, in the course of last Parliament), within a few minutes after the statement was made, that he had gravely remarked to the men who were attending one of his lectures, in 1850, "Deborah, that means a bee; you will find her name alluded to in another passage of Holy Scripture, 'sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb!'" It was not very often that he blossomed forth into such amusing folly as this,

but, although Balliol was the best college in Oxford, our mornings were sacrificed, to a great extent, to listening to matter not much more valuable.

December

12. George Brodrick lunched at York House, and he, Arthur, and I afterwards walked together. The conversation was chiefly about Ireland, and as we strolled in Richmond Park Brodrick quoted the striking words which Spencer puts into the mouth of "Irenaeus":—

"Marry, so there have been divers good plots devised, and wise counsels cast already about reformation of that realm; but they say it is the fatal destiny of that land that no purposes, whatsoever meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect; which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soil, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that He reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge which shall by her come into England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared."

14. My wife, whose youngest daughter was born on 11th November, being better, I went from York House to Knowsley, where I found Count Münster, Lord Calthrope, and others.

15. Drove with my hostess to Liverpool. She told me that she had lately explained to Darwin the state of her sight, which is very peculiar. "Ah! Lady Derby," said the great philosopher, "how I should like to dissect you!"

Lowe had asked him, some little time ago, on what he was engaged? "Chiefly at present upon Radicles," was the reply. "H'm," said the other, "I know something about *them*."

In the afternoon I walked with Lord Derby. As we passed through the portion of the park which adjoins the tower, built in a former generation, to watch the driving of the deer, he said to me, "This park is very new and very old. Much of it is quite modern, but the place in which we now are has been park ever since the fourteenth century; it has in fact, I think, never had the plough in it, nor is it likely ever to have it now, for, if it slipped out of the hands of my family, Liverpool people would cover it with villas."

On the 28th I returned from Knowsley, Edgehill, and Elgin to Downing Street, and dined that night with the Mays, meeting a regular colonial party, which had gathered to meet Sir Hercules Robinson and his

family, who were just starting for the Cape, his tenth government, and the biggest "fence," as he said to me, "which he had ever had to take."

Amongst others there were Alfred Denison, who was long at Sydney with his brother; Sir William Gregory, with whom I long sat in the House of Commons, and who was later Governor of Ceylon; Lord ——, who also once filled that office, was likewise there, and I smiled on remembering the incident, which some one—I think Hayward—told me lately, of his picking up the gold fish which had jumped out of the water on to Lady Molesworth's tablecloth, when Bernal Osborne said: "Well done, ——; the best way to catch one loose fish is obviously to set another to do it."

1881

January

1. LUBBOCK was staying with us when the year began, and was joined to-day by Henry Smith and others.

On the afternoon of the 2nd, Sir John Adye, Henry Smith, and I went up to see the pictures in a house on the terrace at Richmond, belonging to Mr. Cook, who bought the villa at Cintra, which is described in *Childe Harold*:—

"There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!

Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide :
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied ;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide."

Mr. Cook has turned that scene into a most beautiful garden, while here he has, by the help of a large expenditure and the advice of Mr. Robinson, who was long at South Kensington, succeeded in getting together a most wonderful collection.

9. Walked over from York House to call on Owen. My companion told me on the way a story of ——, who took office in the last Gladstone administration. After its fall he had been violently abusing its late chief, when some one said : "Oh ——, you should not abuse Gladstone so much after taking his shilling !" To which the other replied, "I never took his shilling ; it was only his sixpence !"[1]

11. Breakfasted at the Athenæum with Mr. Oscar Browning, who is working in the Record Office. He says that the Gallophobia about India, as shown by the letters to the Duke of Dorset from Lord Carmarthen

[1] He was second not first in his department.

in 1784, was quite as strong as the Russophobia of our own day.

12. At High Elms. Some one told me an anecdote, I think of Porson as a boy, who, having to write an essay on the question, "An Brutus, occiso Caesare, bene fecit aut male fecit?" had neglected his work, but got triumphantly out of the scrape by putting on paper, at the last moment, the words, "nec bene fecit, nec male fecit, sed interfecit."

13. Dined at the Athenæum with Butler Johnstone, with whom I have not exchanged a word for years, and who has been going through many strange adventures and phases since I saw him; doing as much, I suppose, as most other men, though quite involuntarily, to saw the plank on which the Sultan has long been sitting. We talked much of Ralph Earle; his joining the Roman Communion upon his deathbed, amongst other things. Ralph Earle, whose name frequently occurs in this Diary, and my sail with whom, in his caique, from Therapia to the Simplegades (*see* 1872), remains among my most poetical recollections, was one of the most interesting Englishmen I have known in public life. I was first introduced to him, in or about 1852, by his aunt, Mrs.

Caldwell, of Rome. At that time he was, I think, at or nearly at the head of Harrow. Thence he passed into the diplomatic service, under circumstances peculiarly creditable to himself and to the Foreign Secretary of the day. He left to become Private Secretary to Disraeli, who had completely fascinated his boyish imagination. Later he came into Parliament, for the ordinary work of which he had no turn whatever; but he was mixed up with all the Adullamite intrigues of 1866, and was made Secretary to the Poor Law Board when the Russell Government fell. The year after he quarrelled with Disraeli, under circumstances of which I heard an intelligible account this evening for the first time, and left the Government with Lord Salisbury and Lord Carnarvon. He then took to Financial Diplomacy, by which he made, in a few years, a considerable sum of money. Ralph Earle had statesmanlike abilities of a higher order than almost any man on his side of politics, but he was born in the wrong century; he ought to have been the Secretary, the confidential agent, and at length, perhaps, the successful rival of Alberoni.

16. Again at High Elms, where my wife has been staying. Talking of the want of young people in our

society she said to me to-day: "For goodness' sake ask some one who belongs, at least, to this geological period!"

Miss Lubbock remarked to Mr. Arthur Balfour, who was sitting between her and me, that she would like to hear Disraeli's conversation. "You needn't do that," he replied. "You have only to imagine a brazen mask talking his own novels."

In the afternoon we walked up to see Darwin. He has of late been studying earthworms, and said to Lubbock, "You antiquarians ought to have great respect for them; they have done more to preserve tessellated pavements than any other agency. I have ascertained, by careful examination, that the worms on a single acre of land bring up ten tons of dry earth to the surface in a year."

18. The worst day I ever saw in London, or anywhere else, except when I crossed the Cenis in December 1860. My wife, who was coming up to London from High Elms, was happily sent back by the station-master at Orpington, and only regained the house with great difficulty; the carriage being almost stopped in the deep wreaths of snow.

23. Aberdare and others at York House. He told

me a reply made by Sir Alexander Cockburn to Bass, the great brewer, who had said in conversation that if he could choose his death, he would prefer to be drowned. "No, no, Bass, 'Thou shalt not float upon thy watery bier.'"

He mentioned, also, that when the able but not eloquent Sir Charles Wood sat down, after making one of those Indian speeches which I knew too well, there was a cheer; and Cardwell said to Lowe, "Is that approbation or relief?" "Egypt was glad at their departing," was the reply.

24. Cardinal Manning came to see me at the Colonial Office, and told me that he had begun life as a clerk there.

25. Dined at the Athenæum with Lytton. He told me that he had talked to Disraeli about our common friend ——, whose strong point was hardly beauty. "I saw him once," said Lord Beaconsfield; "it was when we were living at Grosvenor Gate. When his card was brought up, I was extremely busy, and I said to Lady Beaconsfield, 'My dear, you must receive this gentleman for me.' I ought to tell you that Lady Beaconsfield was very fond of seeing remarkable people, and I said to her, 'My dear, I know

he is a remarkable man; I cannot tell you for what he is remarkable, but you may take it from me that he is remarkable.' Lady Beaconsfield tripped downstairs, and I was turning to my work when I heard a fall and a scream. I rushed down—Lady Beaconsfield had fainted. She thought she had seen Mokanna, the veiled prophet, without his veil!"

27. One comes across many interesting but few amusing things in the Colonial Office. To-day, however, I met with a story which did amuse me. The people of Virginia, in the reign of Queen Anne, petitioned the Government of the day to send them out a regular hierarchy, "for the safety of their immortal souls." "Oh! d—— your souls," replied the Minister; "grow tobacco!"

Dined at the Reays. Colonel Brackenbury told a story of Blanqui arriving at the gates of Paradise. There was a question about his being allowed to enter; but the revolutionist, catching sight of the level, golden highway, and seeing nothing in the shape of a causeway stone, said "S'il n'y a pas moyen de faire de barricades je n'entre pas," and went elsewhere.

28. Lord Monck mentioned to me, at the Athe-

næum this morning, that he found a tradition in Canada, when he was Governor-General there, that Lord Durham would never ask an officer of the Guards to dine, because the Guards only carried instead of presenting arms to him.

Sir Rowland Blennerhassett told me that Disraeli, having been asked what he thought of Mill in the House of Commons, said, "Oh!—a political finishing Governess!" He quoted also an amusing attack of Bismarck's upon Lasker, in which he said that he had nothing to do except "*herum zu disputiren;*" that, like the lilies of the field, he neither toiled, nor span, —adding, with reference to his careless dress, "*gekleidet ist er doch, ich werd' nicht sagen wie, aber doch gekleidet!*"

31. This afternoon began the struggle which, prolonged to the morning of 2nd February, ended in the interposition of the Speaker and the reading of the Coercion Bill for the first time. I will not dwell upon a scene which will be sufficiently described for other generations by many contemporary pens, but may mention a characteristic incident which will not probably be elsewhere noted. When things were at their dullest and deadliest, Stuart Rendel heard a man,

as he rolled off his seat in the extremity of weariness, say, "And to think that I should have paid £7000 for this!"

I may mention, too, a good saying of Thorold Rogers's, that "the event should be commemorated by a statue of brass with the Irish obstructors for the raw material."

February

3. The scene of yesterday had its sequel to-night in the suspension of over thirty Irish Members. Some one said to me, "There has been nothing like it since Pride's Purge;" to which I replied, "No, and this will be known in history as Contempt's Purge."

5. A large gathering at York House; amongst others, Forster, with his wife and daughter, also Lord Dalhousie, who has taken charge of the Home Office business in the House of Lords, in the room of Lord Fife, who has resigned.

10. We have been having a frightful season, but now the snowdrops and winter aconites are just beginning to come up.

I was formally admitted to-day at the Royal Society, to which I was elected lately, under the clause which

enables it to elect Privy Councillors without the usual formalities. Spottiswoode was in the chair, behind the great mace, which has the same mystic signification there as in the House of Commons.

I dined at the Admiralty with Northbrook, and had much talk about Afghanistan. He called my attention to a portrait of Pepys. It is a rather powerful face, and, in truth, although he is known to posterity chiefly by his absurdities, he was in his day an extremely useful public servant.

12. The Breakfast Club met at May's, a large party, as usually at that house — the Speaker, the German Ambassador, the American and, I think, also the Dutch Minister, being present as guests. The conversation turned, at our end of the table, upon Carlyle, and Venables mentioned that in the earlier days of the 1833 movement some one had spoken of the great number of new churches which were being built, as a sign of the reviving influence of the Church. "I doubt that," said Carlyle; "when I was a young man we used always to observe that if a farmer came to Dumfries market in a pair of new top-boots, he was sure to break shortly afterwards. I suspect the churches are only the top-boots."

Leveson Gower mentioned that he was at Chatsworth when the famous false report of Brougham's death came. Lady Jersey left the table and returned three times. There was also some talk about Mrs. Hardcastle's life of her father, which people have been reading much lately, and, apropos of his many foes, some one said, what is true enough, "Campbell has had the last word of all these people."

13. My youngest daughter, Lily Ermengarde Fanny, was christened to-day—Coleridge, Reay and others being present—in Twickenham Church.

14. There have been some questions asked in the House lately about the power of the Government to intercept correspondence, and Ashton Dilke is reported to have said, alluding to Fawcett, "What is the good of having a blind man at the Post-office, if he opens our letters?"

21. My fifty-second birthday. Hampden, aged six, brings me a nosegay and recites very prettily some German verses.

The Bishop of Peterborough, who dined and slept here last night, told me this morning a story of some clergyman who spoke in a sermon with infinite contempt of this "so-called nineteenth century." Speaking

of the late Bishop of Winchester last night, he said that "no one equalled him in furnishing his stories with a mane and tail."

24. Mr. Snagge told me this morning that some one, lecturing lately at the Royal Institution, had illustrated the distance of one of the stars in the constellation of the Swan by saying, "Let us suppose there was a railway to that star and that the fares were fixed, at what you will admit to be a moderate figure, viz., a penny per hundred miles. If you went to the terminus and offered the national debt in payment for a ticket, the clerk would have to say to you, 'I want a hundred millions more, please!'"

28. We had a number of people with us yesterday, with some of whom I went over to Kew in the afternoon, and was attacked after dinner by a violent fit of rheumatism which confined me to bed all to-day. It was there I received the bad news from Majuba Hill.

March

11. A note from Miss Appleyard tells me that my old friend Madame von Orlich died last Tuesday, close to Genoa, of which she was very fond, and which I

saw for the first time a week or two before I met her and her husband in 1851. There came back to me Mrs. Browning's lines, so well representing my own first impressions of the place :—

"Genoa broke with day—
The Doria's long pale palace striking out
From green hills in advance of the white town
A marble finger dominant to ships
Seen glimmering through the uncertain gray of dawn."

Went down to Oxford to speak at the Palmerston Club. I sat by Lord Rosebery, who talked to me very enthusiastically about Scotland and the pleasure he felt in passing from the intellectual climate of Surrey to that which prevails on the other side of the Tweed.

13. I spent the day mainly with Henry Smith, with whom I am staying. He mentioned, on the authority of Miss Laffan, an Irish authoress, the characteristically Irish reply of the station-master at Limerick to Lord Gort, who arrived just too late for the express. "Shure, me Lord, the puncthuality of that train disthurbs the whole town of Limerick!"

I went to see Max Müller in the afternoon, and was presented to a yellow Dachshund, own brother to Geist,

"Whose liquid, melancholy eye,
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs,
Seem'd surging the Virgilian cry
The sense of tears in mortal things,"

has lately been made famous by his master, Mat Arnold.

Müller is full of two little Japanese Buddhist priests who are studying under him at Oxford. The more they learn, the wider they find the gulf between the real doctrines of Buddha and those in which they have been brought up. Müller asked them "if they would publish, in their own country, the translation of some early Buddhistic writings which they had made?" "Oh no!" they replied; "that would destroy our usefulness!" They have been long absent, and have years to pass in Ceylon and elsewhere before they get back. One of them is married, but the precepts of his religion do not permit him to love his wife, only to pity her: *Il y a de quoi!*

I mentioned to Thorold Rogers an absurd sentence which is quoted in the *Nineteenth Century* from the speech of some German socialist: "The chariots of revolution roll on gnashing their teeth as they go." "I have heard as good as that from a bishop," said he, "I once heard —— say in a sermon, 'Many persons,

have one eye on heaven, while with the other they are listening to the gossip of earth.'"

Aberdare mentioned to me at the Athenæum a story of some Irishman, who, meaning to be very hospitable, said to his friends in a speech: "I trust that if any of you comes within a mile of me, he will stay there a week."

21. I received a long letter from —— written under the first impression of the terrible news from St. Petersburg. There were two expressions in it which struck me very much. "What is the lesson to be learnt? Russia is a Sphinx and with a grim smile baffles all inquiry!" and, again, "These are serious and anxious times, and I own the sound of the knell is louder at this moment in my ears than the sound of the sweet marriage bells."

Lord Sligo mentioned to me this evening that he, being then Lord Altamont, and travelling with Orlich, was with Lord Ellenborough when he received the information that the Sutlej bridge had been swept away, the strange event to which I alluded in my Afghan speech of December 1878. He also told me that he had heard that eccentric ruler say, when addressing the troops, "that he would rather be an

ensign in a marching regiment than Govenor-General;" and that he had stuck to his text when he, Lord Sligo, spoke to him about it in private.

26. A large party at York House, among them Mrs. Procter. The crocuses are well nigh over; it is the week of the *Scilla Sibirica*. Venables told a story of driving with the late Bishop of Winchester and the Archbishop of York, shortly after the elevation of the latter. The Archbishop asked his Right Reverend Brother where he would like to be set down. "Oh," replied the other, "I am so accustomed to be set down that you may set me down anywhere!"

Bywater quoted a passage from a sermon of Burgon's against Darwin: "If they leave me my ancestors in Paradise, I am content to leave them theirs in the Zoological Gardens!"

There was a good deal of talk about Carlyle, and Mrs. Procter left with us the correspondence between him and her family, which she has printed in consequence of the "Reminiscences." Speaking of him, Venables said, "He had a stereoscopic imagination; he put everything before you in a solid shape."

29. Dined at the Athenæum with Kinglake and Bunbury. The former made us laugh by telling us

that he had once received a circular from a wine merchant, in which it was observed, with respect to some clarets: "Ils ont un bel avenir dans les bouteilles."

The latter mentioned that some friend of his having maintained that London was the best place to buy everything, some one present had said, "Well not everything; I wanted to buy an owl the other day, and of course I had to send to the country for that." "Had you?" replied the other; "come with me to Leadenhall market, to-morrow." They went, and the advocate of London, walking up to a stall, asked whether he could have an owl. "No, sir," replied the man, "not to-day, this is Wednesday. Tuesdays and Fridays are the days for owls!"

31. I had eleven questions to-day in the House—some of them being not single shots but chain shot—besides two of Parnell's, as to which I asked for notice.

April

I dined with the Literary Society, sitting next Houghton, who declared, with reference to the statue

that was lately found near Athens, that when the Demarch telegraphed to the Lord Mayor of London, "Phidias recovered," the latter replied, "Glad to hear it, but didn't know he had been ill," *Se non è vero, etc.*

More authentic was his statement that Carlyle, walking with him one day near Fryston, said, as a train rushed by, "There is the great God of Leeds going home;" and that when the Abbot of Monte Casino had expressed to him a hope that the English Government would not interfere with the college founded in honour of the ever blessed Trinity in Cambridge, and he had inquired the reason of the good father's peculiar solicitude, the latter had answered with a gesture of delight, "*Una tale birra!*"—the highest compliment, I suppose, that was ever paid to the Trinity audit ale.

6. Lunched with Tennyson, meeting Lansdowne, Mat Arnold's daughters, and many other people; among them Houghton, who told us that the night before Gladstone had said to him, "I haven't seen you for ages. I lead the life of a dog;" to which he had replied, "Yes, of a St. Bernard, the saviour of men."

7. Dined at the Athenæum with Hayward

and Kinglake. The former, when I repeated Houghton's *mot*, said, "One of Houghton's best things was his reply to the French Ambassador just after the annexation of Savoy and Nice." "Je vais prendre quelque chose," said that personage, entering the supper-room at an evening party. "C'est l'habitude de votre nation," answered Houghton.

10. Palm Sunday and the first fine day of the season. The hyacinths are in great beauty in front of York House, and the violets under the trees.

A large gathering, among them Mr. Lewis Morris, who wrote the *Epic of Hades*; Mr. Fitch, the Inspector of Schools, who has written one of the best books I know upon education; the Lionel Tennysons, etc.

15. Exactly a decade since our first party at Hampden. We have had altogether, if I reckon aright, 1281 visits from friends, who stayed one or more nights with us; 432 of these were at Hampden, 283 at Knebworth, and oddly enough just twice the last number, 566, here. Mr. Greg's, on Sunday, 16th April 1871, is the first, and Lord Kimberley's, on 14th April 1881, is the last name entered.

I left York House on the morning of 16th April, and crossing the channel slept in Brussels. After

breakfast the next morning, I went with Sir John Lumley to see Frère Orban, who is now Prime Minister. His hair has turned white, and he is stouter; otherwise, much as I remember him in 1865; but less like James Wilson than he then was. We talked of bi-metallism, to which he is strongly opposed, and of the anti-clerical measures in France, of which he disapproves—a very significant fact, seeing that he is perpetually on the breach, in the struggle against his own clericals, who, as he said, "not content with having a better position than their brethren in any other part of Europe, are bent on getting the whole of the education of Belgium into their hands." They have lost, he thinks, but little in the Flemish districts during the last half century, but much amongst the Walloon population.

I lunched with Lumley, and went over his house, which he has fitted up prettily with furniture brought from a palace of the Duke of Litta's, near Milan. Then we went to call on Malou, the late Prime Minister and head of the Catholic party, whom we found in a room full of sepia drawings by his own hand. I had never seen him before, and was a good deal struck with his conversation, which was that of

an exceptionally well-informed and accomplished man. We talked of the changes in Belgian politics since I made some study of them sixteen years ago.[1] Few of the men who made the revolution survive. Only some fourteen or fifteen members of the Congress met last year to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. The recent proceedings of Frère's Government have roused him and his associates into eager activity. "In two years," he said, "we have established nearly two thousand Catholic schools; in only three provinces is our organisation incomplete." He complained much of the poverty of Belgian literature, but thought it inevitable. To about half the nation French is a foreign tongue, and to the rest the close neighbourhood of France gives all they want.

Later I drove out to Laeken to dine with the King. I took to dinner the Comtesse d'Hooghvorst. On her other side was the Comte de Flandres, who is stone-deaf, but who talked incessantly, now to her, now to the Queen, who was beyond. By long practice they are enabled, I know not how, to convey enough of their meaning to him to enable conversation to go forward. It was a large party, and I knew only

[1] See *Studies in European Politics*. Edinburgh, 1866.

Frère, M. Jules Devaux, and one or two others. I asked Madame d'Hooghvorst whether the Princess was present. "No," she said, "the Crown Prince is not here, and it is a custom with us for a girl, once she is engaged, never to appear in public unless her fiancé is there." After dinner the usual circle was formed, and lasted a considerable time. The King talked to me of the concession of the line from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria having been given, before the troubles began, to a Belgian Company, and bespoke a careful consideration of their claims if they came forward again. The conversation turning to India, I reminded him of his singularly happy intervention in the war between Lawrence and Sir Bartle Frere, which I have noted on an earlier page of this Diary. He spoke, too, a good deal about his daughter's marriage, which was, of course, the topic of the day in Brussels. So did the Queen, who told me that they are to live in Prague. Then she went on to talk of Hungary, where her eldest daughter, who married one of the Coburg family, spends part of her year. I had stupidly forgotten her maiden name while talking to her, and could not account for the very strong feeling which she expressed about Hungary; but she was a daughter

of the great Palatine Joseph, which sufficiently accounted for it.

With the Comtesse de Flandres, whom I had never met, and with regard to whom I had a great curiosity, I talked mainly about her friend Mrs. Craven.

The 18th was one of the most beautiful days I ever saw at this season. In the morning Lumley took me to see Graux, the Finance Minister, who was full of enthusiasm about the magnanimity of England in the affair of the Transvaal.

From him we passed to Rollin-Jaquemyns, Minister of the Interior, whose mind was much occupied with the doings of the Spanish religious league, of Albert de Mun, and the extreme Catholic party in France.

Thence, incited by M. Malou, whose conversation was very geological, we went to see the Iguanodons—a whole sept of those agreeable creatures having lately been found near the French frontier. Their bones are being carefully put together, and it is intended that they shall have a hall to themselves, so that, as the Bengali Journalist said of George Campbell, "they will be exposed in all their naked hideousness."

We visited, too, the Cave relics, very abundant and admirably arranged; after which, Lumley took me

through the ancient and modern pictures, to which he, an admirable landscape artist himself, made an excellent guide.

I had still time, after taking leave of him, to run over to Antwerp, and to see the Maison Plantin, one of the most interesting things which has been added, in these recent days, to the great sights of Europe.

On the 19th the weather changed, and I had a cold journey to Paris, where I arrived in the late afternoon and dined with the Cravens. I was with them when the evening paper brought the news of the death of Lord Beaconsfield. After dinner Bertrand de Blacas and his wife came in, as did also La Ferronays.

When the evening was over, I walked away with him, and he told me the whole story of his leaving the army, which he did, because he was placed in an entirely false position by the measures recently taken against certain of the religious orders in his neighbourhood.

On the 20th I went to see Jules Simon, who was as sad as usual. He spoke much of the disappearance in France of literary and political talent, not of science

or of industry; praised Ferry as an honourable man; said that Tirard was honest, and knew something of his work. The conversation turning upon Renan's new house in the Rue Tournon, he mentioned that Joseph the Second lodged in that street, when he came to Paris to visit Marie Antoinette, who was then living in the Luxembourg.

From Simon I passed to Renan, who spoke rather, though not much, more hopefully of the state of French literature.

Thence I went on to No. 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince, to see the Comte relics, including his portrait and that of Madame Clotilde de Vaux, the room in which he died, and his library. I bought also some copies of the Positivist Calendar, in which every day of the year commemorates some benefactor of humanity.

I observe that I was born in the month of Ancient Poetry, and that my birthday is under the special protection of Horace, a most respectable patron Saint. Lafitte was away in the South of France.

Following the Rue de Sêvres, and stopping as I passed, as ever, at St. Thomas de Villeneuve, I turned down the Rue du Bac, and went to see old Madame Mohl. After a long conversation in the rooms which

have been so familiar to me for so long a period, I rose to take my leave. "But, my dear sir," said my hostess, "I have not the least idea what your name is." "Oh," replied I, "my name is Grant Duff." "Ah, Mr. Grant Duff," she said, "I knew you well twenty years ago, but I have never seen you since!" I had seen her last some ten months before in London!

Next I went to the Tourgueneffs, who gave me an account of the new Czar by their namesake Ivan, which is the first reasonable-looking description of him that I have met with.

I then picked up a dropped stitch of life by a visit to Dr. Gueneau de Mussy, who talked, of course, much of the Orleans princes and of York House. From him I went to the Peyronnets, and thence to Count Noer, who with his wife was staying in the Hotel Wagram.[1] I spent the evening with the Cravens, and she quoted an excellent saying of Mrs. Latouche's about her countrymen: "We are a nation of peewits."

[1] Little thinking that I should never see again one to whom I owe so many pleasant hours. It was he who, in the autumn of 1859, introduced me to Renan in the Imperial Library. At the time of his marriage, he ceased to call himself Prince Frederick of Schleswig Holstein, and took the title of Graf von Noer, from the name of his place near Kiel. I heard of his death in a letter from Arthur Russell after I had been some time in Madras.

"Yes," said Craven, "you know the story of the Irishman, who exclaimed, 'Give me something to buy a bit of bread, for I am so thirsty that I don't know where I shall sleep to-night.' That is just what they now say politically."

Huber-Saladin came in. I had been glancing over the first pages of his *Life of Circourt*. It is not well written; but I was able conscientiously to compliment him upon his singularly happy description of Geneva, as the aviso which goes in front of the European fleet.

I observe I have not noted that the conversation turning on the evening of the 19th upon the dissensions in the Legitimist party, the name of M. De Falloux (whom my wife, alluding to his personal appearance, not his ideas, excellently called, in the autumn of 1859, "a gentleman of the League returned to life") came up. He is at present under the ban of the extreme party, and talking of this to Mrs. Craven, he lately said, "How astonished they would have been, had they been the other night at Gretry's Opera, and seen me fairly in tears at the air, 'Oh, Richard! oh, mon Roi!'" "Why," I asked, "should he have been in tears?" "Because," was the reply, "it was the last

piece which Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette saw together."

On the morning of the 21st I went to call on Taine, whom I found just starting for Annecy. He said that the good side of France was its material prosperity and the tranquility with which the elections were conducted; of its bad side, he spoke much as Simon did, and was particularly scandalised by the way in which Paul Bert and such people treated politics and literature as things which "they had into the bargain," "donnés comme un surcroît." "La plus petite modiste," he added, says of a book, "C'est bien écrit."

I then drove to Cherbuliez, who has been dangerously ill since I last saw him, and was full of curiosity about the Land Bill and our English affairs.

After lunching with Bertrand de Blacas, I went on to Barthélemy St. Hilaire. It was very curious to see one whom I had been always accustomed to find amidst the most severely republican and philosophic surroundings, in the gorgeous apartments of the Quai d'Orsay. We talked of the Tunis question, and he gave the most pacific assurances.[1]

[1] Which after-events by no means confirmed.

The rest of the afternoon passed in visits to Lord Lyons and to Madame de Forbin, who has just published a new edition of the *Règlement of the Duchesse de Liancourt.* I dined with the Cravens, and in the course of the evening Renan picked me up and took me to Victor Hugo at Passy. I found the old gentleman surrounded by his court, amongst others by MM. Lockroy, Paul de St. Victor, Vacquerie, and various ladies. In the course of conversation he said to me, "Yes, as is our habit in France, we have attacked in front; we have attacked Catholicism, and in doing so, we have attacked Christianity. The result will be that ere long there will be an end of that religion." I bowed and respectfully inquired, "What would take its place." To which he replied, "Ces trois mots—*Dieu, Âme, Responsabilité.*" When we took our leave, which we did pretty early, for our host was suffering rather severely from a bronchitic attack, he said, "Do not forget what has passed between us."

On the morning of the 22nd I went to see Gigot, who has gone for the time quite out of politics, and is head of the Banque Hypothécaire de France in the Rue de la Paix. We beat over a great variety of subjects, and traced the history of many of those with

whom we had been associated in the winter of 1859-60, but I make no notes of what passed. His general tone was one of great discouragement.

Later I went to look for M. Vacherot, whom I did not find, but I did find M. Boutmy at the École des Sciences Politiques, who took more or less Gigot's view of the situation, but was not so much discouraged.

I spent the evening with Mrs. Craven at Madame de Montalembert's, finding, amongst others, Madame de Grünne, whom I had looked for in vain at her own house in Brussels, in the beginning of the week, as well as Madame de Meaux, the eldest daughter, with her husband, who was one of the Ministers of the 16th May, and her unmarried sister Therèse.

On the following day I returned to York House [little knowing that I had made my last journey on the European Continent for some time to come; but had I foreseen the future, I do not think I could well have managed to put much more into a single week.]

28. I went home from the House of Commons to dine with Stuart Rendel. As we drove, he told me that a Belgian Minister of War, to whom he had been explaining some new engines of destruction, had said to him: "Mais, Monsieur, vous tuez la guerre!"

May

2. Dined with the Literary Society. Lord Houghton said, very truly, that a vast amount of nonsense had been talked about "Disraeli's disadvantages." When they entered the House of Commons together in 1837, Disraeli knew very many more people than he did.

4. A story was told at the Reays of a discussion between Reeve and Carlyle, which so much upset the ideas of the former, that some one said to Carlyle, "You have destroyed that poor man's identity; henceforward he will be a mere Carlylate of Reeve."

8. Herbert Spencer said to me to-day at Pembroke Lodge, "Mill thought the object of living was to learn and work. I think that the object of learning and working is to live."

11. Picked up the author's copy of the very quaint little pamphlet *Arabiniana*, out of which Sir Edmund Head used to read us fragments at the Breakfast Club.

It is, I suppose, one of the rarest modern books in the language, and I subjoin, accordingly, some extracts:—

"Of the Knowledge of the Court.

"Regina *v.* Harris. May 17, 1834. A.P., that is, ante prandium.

"After a conference between the Court, Phillips, and Clarkson, the prisoner pleaded guilty.

"*The Court.*—Mr. Phillips, you must distinctly understand that I know nothing of this arrangement.

"*Phillips.*—Yes, my Lord; it is thoroughly understood that your Lordship knows nothing.

"*The Court.*—Certainly.

"Ex relatione W. B."

Of Apollo.

"Regina *v.* ———.

"A Jew had given a prisoner a good character.

"*The Court, in Charge.*—Now, gentlemen, you have heard the case; and the Jew says that the prisoner has borne a good character; and that he, the Jew, never heard anything against him. All I shall say to that, is, *Credat Judaeus Apollo.* If he does, I don't, and daresay you won't, gentlemen."

Of what is for the Jury, and jumping over the Moon.

"Regina *v.* Brown *alias* Peter. September 7, 1832, P.P. Indictment for burglary and stealing two ten-pound notes.

"*The Court.*—Mr. Barry, this case can be carried no farther: will you be so good as to jump over the moon?

"(The case proceeded.)

"*The Court, in charge.*—Gentlemen, the only point for your consideration is, whether the prisoner broke—that is, opened the door, or whether he only stole the notes in the dwelling house.

"Verdict—*Not guilty.*"

Of female Witnesses, and what the Court will do with them.

"Regina *v.* Catherine Cox. May 17, 1834, A.P.

"*The Court, to a female witness.*—If you don't speak out, I'll take off your bonnet; and you'll never get a husband."

"Regina *v.* Mary Ann Kelly. May 18, 1833.

"Verdict—*Guilty.*

"*The Court, to prisoner.*—You must go out of the country; you have disgraced even your sex."

Of tall Women.

"Regina *v.* Power. October 18, 1834, P.P.

"*The Court, to witness.*—Woman how can you be so stupid? You are tall enough, to be wise enough."

13. Dined with Coleridge, who mentioned an

amusing saying of Lord Ellenborough's about Lord Glenbervie, who appeared one day in so enormously large a pair of trousers as to attract general attention, "Converts are always enthusiasts." He told us, too, that Lord Westbury, speaking of some ecclesiastical case, had observed, "On this occasion the old Archbishop has slept quite impartially; in the Gorham case he slept all on one side."

I took down Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), and had with her the following conversation :—

I asked her what she thought of Wagner? "He is a remarkable man," she replied, "with few ideas and no school. By school, I mean thorough and systematic training. Art is good for nothing without school."

"Whom do you consider," I said, "the first of all musicians?"

"Do you mean of our time or of all time?"

"Of all time."

"Unquestionably Bach. His B Minor Mass is the greatest of all musical compositions."

"A German singing-master, whom I used to know," I remarked, "was in the habit of saying, 'Bach ist kein Bach. Er ist ein Meer.'" She assented.

"Was he a Catholic," I asked, "or a Protestant?"

"Oh, a Protestant," was the characteristic answer. "No Catholic could have been so deep."

"And whom do you put next to him?"

"Mozart, as great on the stage as Bach in religious music."

"Well, and in our own times, whom do you put first?"

"I think Schumann."

"He is dead, is he not?"

"Yes, he died in a madhouse; music is a terrible strain upon the mind and the nerves."

"You think he was a greater man than Mendelssohn?"

"Yes, Mendelssohn was a great intelligence, but he had not so much heart, and he had not the—what do you call it—'*Funke*' in German."

"And what has been your experience of the *morale* of musicians?"

"Of the second-rate, the less said the better; of the first rate, it would be difficult to speak too highly. Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Mendelssohn, even Beethoven, in spite of his peculiarities, were all excellent."

"I think it was in Oxford, in 1848, that I first saw you. Do you still keep up relations with Arthur Stanley, who, I recollect, knew you then?"

"Oh yes. In those days, when I heard nothing but stupid adoration, he said to me, 'I don't think I should mind the words so much, if it weren't for the music,' and I took him to my heart at once."

"I can believe he said so," I replied. "We used to call him, in those days, 'All sense and no senses.'"

15. We were Catholic all the morning and Positivist all the afternoon; for, in the first part of the day, Mr. Cashel Hoey, who came down mainly to talk about Balthasar Gracian, of whose once very widely-read works he has been collecting translations, and Mr. Henry Doyle, the Curator of the Irish National Gallery, were with us, while, at dinner, we had the Harrisons and M. Lafitte. The latter mentioned to me yesterday that they had, amongst other relics at No. 10 Rue Monsieur le Prince, a long series of notes by Auguste Comte on the performances of Frenchmen, afterwards more or less eminent, when pupils at the École Polytechnique. One, I remember, was described as "stupide brute algébrique."

20. Bowen said to me, speaking of a contemporary statesman, "He is the kind of man who is born to lead aristocracies to destruction."

21. The Breakfast Club meets at Lansdowne House, and Dufferin, who is on his way through from Petersburg to Constantinople, surpasses himself, though his stories were perhaps just a shade too festive to write solemnly down here.

In the afternoon Lubbock and I walked home from the herbaceous ground at Kew, through the wild hyacinths in the Royal pleasure-ground, which were in all their glory.

22. In the afternoon we drove up to Pembroke Lodge, where also the whole ground was carpeted with wild hyacinths.

The day was superb, and York House looking its very best. The lilac, the laburnum, the horse-chestnut, and the may in perfection. Baron Solvyns, the Belgian Minister, and many others were with us.

23. The death of Adam was rumoured in the lobby to-night.

24. The death of Adam was confirmed to-day.

27. Breakfasted at the Athenæum with Lord Monck, who repeated a good saying, which was new

to me. "The Englishman is never happy, unless he is miserable; the Irishman is never at peace, unless he is fighting; and the Scotchman is never at home, unless he is abroad.

30. A beautiful morning at York House, the drift of the chestnut flowers lying like snow.

In the evening, to meet the King of Sweden at the house of Mr. Richter. I reminded His Majesty of his happy *tournure de phrase*, when, talking to me at Stockholm, in 1873, about the democratic feeling in Scandinavia not taking an anti-monarchical but an economical shape, he said, "They want a sovereign, but they want a sovereign for a sixpence."

Amongst other people there was Lady Garvagh, who is of Scandinavian birth, and whose looks do honour to her country, for she is very beautiful.

June

3. To see Mademoiselle de Perpigna. She told me the answer made to Lady Sligo by a little shepherd girl, in her school at Montgardé, when she asked, "What is Providence?" "Un grand arbre au milieu d'un champ."

She mentioned also that her cousin, Mademoiselle de Peyronnet, being one day at her dentist's, he said, after looking at her mouth, "Mais, Mademoiselle, c'est une tragédie." "Oui, Monsieur," she replied, "une tragédie de racines!"

Dined at the Athenæum with Hayward, Count Piper the Swedish Minister, and others. I made the former repeat his excellent reply to some one who, when they were talking, in 1864, about Garibaldi's marrying the old Duchess of Sutherland, said, "That is impossible; he has a wife already"; "Oh, we'll put up Gladstone to explain her away."

4. The House rose early this morning for the Whitsun recess, and in the afternoon my wife, Sir John Lubbock, his daughter Gertrude, and myself, went down to Lyndhurst, where we stayed till the 9th, enjoying the beauty of the New Forest, now in its first green, and adding a good many plants to our list of conquests, mainly *Carices*.

On the 9th I went up to attend the House, rejoining my friends at the excellent Inn of Stonycross, near the place where William Rufus was killed, and spending the Sunday there.

13. Dined at the Athenæum with Reeve, who

repeated a saying of the old Duc de Broglie to him, even truer now than when it was spoken, "L'art de gouverner les hommes devient, de jour en jour, plus difficile."

14. Breakfasted at Browne's hotel in Dover Street with Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the Editor of the *New York Tribune*, who, with his wife, came to dine and sleep at York House on the Derby day, after seeing the American horse win. Lowell, who was of the party at breakfast, said, speaking of English Cathedrals, "Ely is like a monster which has crawled out of the fens, and is sunning itself on the edge. Lichfield is like a swan."

18. The Breakfast Club met at Aberdare's. Mr. Perkins, the American writer on Art, mentioned a speech of a Spaniard's to the late Lord Hertford about a Velasquez, "Mon femme n'aime pas cela. Elle est trop laid. La voulez-vous?"

19. In the afternoon Lubbock, Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett, with some others of our party, went over from York House to Kew, and walked with the Hookers, lingering long in the Royal pleasure-ground, where the rhododendrons are in great beauty. With the Hookers was the American botanist Asa Gray. I

asked him whether our common daisy, which was covering the turf of the gardens, grew in New England? "It can just be kept alive," he said, "and the primrose is in the same position. The only way to save them is by a cold frame." "What is the succession," I said, "of your spring flowers,—the flowers, I mean, which are sufficiently abundant to give a character to the landscape." "First," he replied, "comes the *Houstonia*, a little sky-blue rubiaceous plant, which flowers about the beginning or middle of May; then follows a buttercup, but an imported buttercup, your English *Ranunculus bulbosus*, which has spread enormously on the sea-board, though unlike *acris* it has never penetrated far into the Continent; next comes another of your English plants, the great white *Chrysanthemum* or ox-eye daisy, and then, after some interval, the blue chicory—*Cichorium Intybus*. When Europeans first landed, New England was covered with woods; as these woods were gradually cut down, the native plants, not liking their new conditions of life, retreated to the westward, and the invaders established themselves."

I then asked him whether Lubbock and I, if we went over, would find numbers of plants which were

new to us. "Oh yes," he said, "the moment you went into the woods and the nooks. Our indigenous shrubs, for example, are very abundant. It is the open and cultivated country which has been so Europeanised. The local way in which some of your plants have spread is very noticeable. Thus the *Genista tinctoria* grows in such masses near Salem as quite to colour the ground, but is hardly found elsewhere amongst us, except a little near Cambridge."

Sir James Longden, the Governor of Ceylon, dined with us. He has travelled very widely and spoke, as every one does, with great enthusiasm of Rio, but said that, on the whole, he thought there was no scenery equal to that of the smaller West Indian Islands, amongst which he gave the first place to Dominica.

20. Met at Lubbock's, in Queen Anne's Gate, Cesnola, who excavated in Cyprus. He declares that there are antiquities enough left in that island to load the Channel Fleet.

21. Dined at the Athenæum with Kinglake, who talked much of the extreme loveliness of the flowers in Galilee, in the month of February.

22. I returned to the Colonial Office after the levée, to which I had gone to present Mr. Webster of

Edgehill, now M.P. for Aberdeen. While there I received a note from Lord Hartington, and went over to see him at the India Office, where he offered me the Governorship of Madras.

24. I went down to the House of Commons, intending to make a speech about Cyprus, but the debate taking a Foreign Office turn, I took no part in it. About half-past one on the morning of the 25th the House was counted out, and I walked home with Lubbock, diverging from our path to look at the comet.[1]

26. I have since Wednesday had many and long conversations with Sir Joseph Fayrer, Lubbock, Mallet, Aberdare, May and others. Last night, just after the Cravens and Mat Arnold had come down to spend the Sunday, I went into the library and wrote a short note to Lord Hartington, accepting Madras, and sent it this morning to Devonshire House.

It has been a beautiful day, and we have had a large party: Mademoiselle de Perpigna, D'Antas the Portuguese Minister with his wife, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and others.

[1] So ended my twenty-four years of Parliament. I have never crossed the threshold of the House of Commons since, much as I liked many features of my life there. The profession of a ghost must be a rather dull one.—1897.

29. I received the following letter from Arthur Stanley:—

"Deanery, Westminster,
"28*th June* 1881.

"My dear Grant Duff—I have waited for a day to see whether you were certainly going to Madras. Now I presume that it is fixed.

"I sincerely congratulate you. There may be drawbacks, there must be. But I trust that you will sincerely enjoy the advantages of a great post in India. Certainly there are few who could appreciate them better.

"My thoughts go back to the time when I was struck by the astonishing knowledge of India and of all things which you displayed when first I saw you in the Examination at University College years ago.

"How many waters have flowed under the bridge since then.—Yours sincerely, A. P. Stanley."

July

2. The Breakfast Club met at Henry Cowper's. Our host mentioned that Lord Lawrence had told him that he once lost the Koh-i-noor. When search was made, it was found in an old cigar-box beside his bed, where it had lain for some weeks.

4. A new writ was moved this afternoon for the

Elgin Burghs, for which I have sat uninterruptedly since 19th December 1857.

7. Dined with Lubbock, meeting Trevelyan and Childers, who had to hurry back to the House. It was a strange sensation to feel that that long chapter of life was ended.

12. I received the following letter from Cardinal Newman :—

"The Oratory, Birmingham,
"*11th July* 1881.

"My dear Mr. Grant Duff—I hardly expected to find you at the Colonial Office, or at least disengaged, when I called on you there on my last day in London. But my time was not at my disposal, and I thought I would take the chance of seeing you, however small that might be.

"I have ever felt the kind interest you have taken in me so long, and was much touched by your calling to wish me good-bye, now that you are going to the East.

"This then requires no answer. I send it in order to wish you from my heart all that is 'bonum, faustum fortunatumque' in the great position you are about to fill, and to assure you that I am,—Yours very sincerely,

"John H. Card. Newman."

I dined at Kensington Palace, meeting the Crown Princess, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Goschen, and Morier.

14. To a garden party at Marlborough House. It was desperately hot. "Practically," said Sir Joseph Fayrer, who was present, "you will never have anything hotter than this at Madras."

25. Arthur Stanley's funeral.

The ceremony was mismanaged, as everything processional is in England. There were, however, one or two striking effects, more especially the reverberation of the roof of Henry the Seventh's Chapel as the illustrious concourse which crowded it repeated the Lord's Prayer.

And so, after a few days' illness, and at a comparatively early age, vanishes from the scene one of the best and most remarkable Englishmen who has lived in my time. Ever since the circumstance occurred to which he alludes in the letter I have just quoted—that is, since March 1847—ever, indeed, since I first read his *Life of Arnold*, a little before that date,—I have had the greatest admiration for him. His name not unfrequently occurs in these pages; but I have always regretted that I did not see more of him. Our lives were for many years, first at Oxford and then at Westminster, passed close to each other, but the same chance which prevented my becoming his

pupil at University College thirty-four years ago, prevented my coming into as close relations with him as I could have wished. *In pace requiescat* in the shade of the noble church to which he was so devoted, and which has survived him. I remember his telling me that he was haunted with the fear that it would be burned down while he was Dean.

26. Sir James Hudson and Mallet dined with us at York House. The former asked me by what vessel I meant to sail. "By the *Rome*," I said. "Always faithful to the Italian question," was his reply.

29. I am having all manner of Indian conversations. To-day I had one with Miss Nightingale at No. 10 South Street. She half sat, half lay on a sofa, and talked very clearly and well, with a gentle Lady-superior manner, and just a suggestion of the character in her dress.

30. Down to Aldermaston. Mr. Ross, a great grandson of Mrs. Austin, played well on a violin of Stradivarius. That great maker, he told me, worked chiefly from 1700 to 1715, and was a pupil of Amati, whose violins are also very precious, though not equally so.

31. We spent much time looking over some of

Miss North's superb flower-paintings, chiefly in Australia. She told me that her great ambition was to go to the mouth of the Orange River and paint the *Welwitschia*.

August

1. Miss Frere told me that Livingstone had mentioned to her that he had taken Humboldt's *Cosmos* with him on one of his expeditions, as his only book, and thought he would do so again.

3. A large party of my friends[1] gave me a dinner

[1] The Earl of Northbrook, who presided, the Marquis of Hartington, the Earl of Kimberley, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Camperdown, the Earl of Breadalbane, Lord Ampthill, Lord Carington, Lord Monck, Lord Aberdare, Lord Emly, Lord Houghton, Lord Sudeley, Lord O'Hagan, Lord Lawrence, Lord Reay, Lord Shand, Lord A. Russell, M.P., Lord R. Grosvenor, M.P., Mr. Childers, M.P., Mr. Dodson, M.P., Mr. Goschen, M.P., Sir C. W. Dilke, Bart., M.P., Mr. O. Morgan, M.P., the Attorney-General for England (Sir Henry James), the Solicitor-General for England (Sir Farrer Herschell), the Solicitor-General for Scotland (Mr. Balfour), the Hon. F. Leveson Gower, M.P., the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P., Colonel Carington, M.P., Sir T. Brassey, K.C.B., M.P., Mr Campbell Bannerman, M.P., Sir A. Hayter, Bart., M.P., Mr. C. C. Cotes, M.P., the Hon. H. F. Cowper, M.P., Sir J. Lubbock, Bart., M.P., Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P., Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart., M.P., Sir R. Blennerhassett, Bart., M.P., Mr. S. Whitbread, M.P., Mr. A. Asher, M.P., Mr. J. Bryce, M.P., Mr. F. W. Buxton, M.P., Mr. J. F. Cheetham, M.P., Mr. J. W. Chitty, Q.C., M.P., Mr. H. Davey, Q.C., M.P., Mr. G. Errington, M.P., Dr. Farquharson, M.P.,

this evening at the Star and Garter. Lord Northbrook having proposed my health, I replied as follows :—

"Lord Northbrook, my Lords and Gentlemen, it is not unnatural that, when I rise to thank you for the way in which you have received this toast, and for all the kind words that have been spoken, I should think of that maxim which tells us, that one of the greatest blessings in life is to grow old with our friends.

"There come back to me, as I look round, so many and such varied scenes in which one, or more, or many of those who have gathered round me to-night are prominent figures. Walks at Oxford; mornings in pleasant country houses, from the shores of the Moray Firth to the English Channel; gay little dinners, and, perhaps, even gayer breakfasts, in London, in Paris, and in most of the capitals of this quarter of the globe; travels in many lands, in Europe, Asia, and Africa; electoral and academic struggles, where great causes were well smitten and well defended;

Mr. J. C. F. Hamilton, M.P., Mr. R. Jardine, M.P., Mr. J. K. Cross, M.P., Mr. A. Otway, M.P., Mr. C. S. Parker, M.P., Mr. A. W. Peel, M.P., Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P., Mr. P. Ralli, M.P., Mr. C. S. Roundell, M.P., Mr. Maskelyne, M.P., Dr. Webster, M.P., Mr. Wodehouse, M.P., Mr. S. Williamson, M.P., the Hon. G. Brodrick (Warden of Merton College), Mr. Justice Bowen, Sir Louis Mallet, C.B., Sir H. Thring, K.C.B., Sir J. Hooker, K.C.B., Sir T. Erskine May, K.C.B., Professor Henry Smith, Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. T. Chenery, Mr. Venables, Q.C., Mr. R. C. Herbert, Mr. T. C. Sandars, Mr. Archibald Milman, Mr. A. Ramsay, Captain Eastwick, Mr. Albert Rutson, Mr. A. Cameron, Mr. T. H. S. Escott, Mr. Ingram Bywater, Mr. James Caird.

historical words we have heard, and historical moments we have passed together; the lobbies of the House of Commons, where so many bright things are said, which, repeated all over the town for a few weeks, then vanish into space like the comet on which we gazed the other day; weary hours, when from five to dawn a bill was to be passed or stopped; so many minutes of tension and anxiety when the question was what will the numbers be; so many thousand cheers by which, through nearly a quarter of a century of Parliamentary life, we have proclaimed victory together, to say nothing of some by which we have wished ourselves better luck next time in defeat. There is, I think, no one, or scarcely any one, present with whose life mine has not been mixed up in a hundred ways, and there are not a few present by whose affection I have been supported, or by whose wisdom I have been guided again and again—to whom, indeed, I owe much of whatever has been least imperfect in all I have said and written and done.

"It is an occasion on which I may well be grateful for good wishes and encouragement, since the task which I have undertaken is assuredly no light one. In the first place I succeed, and shall necessarily be put in comparison with, a man who concealed under a quiet exterior a very rare sagacity, and who had a power of conciliating the goodwill of all sorts and conditions of men, which is one of the most enviable of gifts, and one which I have never, in my wildest dreams, imagined myself to possess. When

it is further remembered that this man, so genial and so kindly, died almost at the commencement of his period of office, and before that ebb tide which occurs, I suppose, in the popularity of all Viceroys and all Governors, to be succeeded by another flowing tide only in the case of the most fortunate, it will be clear that the path which I have to tread is not altogether a flowery one.

"But apart from these accessory and accidental considerations, how serious is the task in itself. For what is the mandate that I have received? Is it not this? Go forth from the ranks of our home public life, from familiar scenes and familiar companionship, to be for five years the most important individual factor in the weal or woe of thirty millions of men, of other creeds, other races, other thoughts, living under other stars, thousands and thousands of miles away. Go forth to write another page in that action, re-action, and interaction of the East and the West, which forms the strangest and most poetical volume in human history.

"The task is, no doubt, a heavy one; but I have, in undertaking it, some helps and comforts which it would be foolish to ignore. To begin with, I have the example of my noble friend in the chair, who, having exchanged a position in the Administration at home, similar to that which I have filled, for the tremendous responsibilities and work of the Viceroyalty, performed a much heavier task with sustained and brilliant success. Then it has been my good fortune to serve under two chiefs, both in

the first rank of British statesmanship, but yet so different in their ways of looking at life, and in their methods of transacting business, as to supplement each other in a very remarkable manner. Under the first of these chiefs I served in the India Office, where I had to consider many problems analogous to those with which I shall have to deal at Madras, and became acquainted with the thoughts and ways of that great bureaucracy by which India is governed. Under the second I served at the Colonial Office, where I saw cognate problems treated in a manner which not unfrequently suggested much matter for thought and comparison. In both Offices I was lucky in my colleagues as well as in my chiefs. In the India Office I worked for a long time by the side of Herman Merivale, who was, indeed, no longer the man he had been, but who still retained much of that power which made the last Lord Lytton say of him, when he was his permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, 'The leading characteristic of his mind is massiveness, and it is the massiveness of gold.' He was succeeded by my old and intimate friend, Sir Louis Mallet, on whom fell the mantle of one of the most original English statesmen of our day, the mantle of Richard Cobden, and who inherited from his grandfather, the great publicist, Mallet du Pan,—who, by the way, lies buried close to the place where we are assembled,—a certain grace and felicity of statement which have enabled him to win admission for the views of his master in quarters where

that master was not himself as successful. At the Colonial Office I worked by the side of Mr. Robert Herbert, from whom, after watching his victorious career at Oxford, I parted, to find him again in Downing Street, turned into what I may call the ideal colleague, for he is a man in whose geography the hill Difficulty does not exist, and who would, I am persuaded, if all the Heads of Departments came to him in turn on a Monday morning, and told him that a political crisis or a rebellion had broken out in each of the half-hundred colonies under their care, remark, 'That it was undoubtedly unfortunate, but might have been worse,' and proceed forthwith to deal with each of the fifty cases with perfect calmness and entire success. Then I go to act in India under a statesman with whose methods and views long observation has made me well acquainted, and with whose ideas on politics I feel myself, if I may be permitted to say so, as much in harmony as I do with those of any man in English public life. Further, by the Royal Warrant, I am bound to be subject to the controlling power of the Viceroy,—a duty which, if all tales are true, Governors of Madras and Bombay have not always found it very easy to discharge. In my case, however, my tyrant is an old friend, so old that I do not remember when we first became acquainted; but I know that it is more than three and twenty years since he proposed me as a member of, what some one very happily described as 'the pleasantest bit of Bohemia in Europe,' the Cosmopolitan

Club. It is, too, a fortunate circumstance that I have another personal friend in Major Baring, the Financial Member of the Viceroy's Council, and, as such, I suppose, in a sense, my natural enemy. I shall further have the assistance of very able men at the seat of government, including that of one of the most distinguished of English soldiers, Sir Frederick Roberts, and of men, not a few of them, equally able, scattered over the face of the country, and in immediate contact with the rural population. It will be my endeavour gradually to come to know all these men who form the nerves of our administration, and to learn their views as to their own districts, not from official reports alone, but from their own lips. The place to which I am going has, by the way, sometimes been called the 'sleepy presidency.' Well, I never hear that phrase without remembering the saying, 'Happy are those nations whose annals are silent;' but, if there is any substratum of truth in the reproach implied in it, I should like to try whether or not there, as elsewhere, the best way of getting good work done by those under you is to show that you take a personal interest in all departments of that work. Then I have spent the best part of a quarter of a century in the House of Commons, and one certainly ought in that time to have got some wrinkles as to a matter in which Governors who have not passed through that discipline are apt to be misinformed,—the way, that is, in which the representatives of the people and the electorate will look at particular facts and groups of facts.

"All these are considerable helps and comforts, but I have one which is greater than any, that all my life I have lived amongst the kind of men who are represented by those I see around me to-night. When I first went up as a boy to Oxford I promised myself that I would do my best to live with those who were superior to me in character, or intelligence, or in knowledge, or in all three. I have, like most people, broken a great many promises I have made to myself, but that one never. I have always endeavoured to have friends, my attitude to whom was half affection and half admiration. It is no light thing to part from such friends even for a time. It is no light thing to give up such a constituency as I have had; to say good-bye to the Athenæum, and the Literary Society, and the Dilettanti, and the Breakfast Club, and to those Saturday to Monday gatherings, whether at Hampden, or Knebworth, or York House, which I owe to the kindness of many friends whom I see around me, and to that of many more of both sexes whom they represent. It is no light thing to forego that bath of new ideas which a single day's travelling brings to one who, living in London, has always studied to keep up frequent and close relations with friends on the European Continent. Doubtless there will be times of depression, when one will only too well understand what our great Indian poet meant when he called India the 'Land of Regrets;' but there will, I trust, as I know you trust, be a great many more of useful work and keen enjoyment of what is, after all, one

of the great positions of the world, for how seldom in all the long, long history of this planet has it happened that it was in the power of any country to give to one of its children, taken out of the general mass of its educated society, such a stately and magnificent piece of work to do as is the government, even in the quietest times, of one of these great Indian provinces.

"Five years, though a long time to look forward to, does not seem very long when one looks back, and I daresay when the hour strikes, if strike it does, for falling back into old haunts and associations, all will appear much simpler and easier than it does now. I would fain hope that the changes will be few, and that I shall have nothing sadder to say than what Lord Ellenborough replied when Mr. Disraeli asked him on returning to London after being Governor-General, 'what changes struck him most?' 'I have come back to a fatter world.' One may, in that case, perhaps, feel one's self inclined to begin a conversation, as Luis de Leon actually did begin a lecture, after having been silenced for many years by the Inquisition, and as Renan told me he meant to do after having been long silenced by the Imperial Government—'As I was saying yesterday.' I am sure if I do not, some one else will. Proconsular experiences as to the small amount of attention which matters that have been engrossing their lives excite at the centre of affairs, are as old as Cicero; and I know a most eminent person, who returned from India and entered the Oxford and Cambridge Club, when a rather

intimate acquaintance stepped up to him and recommenced a conversation which had been interrupted by his departure for the East two years and a half before.

"I owe much gratitude to those who organised this gathering, in that they have given me an opportunity of expressing my feelings to each and all of you, and they have done me a further service in preventing its assuming the character of a political demonstration. The persons amongst whom I am going to live know perfectly well my political connections and antecedents, but few of them can know anything about my private life, and as *Noscitur a sociis* is a good proverb in all parts of the world, I cannot imagine that any one could take a better introduction to all that is best in India than by carrying thither the approbation and good wishes of such a gathering as this, comprising as it does so much that is most distinguished and most powerful in so many departments of English life. To all then who are here present, I return my sincere thanks, and not less to some who are not here present, but who have in various ways expressed to me their goodwill; and among these to Mr. Gladstone, to Mr. Forster, to Mr. Lefevre, to Mr. John Morley, to Lord Coleridge, to Sir James Stephen, to Mr. Morier, to the Master of Balliol, to the Dean of Salisbury, to Sir Henry Maine, to Mr. Augustus Craven, to Mr. Matthew Arnold, and last, not least, to that distinguished man, the most famous English ecclesiastic who has lived in our times, one whose name naturally arises to our minds when it is a question of

the 'Parting of Friends,' and who wrote to me the other day to wish me everything that is *bonum, faustum, fortunatumque* in the great office which I am going to undertake. Nor on such an occasion is it possible for me to forget that one of the most interesting letters which I received came from one who, if he could have been with us to-night, would have been the oldest friend whom I have here, for my relations with him were older by a few months even than my relations with Professor Henry Smith, which have continued undimmed by any shadow, for close upon four-and-thirty years. I allude to him by whose grave so many of us stood ten days ago, in the great Abbey which he loved so well, and who, in writing to me about Madras, recalled to my mind the curious fact that our acquaintance had arisen out of the answer which I made to a question about India in a history paper set by him in an Examination at Oxford in the spring of 1847. 'How many waters,' he added, 'have flowed under the bridge since then.'

"Of course there is a certain risk; no one goes to work in the tropics at fifty-two without incurring a certain risk. Lord Napier and the Duke of Buckingham returned; Mr. Adam and Lord Hobart did not. I hope, of course, and you hope, that I shall draw a favourable number; but, in all such cases, we can only fall back upon the famous words :—

> 'If we do meet again, why we shall smile,
> If not, why then this parting was well made.

To say that I shall watch with deep interest the fortunes of those here present would be to use an absurdly inadequate expression. Every educated Englishman will do that, for there is a great part of the history of England, for a good many years to come, collected round this table. What I wish to express is something much more intimate and affectionate, which I think I had better not try to put into words. One thing at least is certain, that whether I come back with my shield, or on my shield, I shall have done all that can be expected of me if I have brought no discredit to such a company of friends."

4. With Lubbock and Ramsay of the *Banffshire Journal* to Kew, where the latter and I had a walk with Hooker, in the course of which he pointed out, in the great Temperate house, a Cordyline from New Zealand. From its leaves the first settlers used to make an infusion, and it got the name of the tea tree. Recently, Hooker found it spoken of in a book as the Titri, as if it were a Maori word, the original meaning of the name having been forgotten.

Thence I went on to London, and spent nearly two hours at Holland House with Mrs. Craven. It was a very fine day, and the gardens, where we sat long, were looking superb. We walked over the

library and other rooms, pausing before the portrait of Baretti and many other pictures.

5. I received to-day the following letter :—

"28 Hyde Park Place, Marble Arch, W.,
"*4th August* 1881.

"My dear Grant Duff—For my own sake, no less than for the sake of our country as distinguished from our 'Empire,' I am saddened at the idea of your leaving us, though you go to assume a great station in the 'India' that has always engaged a large share of your thoughts.

"Looking back through the period occupied by your public life in England, I am led to think that (except perhaps in Science) the intellectual state of our country,—confused by torrents of 'news' and newspapers,—has been exactly such as to give a peculiar value to the wisdom, the abounding knowledge, the clear thought, and, above all, the undaunted courage with which,—whether in Parliament or in your famous Elgin speeches,—you have shown what you judged to be right.

"May India gain as much by this change as England must unhappily lose!

"I must add, my dear Grant Duff, that I am selfish enough to be thinking of my own loss,—to be thinking of the unvarying kindness and friendliness with which you have so long honoured me.

"I won't yet utter the painful word 'good-bye' to either you or dear Mrs. Grant Duff; but whether we

meet again or not, believe me, my dear Grant Duff, always truly yours, A. W. KINGLAKE."

6. Said good-bye to the Colonial Office, where my successor is now installed.

8. Down to Norris Castle, near East Cowes, a place which the Duke of Bedford has lately bought and lent to the Crown Prince and Princess for sea-bathing. With them I found the three unmarried daughters, of whom the eldest is fast growing into a woman, and Prince Henry, besides Countess Kalkreuth, whom I saw at Wiesbaden, Seckendorff, Pfühlstein, and others, to say nothing of Scherzo, the Italian grey-hound, and Boy the Dachshund, who was the pet of poor Prince Waldemar, and who are both likewise old friends.

10. This forenoon, after many long and interesting conversations, of which, however, I make no note, I took my leave; being presented, at the last moment, to the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who had come over to call with a child and a fine large black dog, who seemed much attached to his mistress.

I walked over from Norris to Osborne with General Duplat, and met Lord Hartington, who had come down to present, in his capacity of Secretary of State, a large

number of us. We were a strange party at lunch, and there was something poetical in the thought of the various errands upon which we were about to scatter. There was Thornton going as Ambassador to St. Petersburg; West, Lady Derby's brother, whom I had not seen since I met him at Hudson's in December 1860, going as Minister to Washington; Corbet, to Rio; Vivian, to Copenhagen; Malet, to Egypt. Ion Ghica, whom I was glad to meet again, was also amongst us, having come to present his credentials, and he gave me very friendly messages from Prince Charles, whom recent events have changed into the King of Roumania. We were introduced one by one, knelt, kissed the Queen's hand, exchanged a few words with her, and all was over. It had been a wildish morning, but the wind was with us as we returned, and we ran over in about an hour, going up to London by a special train, through a country white with the harvest.

I had some important Indian talk with Lord Hartington as we passed through Spithead, and, on the way up to town, he lent me Ashley Eden's very flourishing account of the working of the system of provincial finance in Bengal.

14. Walked from High Elms with Lubbock to see Darwin. Spottiswoode, Rothery the Wreck Commissioner, Lockyer, and many others were there. In fact, it was a large gathering, not so large, however, as last Sunday, when the philosopher threatened to read the Riot Act.

18. Down to the Bishops' house near Tunbridge Wells, to say good-bye to them and to Mrs. Craven. Lady G. Fullerton came over to lunch, and told me that she had just finished the novel already alluded to founded on "*Une famille noble sous la Terreur.*"

20. Down to Salisbury to stay with George Boyle. As we walked in Dr. Moberly's garden, whence the view of the Cathedral is most lovely, he said, "Some of the Bishop's biographical reminiscences are rather piquant. He remembers, for example, when he was a Fellow of Balliol, asking an awkward youth, who had just come up from Scotland, to breakfast, and asking to meet him, the undergraduate in College, who, he thought, 'would do him most good.' The awkward youth is Archbishop of Canterbury, and the model undergraduate is Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster."

Sir George Bowen, who was at dinner, mentioned

a saying of Lowe's, "that the chief result of the revised version of the New Testament was to let the devil into the Lord's Prayer." The conversation turning on Mansel, George Boyle said that he had once been asked by Lord Carnarvon, at a City dinner, whether the word 'reform' should not have an *e* at the end of it in a French menu. "Yes," said the Tory Dean, "reform in France is always followed by an *e mute*."

Before returning to town on the Monday morning, I walked over to see George Herbert's little church at Bemerton. The rectory hard-by, with the swift river gliding past its soft green turf, is a lovely and essentially English spot.

24. Down to Addington Park, near Croydon, to stay with the Archbishop of Canterbury, a meeting arranged by my old Oxford contemporary, Philpot. He gave me his benediction, as Cardinal Newman had done some weeks before.

27. At Smithills, near Bolton le Moors. Amongst other people in the house was Miss Jackson, mentioned in previous pages of this Diary as La Mère Marie Epiphanie, who has, however, now left her convent and returned to a secular life. I asked her whether,

in her experience, nuns were happy? "Oh yes," she said, "the great majority of them are very happy. The difficult time in a nun's life is when work has to be found for young and enthusiastic sisters at the expense of the elder ones. Then it is that she is apt to fall back on her books of mystical devotion and to get excited."

29. From Smithills to Fryston, in awful weather. Lord Houghton showed me an autograph letter from Carlyle to his wife, written at Fryston in 1841, and describing old Mr. Milnes, Mrs. Milnes, Lord Galway, Lady Galway and others who were then in the house, to which it has, by a quaint chance, returned.

30. Lord Houghton introduced me to-day to the poem written by Bishop Alexander of Derry for the Burns Centenary, which he greatly admires. The best verse in it, and a very good one, is the following:—

> "Earth plays the step-dame to her poets ever,
> Then grieves and gives them fame,
> As if they cared to hear by God's great river
> The echoes of their name."

Very striking, too, is the motto from Pliny,

"Gaudente terrâ vomere laureato et triumphali aratore."

In the afternoon I made Lord Houghton read aloud to us his "Cypresses of Scutari." He read also the poem on the "Monument for Scutari," and the lines about Mrs. Denison, whose grave I lately saw in the cloisters of Salisbury, giving me, as a keepsake, the little Moxon volume from which he read.

George Boyle had asked me to obtain for him the correct version of a poem, of which Lord Houghton was the depository, and which was repeated by Sir Walter Scott to Miss Maclean Clephane; Sir Walter declaring, truly or falsely, that he had heard it from an old woman. It refers to the death of Jane Seymour:—

"Black were the horses, and black were the mon,
Black was the horse that King Henry rode on.
Prince Edward is christened in pomp and in mirth,
But the fair flower of England
Is laid in the earth.

"Black were the pages, and black were the maids,
Black were the ribbons they wore on their heads;
The trumpets did blow, and the cannon did roar,
But the fair flower of England
Shall blossom no more."

Miss Florence Milnes sang, exceptionally well, several of Whyte-Melville's songs—amongst them, "The Place where the Old Horse Died," and the one, of which the keynote is struck in the lines,

> "I have lived my life—I am nearly done—
> I have played the game all round;
> But I freely admit that the best of my fun
> I owe it to horse and hound."

Amongst many strange relics, our host has few stranger than the leaf of the visitors' book at Chamouni, on which Shelley has described himself as "a lover of man, a disbeliever in God, and a democrat," in funnily shaky Greek, and on which some zealous person has taken the trouble to write, in better Greek, "The fool has said in his heart, there is no God."

Not the least agreeable feature in a visit where everything was pleasant, except the weather, was a superb collie.

To York for the meeting of the British Association, over which Lubbock presided.

September

On the 1st September I took the chair of Section

F; on the 2nd I delivered my Address to it; and on the 3rd, having resigned my place to a vice-president, after an infructuous expedition under weeping skies with Lubbock and a local botanist to Strensall Moor, I went to Castle Howard.

It is a Vanbrugh House, but, so far as it is concerned, I hold rather with Lord Beaconsfield in his admiration than with the well-known epitaph in its depreciation of that architect. Better, however, than any part of the building itself is the Mausoleum, which is not by Vanbrugh, the interior of which seems to me quite perfect in its way.

The weather continued frightful, but George Howard and his wife, though they have only just taken possession, made the Sunday pass most pleasantly. Lubbock, Maskelyne, and others of our friends were there.

Early on the 5th I left Castle Howard, and, driving to Malton, ran up to London.

By a happy accident Mrs. Craven was passing through, on her way from the Mote to the Duc de Mouchy's place near Creil, and I was able to spend an hour with her at 39 Hill Street.

After dining at the Athenæum, which was a

desert, peopled by Fergusson the antiquarian and myself, I ran down to Scotland by the Pulman car on the Great Northern, and, reaching New Hailes early on Tuesday, was able to receive various people on Indian business and to spend the afternoon of the 6th with Douglas in Edinburgh. He retold me the very curious, and as yet quite unexplained, story of the cabinet which, purchased by the Society of Antiquaries from the Advocates for a very small sum, was lately sold, under the authority of the Treasury, at the modest and reasonable figure of £3500.

I spent my time, from the 7th to the 13th inclusive, in saying good-bye to my late constituents at Kintore, Inverurie, Banff, Macduff, Cullen, and Peterhead, interjecting also visits to Keith Hall, Delgaty, Edgehill, and Aden.

On the 9th I received the freedom of the Burgh of Banff, and delivered there my farewell speech to the Burghs I represented so long.

16. Reay and I went over to Minto, where we found Sir Henry Elliot, who showed me the beautiful larches and spruce firs of the Den, with much else.

Lady Minto talked a great deal of Madras, with

which her family has been so much connected, and was my guide to various interesting things in the house, amongst them to the contemporary miniature of Catherine de Medici, which hangs in her sitting-room.

We spent the night of the 19th with the Duke of Buckingham at Wootton, mainly, as was natural, in Madras talk, and on the 20th, passing by places once so familiar to us, Monk's Risborough, Prince's Risborough, Bradenham, and Wycombe, reached York House, where I found on my table some *Récit d'une Sœur* relics about which Madame von Orlich wrote to me not long before she died.

In the twentieth century, when we have all passed away, when the book has taken its place as a classic, some one who edits it will be glad to know in what frame of mind Mary M—— trod the path which her friend of 1832 had trodden more than thirty years before.

Here is the last paragraph of the letter above alluded to :—

"How my illness will end is known only to the Almighty, but I know that it is all ordered for my good, and I can trust myself *en bonne Chrétienne* to my Heavenly

Father. The peace of mind which this affords is a great blessing, and it is such a comfort to think of meeting again those we have loved on earth, where there is no pain or sorrow or parting!—*une éternité de joie pour un jour d'exercice sur la terre*, said Pascal, and now adieu, my kind friend."

The events recorded in the book carried the two companions into totally different worlds. The one settled in France, the other in Germany; the one became a Catholic, the other remained a Protestant; and they rarely crossed each other's path in the interval of about sixteen years which elapsed between the period when they lived together in the Casa Margherita and the death of Alexandrine. They met, however, at Baden about the time when the scene occurred to which I have referred in this Diary for June 1879; and I have in my possession a most curious memorial of the time they spent together, which will, I daresay, be one day printed.[1]

One of the relics above mentioned was a medallion, which I had immediately photographed, and which Mrs. Craven pronounced a far better likeness of her friend than any which she knew to exist—not

[1] Since printed in Mrs. Bishop's *Life of Mrs. Craven*.

excepting that alluded to in these pages under April 1875, or the replica of it which was sent to her from Berlin after the strange occurrence which I have noted under the November of that year.

21. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris with their children, the Duc d'Orléans and his two sisters, Princesses Amélie and Hélène, came to tea this afternoon. There was with them one other person of whom, when they had gone, my wife said to me: "And to think that that quiet old lady so nearly set Europe in flames!" It was the Duchesse de Montpensier.

25. To-day came an Agenda with these three mottoes:—

"Les vœux que l'on forme pour le bonheur de ses amis ne sont jamais vifs et sincères sans se transformer en prières."—*P. L. F. C.*

"Dans toutes les choses difficiles la Providence a placé un charme connu seulement de ceux qui osent les entreprendre."—*Madame Swetchine.*

"Pour l'âme et l'honneur!"—*Devise Bretonne.*

Paris, 23rd Sept.

30. I received the following letter from Mr. Bright:—

"DALGUISE, N.B.,
"*29th September* 1881.

"MY DEAR MR. GRANT DUFF—I have not seen you since you left the House of Commons on your acceptance of the great office to which you have been appointed, and now I know not whether I ought to congratulate you or condole with you. I shall be sorry not to meet you on the Treasury Bench, on which I have enjoyed many pleasant conversations with you, and that I may not again accept your hospitality at York House. I will try to believe that the change you have made is for the best. There seems little good that any individual can do in the House; and I am so weary of my place there, that I cannot pity or condemn any one who forsakes an Assembly which so many are anxious to join.

"You have many qualifications for the command you are about to assume,—a knowledge of India, a great sympathy for and with its people, and experience in the science and duties of government. I will hope for much that is good for those you are to rule, and for a career that will add to your own happiness and renown. I should have more confidence if you were to be governor of an independent province of Madras in no way subject to the Central Government and Administration in Calcutta. I believe the great interests of India would be consulted and promoted by independent provincial governments, and that the two hundred millions of its population can never be well governed by a central council in Calcutta. The

question is too great to be discussed in a letter, so I leave it, expressing only my earnest hope that you will do all that can be done for the good of the many millions whose interests are about to be confided to your wisdom and your care.

"I suppose Mrs. Grant Duff and your family go with you, and I hope that Madras and the Hills may have their charms, tho' so different from those that have attended them and you on the banks of the Thames. I shall watch your new career with interest and sympathy; none of the friends you leave in England will hear good of you with more sincere pleasure than I shall. Pray excuse my troubling you with this note, and believe me always, very sincerely yours, JOHN BRIGHT."

October

From this to the end it was one long farewell,—too sad to dwell upon. On the 4th I ran up to London, paid a visit to the Athenæum, where the last man I saw was Lacaita, said adieu, at the National Gallery, to "St. Jerome in his Study," to Childe Harold's "Pilgrimage" and (for my wife) to Turner's "Crossing the Brook," seeing besides Lady Temple and Augustus Craven.

On the 5th I rose early, finished off some pieces of business, parted from Miss Bellairs, from those of our servants who remained, and from my dear old dog Guard. Lubbock, who passed the last few days at York House, left us at Waterloo. Stuart Rendel joined us at Liverpool Street, and with Arthur, Evelyn, and Adrian, accompanied us to Tilbury and on board our steamship.

At length the bell rang to summon all who were not outward bound to go on shore. I watched the little vessel in which they went till it reached the pier. Then the great *Rome* herself began slowly to move, and the old life passed away.

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